The Saturday Evening
POST
August 31, 1957 — 15¢

A PRISON WARDEN ATTACKS

The Penalty Worse Than Death

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Floor is Armstrong Textelle® Linoleum, Style 1554.

new floor gives a future to this room with a past

You should have seen this room a couple of weeks ago. It was shabby and outdated, as rooms in 58-year-old houses often are. The first need was a new floor. The drab wooden floor was apart at the seams and badly discolored. Armstrong Textelle Linoleum did away with the dirt-catching seams forever. And its soft, warm colorings and smart tone-on-tone textured effect immediately brought new life to the room. Look how it harmonizes the contemporary furnishings with the room's original Victorian features, how it sets off the handsome rug. The floor, in fact, is the secret of this room's charm, just as it is for the living rooms of many of today's finest homes. Yours, too, can take on new elegance with Armstrong Linoleum, a modern, fashionable floor for every room.

SEND 25¢ FOR "SUCCESSFUL DECORATING," a new 32-page book full of ideas and color schemes for every room in your house. You also get full description and list of furnishings for this remodeled living room. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5708A Madison Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

LINOLEUM • INLAID VINYL CORLON® • EXCELON® VINYL-ASBESTOS TILE • CUSTOM CORLON PLASTIC TILE • RUBBER TILE • CORK TILE • ASPHALT TILE • LINOTILE®

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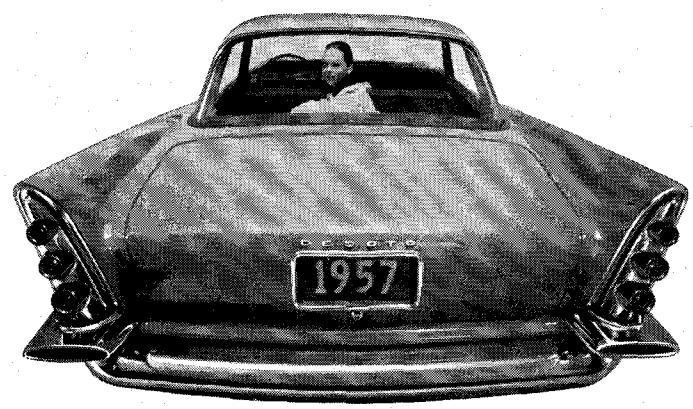
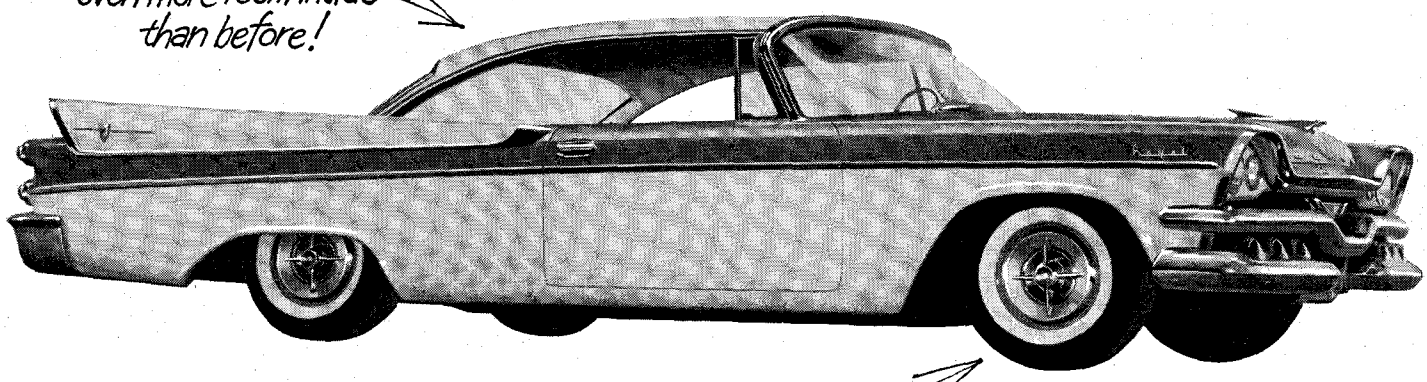
NOTE TO VALUE-WISE BUYERS:

High, canted fins as practical as they are beautiful!

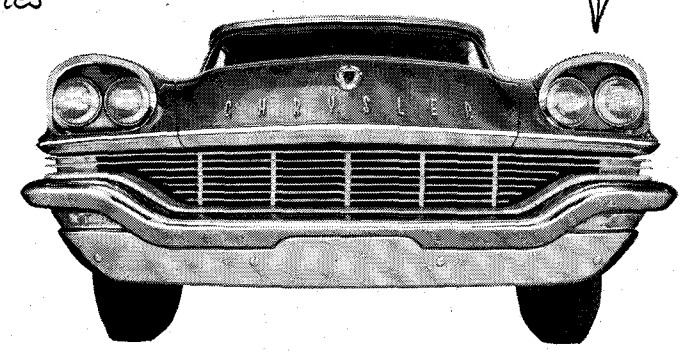


Strikingly low silhouette— even more room inside than before!



Torsion-Aire Ride: makes room for lowness... virtually eliminates bumps, tilt, "dive" at stops!

Dual headlights— they look better and see better!



THE *FORWARD* LOOK

MOST ADVANCED DESIGN OF OUR TIME

See it . . . drive it. If you're a late summer shopper, you'll be farther ahead if you find out why the switch is on to the cars of The *Forward* Look. In an independent country-wide survey, Chrysler Corporation with The *Forward* Look cars, was the nation's choice as the style leader by a margin of 66%. Some of the reasons are outlined above. Others spring from quality rooted deep inside: Pushbutton TorqueFlite transmission with its 6th sense for smoothness . . . Total-Contact brakes with their extra measure of safety . . . a new *kind* of ride without sway, lean or dip. Find out for yourself. **NOW'S THE TIME TO GET ADVANCED DESIGN . . . YOU'LL FIND IT EXCLUSIVELY ON THE CARS OF THE *FORWARD* LOOK**

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

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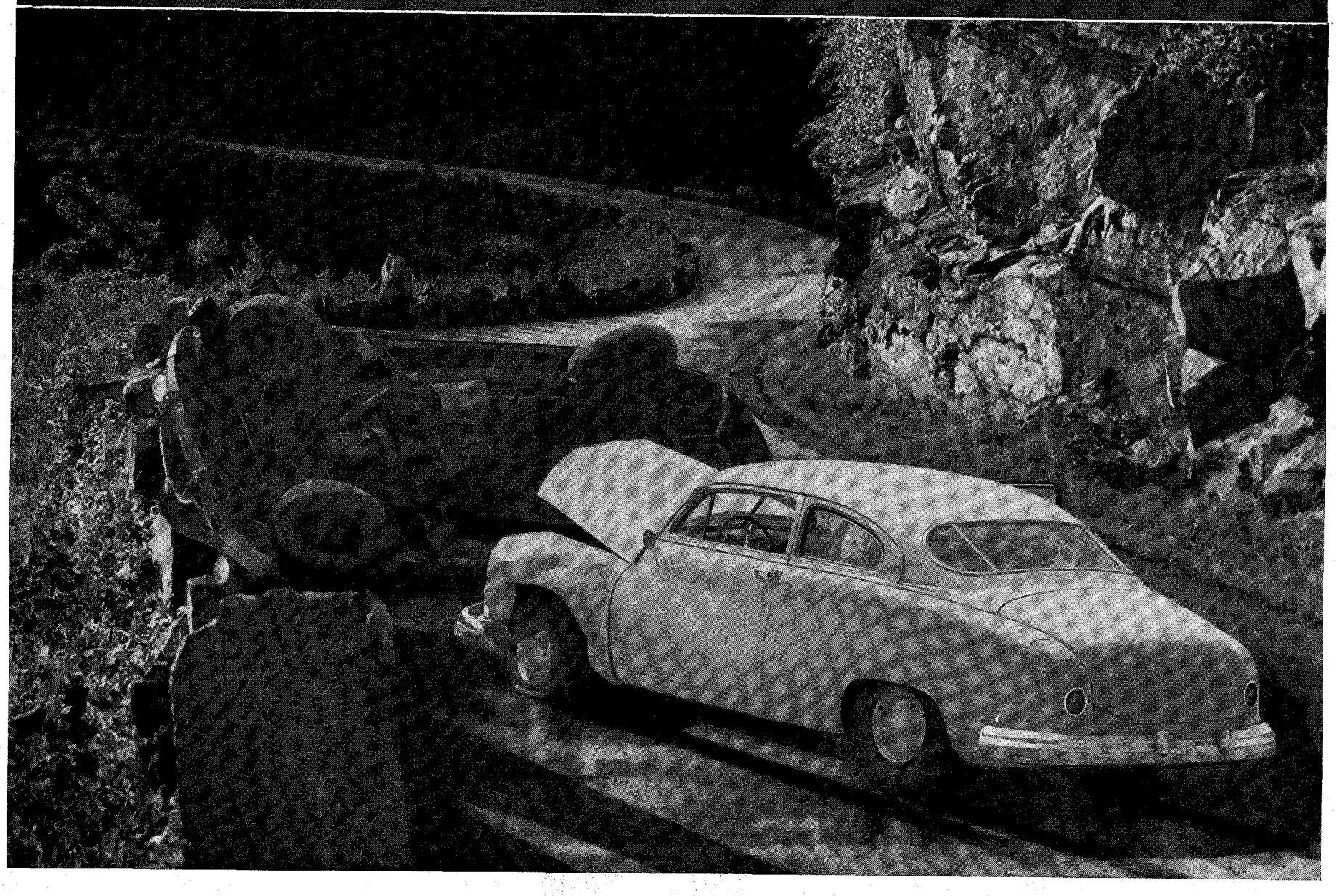
LIBERTY MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you



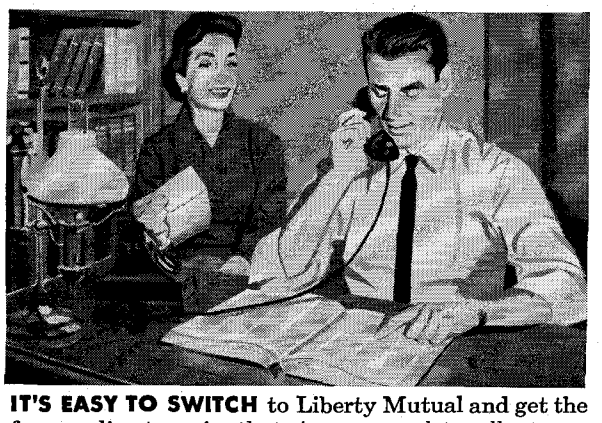
Mountainside smashup

LIBERTY CLAIMSMAN WORKED ALL NIGHT TO HELP THE PEOPLE IN THIS ACCIDENT

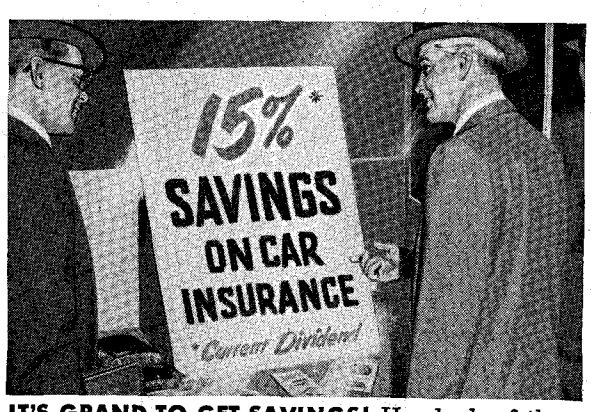
THE ACCIDENT happened in early evening on a winding, mountain road. The Liberty Mutual policyholder took a curve to his right and suddenly the road felt "*slick as glass.*" His car slid into the other lane, crashed head on into a car coming up the hill.

A phone call quickly brought a Liberty claimsman to the scene. The other car was a total loss. The people in it had a long way to travel without much cash in their pockets. The claimsman drove them into the next state, got them supper, gave them train fare. Then he went back, drove the policyholder and his wife to another city and arranged for repairs to their car. At 7 o'clock next morning he himself got home.

The Liberty policyholder wrote: "*I will always treasure happy memories of what you did that night.*" When you insure your car with Liberty, expert claims service is as near as the nearest phone. Wherever you drive in the U. S., Canada or Hawaii, Liberty is ready to help you, day or night.



IT'S EASY TO SWITCH to Liberty Mutual and get the famous direct service that gives you such excellent protection. 70% of Liberty's policyholders have switched to Liberty Mutual from other companies. Just phone the Liberty number (*or write*) and say when we may call. Liberty Mutual will take care of the rest.



IT'S GRAND TO GET SAVINGS! Hundreds of thousands of car owners all over the U.S.A. have enjoyed receiving their Liberty Mutual dividend at the end of the policy year. This saving (*currently 15%**) is real evidence of the way Liberty Mutual's efficient operation has benefited policyholders.

*Except on Massachusetts Compulsory Coverage and Assigned Risks.

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Boston

Insurance for: *Automobiles, Liability, Group Accident and Health, Fire, Workmen's Compensation, Marine, Crime*

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THE COVER

Men play golf too intensely; it is unhealthy to get all lathered up about how many swats it takes to get a ball in a hole. Linksmen should sit down occasionally and soothe their nerves by contemplating the loveliness of nature—the placid ponds, the golden sands, the enchanting wilderness beyond the fairways. Oh, let's change the subject. Alajálov wants to say that while those ladies are slowpokes all right, some men golfers are even slower pokes—in fact, some women poke the ball faster than most men. He also wants to say that he didn't design those clothes; he sketched from life and saw the pantaloons two fairways away. Alajálov plays golf, but when asked about his score, he said to tell you that his voice faded away because of telephone-circuit trouble.

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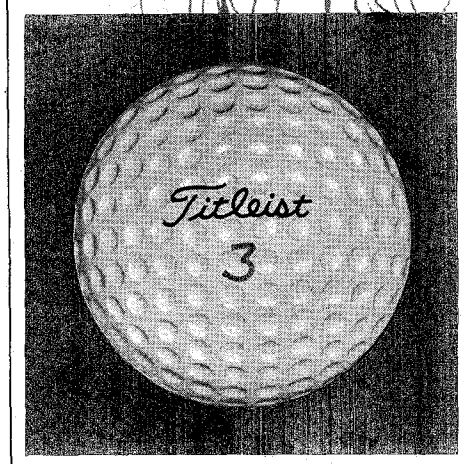

You hear that question all over the place. More and more, all the time.

Why? — because every golfer knows that the real quality of a ball shows up on the golf course, and based on *performance in actual play* Titleist has become the standard by which all other balls are judged.

That is why the Titleist is *still the top heavy favorite* with week-end golfers and tournament stars alike.

Ask your own pro about Titleist. Ask him, too, about Acushnet gloves, putters and head covers.

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Sold the World Over Through Golf Course Pro Shops Only

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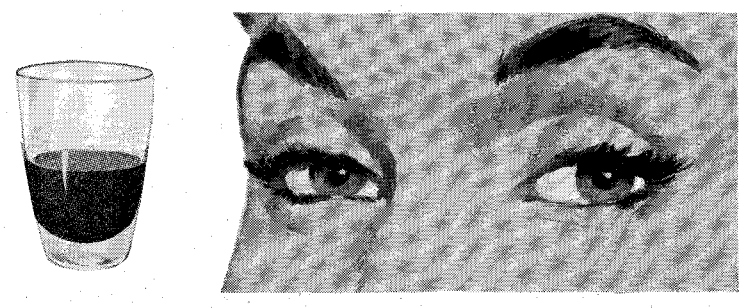
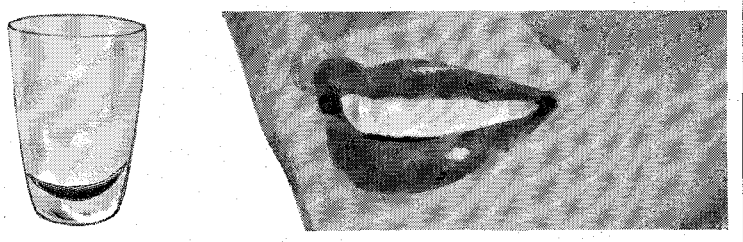


one good-tasting Lavoris rinse



...and your mouth feels clean

because it is clean

Lavoris Clean!

Lavoris cleans and stimulates . . . gives a refreshing lift to mouth and throat. That delightful tingling sensation is Lavoris at work cleansing and soothing mouth and throat tissues. And Lavoris tastes so good your whole family will want to use it.

EXTRA TIPS ON FAMILY MOUTH CARE

SORE THROAT—A Lavoris gargle will clear away throat mucus and soothe irritated tissues.

OFFENSIVE BREATH—A Lavoris rinse will quickly remove the mucus coating and food residue which often causes bad breath.

CANKER SORES—Lavoris, applied directly to the sores, will hasten the healing process.

DENTURES—Regular use of Lavoris helps keep mouth tissues clean and comfortable . . . the breath pure and fresh.

LAVORIS®

the **SPARKLING RED** mouthwash that tastes good...does good!

Letters

Money, Money, Money

Dear Sirs:

I would like to compliment Harold H. Martin on his CAN WE STAY RICH? series [July 13–27]. This is one of the most interesting things I've read in the Post for some time.

HAROLD VAN WINKLE
Bowling Green, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I do appreciate the article . . . I am convinced that the national administration is sincere in its efforts to keep our monetary system operating under control for the general public, and not for any selected groups.

CHARLES C. KING
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Here we go, selling bonds, printing money and taxing everything to death. Inflation and taxation destroying a normal economy. Sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. This goes for that little man, too. Great banks and "finance" companies advertise easy borrowing. "Travel today and pay tomorrow"; "Need a new car—we'll help you"; "Television sets—nothing down—easy terms"; "Suits and overcoats—pay in five installments." All right, Mr. President, Mr. Congressman and Mr. Little Man—keep it up, and when it bursts, 1857, 1873, 1893 and 1929 will look like halcyon eras of prosperity.

LAMBERT FAIRCHILD
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Have read the second installment. What a mixture of truth and fantasy. . . . It is a masterful piece of reporting. But the subject matter leaves the impression, with me, that the august Federal Reserve Board, in all its wisdom, mystery and secrecy, stakes millions (whose money?) on which way the frog will jump, with no more than a 50–50 chance of being right.

LYMAN B. GOUD
Elmont, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Referring to the article series, CAN WE STAY RICH?, it does not take three lengthy installments to answer that question. If we keep on squandering our natural resources at the appalling rate we are now, the answer is "No."

MRS. LEVONNE ROWLEY
Oakdale, Cal.

New-Style Texan

Dear Sirs:

MIDAS OF THE TEXAS RANGE [by Stanley Walker, July 27] is a most inspiring article. Fine cattle and beautiful pastures are appreciated the world over. Charles Pettit has left something permanent. He has left young cattle breeders such as myself a goal to strive for in quality and a dream to help us improve our own land and thus our own community.

MERVYN JESSOP
Bradford, Ont., Canada

Dear Sirs:

Stanley Walker's article . . . brings to mind an old axiom among cowmen in this drought-plagued country. The axiom is that no ranching system has ever been developed that will beat that in which one uses as his basic herd a cross between high-grade Hereford cattle and a flock of oil wells.

It also emphasizes a rather unique ground rule which applies to that sport for which we Texans are so widely known, our game of "bragging." Namely that there is no age limit to participation.

HORACE BOYLE
Roxton, Texas

All About Children

Dear Sirs:

Regarding your article CHILDREN REALLY ARE NOT PEOPLE by Jean Kerr [July 27].

Truly this is a masterpiece. . . .

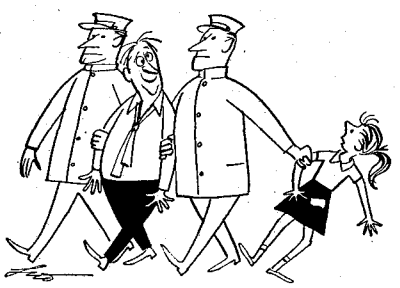
You'll never convince me children are people, but I love them dearly. Some child once said, "Sometimes Mommy doesn't love us, but she always likes us." True, true.

MRS. NINA LEE HOUK
Arcola, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I am a girl of eleven, and I most certainly do not agree with Mrs. Kerr. . . .

Even if children are a bit nuts, it is the adults' fault, for they have made them so.



But that is going just a little bit too far. Some adults are a little bit nuts, too, but not all children are nuts. And besides, all adults are children, children of God.

MARYLYNN GAE WILLIAMSON
Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Sirs:

I am really quite sorry to see such lame-brain clutter filling pages that could be used more educationally.

JEFFREY W. NICHOLAS
Elsah, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Let's face the truth. Most grownups would like to be children.

If children aren't people, what are they?

H. ZILBERGELD
Freehold, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

The article . . . is really ridiculous. It is a slander on all intelligent people.

MRS. M. D. MIDKIFF
Hackensack, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

The article . . . certainly does not speak well for the author. She is simply stating publicly her inefficiency at a job which should be inborn in all women—motherhood.

MRS. MARION B. RUSSELL
Norristown, Pa.

(Continued on Page 6)

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Welcome Traveler

...PHILADELPHIA STYLE

Penn Center's $16 million Sheraton Hotel boasts wall-of-glass windows, block-long corridors, a drive-in reservation desk, and delightful American Blower air conditioning!

Your reservation at the ultramodern Philadelphia Sheraton is a reservation for comfort . . . the result of architects and engineers working together as a team to combine modern, functional beauty with traditional Sheraton luxury.

Planning session selects American Blower

Typical of their teamwork is the air-conditioning system. John K. M. Pryke, consulting engineer, states, "In a planning session with the Sheraton's engineer, builder, and mechanical contractor, we selected American Blower to supply air-conditioning equipment on the basis of their engineering reputation, and the way their equipment fitted our architect's plans. As soon as we decided, we called in American Blower for specific product data and advice.

Individual climate control

"An American-Standard Remotaire unit in each of the hotel's 1,000 rooms allows guests to select the climate they want, and permitted architects to use the modern wall-of-glass exterior without fear of heat gains and losses.

Ultraquiet operation

"Two American Blower Tonrac® Centrifugal Refrigerating Machines supply chilled water for the entire system, and operate so quietly," Mr. Pryke concludes, "that guests on adjoining floors never hear a sound."

American Blower can help you

If you're planning to air-condition – a new building or an existing building – call in an American Blower representative at the planning stage. His product information will make the job easier for everyone. American Blower Division of American-Standard, Detroit 32, Michigan. In Canada: Canadian Sirocco products, Windsor, Ontario.

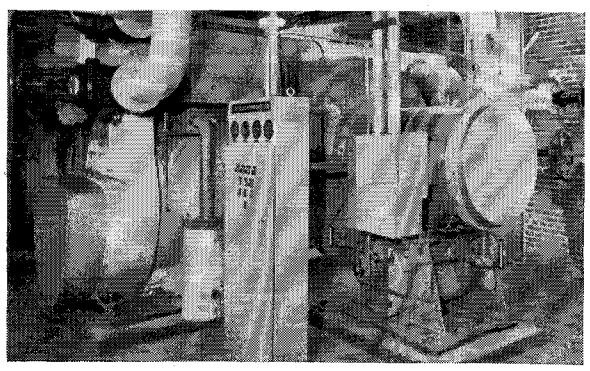
Sheraton Hotel Architects: Perry, Shaw, Hepburn & Dean; Consulting Engineers: Slocum & Fuller; Builders: McCloskey & Co.; Mechanical Contractors: Ambrose-Augusterfer Corp.

AMERICAN BLOWER

Division of AMERICAN-Standard

QUALITY PROTECTS YOUR INVESTMENT— AMERICAN-Standard QUALITY IS AVAILABLE AT NO EXTRA COST

Sheraton's engineering team planning comfort. *L. to R.:* J. K. M. Pryke, consulting engineer; R. J. Augusterfer, mechanical contractor; H. B. Prewitt, American Blower; F. B. Mills, Sheraton Corp.; Exec. Vice President H. E. Barth, American Blower; J. C. McCloskey, Jr., McCloskey & Co.



Chilled water for the individual room units is supplied by two 350-ton American Blower Tonrac Centrifugal Refrigerating Machines installed in the fourth-floor master-control center. Tonracs operate quietly, automatically; won't disturb guests on adjoining floors.

Restful, modern guest room is typical of the Sheraton's accommodations. Climate in each of the 1,000 rooms is thermostatically controlled by an American-Standard Remotaire room unit. Each guest is able to select the exact temperature that suits him best.

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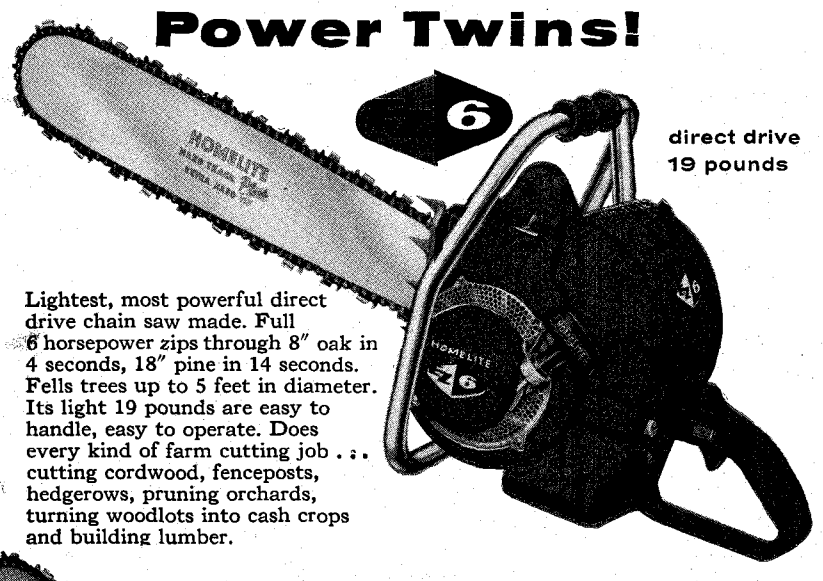
TWO NEW

HOMELITE

6-Horsepower
Power Twins!



Lightest, most powerful direct drive chain saw made. Full 6 horsepower zips through 8″ oak in 4 seconds, 18″ pine in 14 seconds. Fells trees up to 5 feet in diameter. Its light 19 pounds are easy to handle, easy to operate. Does every kind of farm cutting job . . . cutting cordwood, fenceposts, hedgerows, pruning orchards, turning woodlots into cash crops and building lumber.

Most versatile chain saw you can own. The 6 horsepower makes quick work of felling trees up to 7 feet in diameter. Cuts through 20″ trees in 18 seconds. Full line of attachments lets you convert easily from straight blade to plunge-cut bow, brush-cutter or clearing attachment. No other chain saw offers so much for your money.

Last chance to win! Contest closes Sept. 30!

You have up to three chances to win: Grand Prize, a free Homelite chain saw every year for life! PLUS 25 chain saws being given away by Homelite District Offices. PLUS hundreds of chain saws being given by Homelite dealers in their own local contests! Nothing to buy, nothing to write, no obligation! See your Homelite dealer today! Contest limited to residents of the United States and subject to local state, county and city laws.

HOMELITE
A DIVISION OF TEXTRON INC

4408 Riverdale Avenue, Port Chester, New York

Homelite builds and sells more chain saws than any other company in the world

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

Of course, children really are not people. Some really are not even human!

MRS. JOHN C. WHITE
Reno, Nev.

Dear Sirs:

That woman isn't writing about *children;* she is writing about *boys.* Of course *they* are a "breed apart."

MRS. EUNICE C. CHANDLER
Ithaca, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Jean Kerr . . . is sensational.

Her logic is sound; her style is superb; her evidence is strong.

LARRY REH
Wenona, Ill.

Life in the Northwest

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for William L. Worden's article [CALL OF THE NORTHWEST, July 20]. He did write of more advantages to living in the Northwest than I had in mind, and made it seem like "home" to everyone as well as to "us natives."

He mentioned rain. Why, certainly we have rain, but then you live here long enough and develop web feet, and always

carry an umbrella (thank goodness, umbrellas are "high fashion" nowadays). Oh, and yes, we do complain of the rain, but believe me, you hear more griping after ten straight days of sunshine!

MRS. WILLIAM L. BRIGHT
Portland, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

It appears that Mr. Worden has overlooked one small segment of Seattle's "mushrooming" (it grows in damp weather) population in his complacency—those of us who are too poor to leave. . . .

Wages are relatively high—they have to be to cover astronomical bills for rent, fuel, groceries and medical services. And who has anything left over for recreation or do-it-yourself projects? . . .

If you're going West, unless you're well-heeled, stop *before* you reach the Cascade Mountains, or you may never get home again—and not from choice, either!

MRS. LARRY J. MYLET
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

William L. Worden . . . missed one very good point in telling about the "plus" values of living in Oregon and Washington state. This section of the country—especially the Puget Sound region—is one of the few places in the entire country where a hay-fever victim can be free of wheezing and sneezing during the ragweed season. . . .

J. E. LOGAN
Detroit, Mich.

Ike and His Party

Dear Sirs:

Stewart Alsop's article, JUST WHAT IS MODERN REPUBLICANISM? [July 27] was highly interesting, but where are the "Modern Republicans"? The Republicans I know are ancient or medieval.

BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I am 38 years old, hardly old enough to be a member of the "Old Guard"; the elected Republican captain of my voting precinct; Vice Chairman of my Congressional District Republican Committee; twice (1950 and 1952) the Republican nominee for Congress in a Democrat stronghold; and was for Ike before Chicago. . . .

From personal contact with the voters in my precinct I know that they consider themselves let down by the national administration since 1956, and it is my opinion that if Ike were to run for election in 1958 he would get many fewer votes and less enthusiastic workers than he did in 1956.

I deny that the basic concept is, as Mr. Alsop puts it, politically shrewd. It's politically foolish.

RICHARD DURANT
Detroit, Mich.

Author, Author!

Dear Sirs:

Since Hal Lebovitz (in CLEVELAND'S LEFT-HANDED LIGHTNING, May 11) stated: "In his wallet Herb (Score) carries a favorite poem by an anonymous author, titled the Man in the Glass," we have received so many calls that I think this information will be of interest to you. The correct title of the poem is The Guy in the Glass, and the author the late Dale Wimbrow.

It was published in the American Magazine in 1934 in answer to the question, "Does it *pay* to be honest?" James W. Gibbons, D.D., once changed "Guy" to "Man" to use the poem in a sermon. Many people memorized it that way. The poem begins: "When you get what you want in your struggle for pelf and the world makes you king for a day, go to the mirror and look at yourself, and see what that guy has to say," and ends, "You can fool the whole world down the pathway of years and get pats on the back as you pass, but your final reward will be heartaches and tears, if you've cheated the Guy in the Glass!"

SALLYDALE WIMBROW
Sebastian, Fla.

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Editorials

Mao's Flowers Bloom for Communists Only

In spite of the starry-eyed cadres here and elsewhere who continue to envision the Chinese Communists as agrarian reformers and who have professed to see in Mao Tse-tung's more recent remarks, particularly those of last February twenty-seventh, a new trend for Chinese Communism, the sad truth is that Mao and his henchmen are only repeating the dialectical double-talk of years past.

When the first selected, edited and revised excerpts from Mao Tse-tung's February marathon were leaked to the American press via Warsaw, the cry went up that he had created something new, the "*Cheng Feng*" movement, in which criticisms were asked and contradictions mentioned for the first time.

We have news for those optimists. On April 3, 1942, a report of the Propaganda Bureau of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communists was devoted to the "Cheng Feng Reform Movement." It was then, just as it was described in February by Mao, a diversion by which the Reds would "let a hundred flowers bloom, a hundred schools of thought contend."

Credulous contenders were taken care of in 1942 just as they are now. The only flowers that bloomed for them were the few that might have decorated their graves. The device is being used now for the same purpose: to put the finger on those unfortunates who were so credulous as to speak up.

In that same report on "Cheng Feng" back in 1942, the Propaganda Bureau decreed:

"In reading and debate, all must deliberate deeply, and thoroughly examine their own work and thoughts and their own life in its entirety. . . .

"In discussion, contending views should be developed . . . opinions, whether correct or mistaken, should be allowed free expression and should not be curbed."

Most of those numbered among the 800,000 listed by Mao as having been executed over the years had taken advantage of what they thought was "free expression." On August 7, 1939, while the Reds were still hiding in the caves of Yenan, Liu Shao-Chi, the most idealistic of the Communist ideologists, in a speech on the training of party members, had this to say: "The Communist Party member has his individual interests and individual development, but at certain times contradictions can arise between these interests and the interests of the party."

As for its being something new, a break with the Kremlin, for Mao to say there is a difference between Russian and Chinese Communism, he has been saying it for years. In a speech to a cadre meeting in Yenan on February 1, 1942, devoted to the necessity of making Marx and Lenin fit into the Chinese scheme of things, he said, "We still have shortcomings, however, and these shortcomings are very serious. In my opinion, if we do not correct these shortcomings there still will be no way for our work to progress in our great task of relating the universal truths of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin, to the concrete reality of the Chinese revolution."

What Mao said in Peiping last February is no deviation from what he preached in the caves of Yenan. The discussions and debates encouraged by Mao are a part of Communist brainwashing. The recent idea that they imply some disposition to hear from genuine dissenters is a dangerous illusion.

Our Diplomats Need Longer Periods at Overseas Posts

A few months ago, an American diplomat was recalled from the Philippines to take a new post in South America. But when he returned to Washington, he handed in his resignation. This ended a specialist's career in the United States Foreign Service, the State Department's overseas division. It also ended a series of stays abroad, every one of them too short to give this young diplomat a full grasp of the problems he was supposed to deal with. He was fed up. He quit and valuable training was lost.

To a less spectacular degree, the same thing is happening to hundreds of Foreign Service officers stationed at so-called "hardship posts" in our embassies, legations or consulates abroad. It takes a diplomat's family the better part of a year to settle down in an exotic place, install furniture, set up housekeeping and establish personal contacts. Learning the language, catching on to subtle social taboos, tiptoeing through the jungle of local intrigues—all that needs time and patience.

But only too often, once a man has finally settled down to do a solid job, he is told to pull up stakes and start all over again somewhere else. This reduces the efficiency of our diplomats and leaves some of the best of them frustrated. How does this happen? What can be done about it?

The United States Foreign Service Act does not impose this procedure. There is simply a practice of not keeping people in "hardship posts" too long. But many exotic spots are less of a "hardship" than Washington, D.C., in humid July. Often, when a diplomat goes home on leave, he is not sent back to his post, but to some entirely different spot, probably also "hardship." This chops up his overseas service into inefficient little pieces.

Some of the commercial firms that have large overseas staffs use a different method. According to Congresswoman Frances P. Bolton (Republican, Ohio), who has traveled extensively in Africa and the Near East, these companies assign an employee to eighteen months of overseas service. He comes home for two or three months, and is then sent back to his post for another eighteen months. Mrs. Bolton says that "many, many times these last eighteen months give him a deep sense of satisfaction in his job, and he asks for a second three-year tour of duty."

Probably a United States diplomat should not stay more than four years in one spot. Otherwise he might catch "localitis," get too deeply engrossed in a single foreign country and become an expatriate rather than an American representative. But he could safely extend his tour of duty beyond what it usually is at present.

Summer's Soothing Sounds Stay With You for a Lifetime

In summer, most people talk mostly about the weather, brag about their sunburn, argue about the highway routes they traveled, vehemently recommend—or passionately condemn—the hotels, resorts and vacation spots they visited. All these things are traditional recreations of America's good old summertime, and relieve the routine of workaday life.

There are, however, many simple "events" of this season, which we often fail to notice consciously and almost never talk about, but somehow they manage to penetrate under the tannest skin and stay quietly part of us all our lives.

There's the lazy sight of clouds moving like fat white sheep across a sky-blue pasture; small seas of grass, placid in the afternoons until the winds blow color-shaded currents from end to end; fireflies blinking like tiny airliners, putting out for an instant the brightest stars; glorious fireworks-sunsets and sparkler-starred nights; the leaf-traced moon behind the maples, making golden filigrees; the erratic designs of bats over twilight fields; lush blackberries, each one a little cluster of dark-glowing pearls; the acute-angled wake of a muskrat across a smooth millpond; the green pennants waving around the growing corn, and redness flowing from rambler rose to ripening strawberry, to coloring peach and apple fruit—to the final crimson flame of autumn.

There is also the solemn sound of "jug-o'-rums" and rhythmic chirp of crickets, like faraway sleigh bells; the drone of cargo-plane bees and the whirring flight of winged grasshoppers; the knocking of chained rowboats against big stones on the shores of country ponds; the eager bay of a hound against the sounding night; crows preaching from pulpit trees. And, beneath each living sound, the moving earth, clinging roots and water-drawing fibers, all sounding in our hearts the summer music of our sphere.

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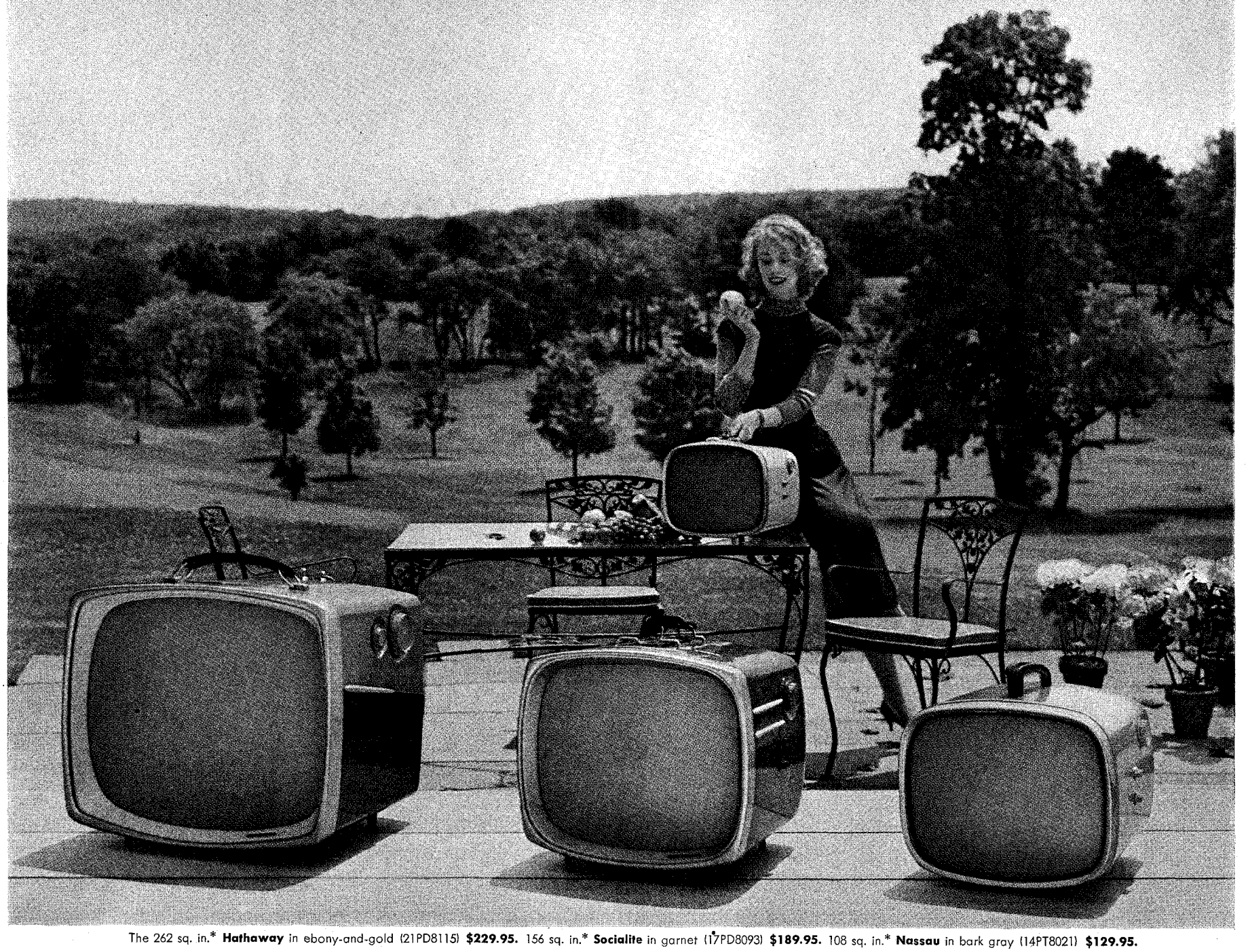
RCA VICTOR ANNOUNCES NEW "FLIGHT-LINE" PORTABLE TV



The 262 sq. in.* **Hathaway** in ebony-and-gold (21PD8115) **$229.95.** 156 sq. in.* **Socialite** in garnet (17PD8093) **$189.95.** 108 sq. in.* **Nassau** in bark gray (14PT8021) **$129.95.**

Compact new easy-to-carry design with sensational "Mirror-Sharp" picture in every wanted size—from $129.95

Portable TV really *arrives* with the new RCA Victor "Flight-Line." Its slender, space-saving design is as breezy and easygoing as a southbound swallow. It goes anywhere, fits anywhere, plays on any 110 AC outlet.

There's powerful excitement in the new "Mirror-Sharp" picture, too. If there's a signal in the air, your "Flight-Line" portable TV will get it—crisp and clear as the picture on a console. Yet the prices (*including* all the important new extras) are really down-to-earth. See your RCA Victor dealer soon. He's got a new "Flight-Line" portable TV in exactly the size and color you've been wanting.

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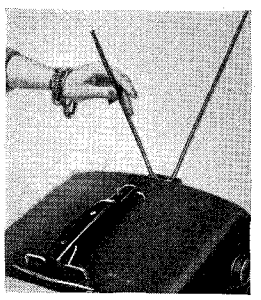
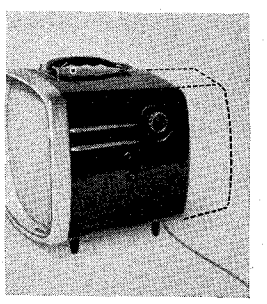
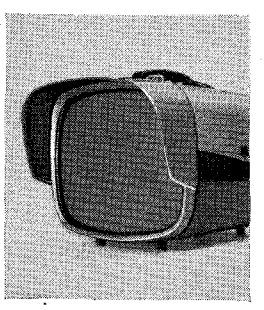


Telescoping antenna gets sharp, clear picture in most areas without outdoor antenna. Not on *Nassau*.



RCA's 110° tube makes "Flight-Line" TV inches shorter. The already slim 14" models have 90° tube.



New Sun Visor helps keep "Mirror-Sharp" picture, even in bright sunlight. Opt. ext. 14", 17" models.

Manufacturer's nationally advertised VHF list prices shown. UHF optional, extra. Slightly higher for West and South. Prices, specifications subject to change. RCA Victor Factory Service available in most areas, but only to RCA Victor owners. Contracts as low as $14.95.

*Picture tube, overall diagonal (inches)	14	17	21
*Square inches of viewable picture area	108	156	262

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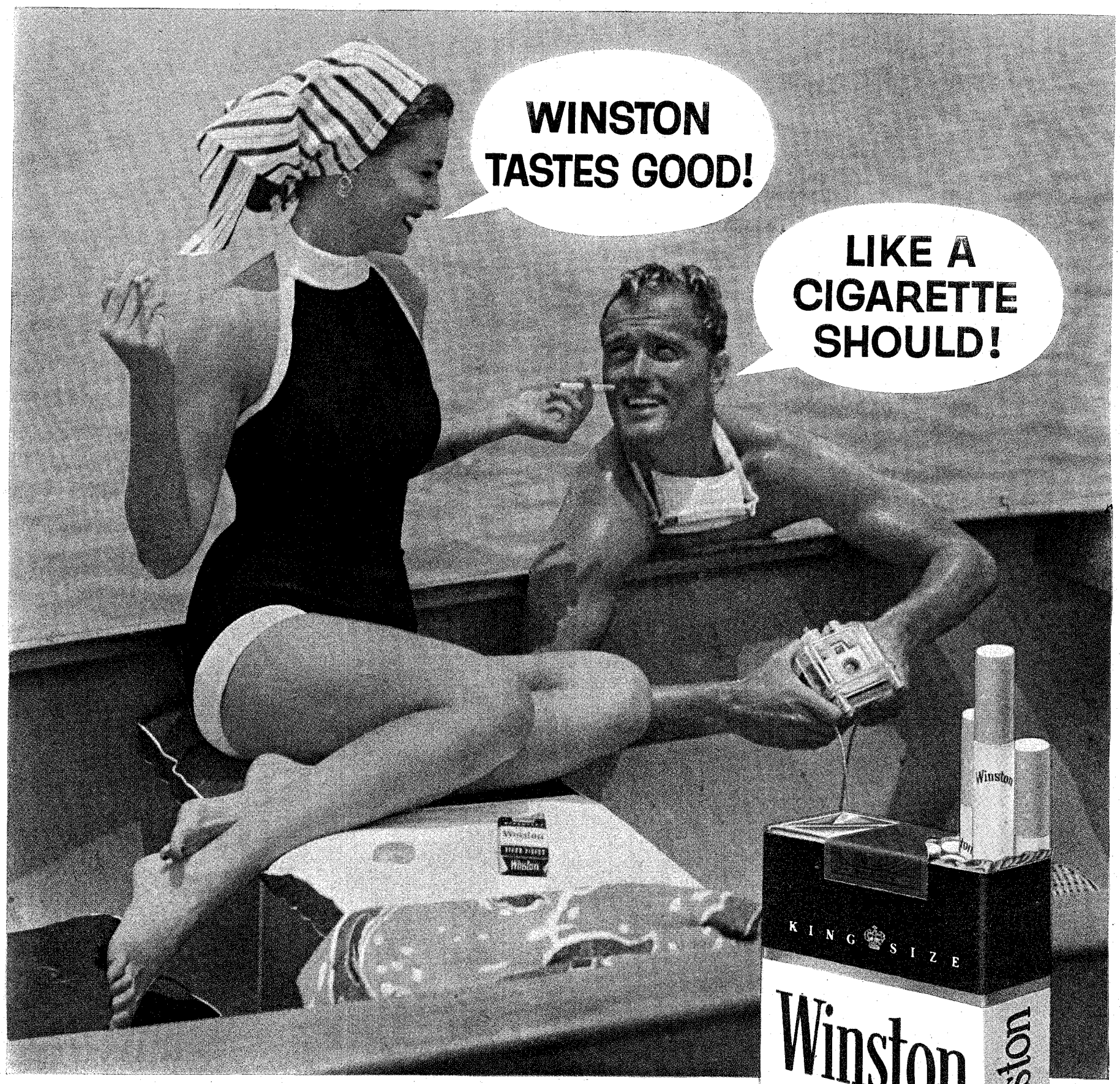

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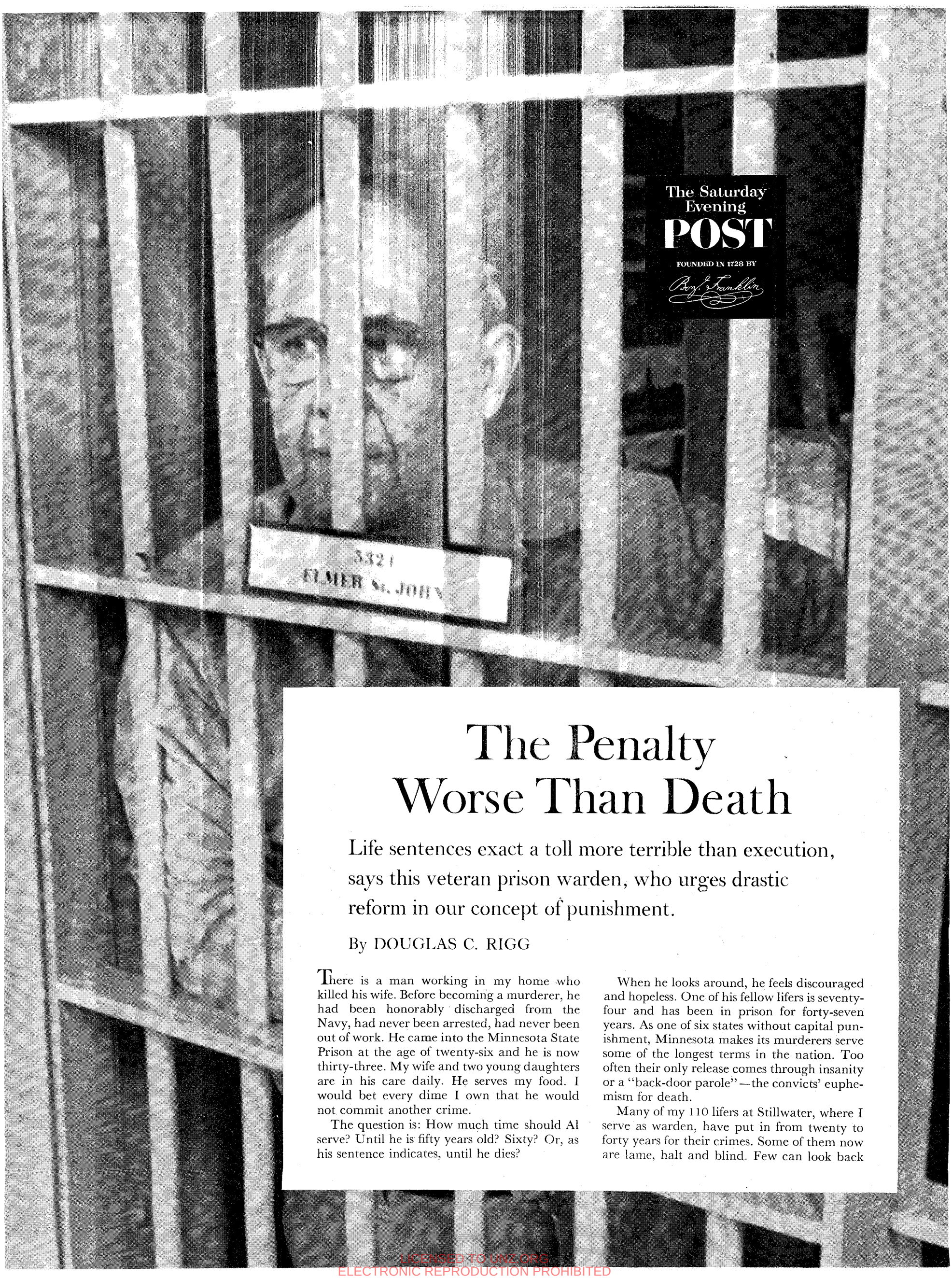

The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

The Penalty Worse Than Death

Life sentences exact a toll more terrible than execution, says this veteran prison warden, who urges drastic reform in our concept of punishment.

By DOUGLAS C. RIGG

There is a man working in my home who killed his wife. Before becoming a murderer, he had been honorably discharged from the Navy, had never been arrested, had never been out of work. He came into the Minnesota State Prison at the age of twenty-six and he is now thirty-three. My wife and two young daughters are in his care daily. He serves my food. I would bet every dime I own that he would not commit another crime.

The question is: How much time should Al serve? Until he is fifty years old? Sixty? Or, as his sentence indicates, until he dies?

When he looks around, he feels discouraged and hopeless. One of his fellow lifers is seventy-four and has been in prison for forty-seven years. As one of six states without capital punishment, Minnesota makes its murderers serve some of the longest terms in the nation. Too often their only release comes through insanity or a "back-door parole"—the convicts' euphemism for death.

Many of my 110 lifers at Stillwater, where I serve as warden, have put in from twenty to forty years for their crimes. Some of them now are lame, halt and blind. Few can look back

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on memories of love and work and children that most old folks have. Their only memory is time—prison time.

I am appalled by the human waste these men represent. There surely must be a better way of coping with the phenomenon of murder than locking a man up for life.

Some of you must be thinking, "Well, isn't that just too tough! What do you want to do—let murderers go scot free?"

It is tough. It is tough on these forgotten lifers and tough on the taxpayer. It takes about $1200 a year to keep a man in prison. If he does about thirty years, that costs the public $36,000. My 110 lifers have cost taxpayers hundreds of thousands. I say that the lives of these men have been wasted and so has the public's money.

Some of those dollars would have been spent more profitably on a good prison program to rehabilitate and educate these men so that they could leave prison in a shorter time and not continue to be a drain on the community. As it is in Minnesota and many other states, the lifers may be too senile to leave prison or they go out embittered over wasted years, too old to earn a living and without the social security that you and I have to help us meet our old age.

I asked Al, our houseman, how much time he thought he should serve for killing his wife. He looked at me steadily before he answered. "How can you pay off a debt by measuring it in time?" he asked.

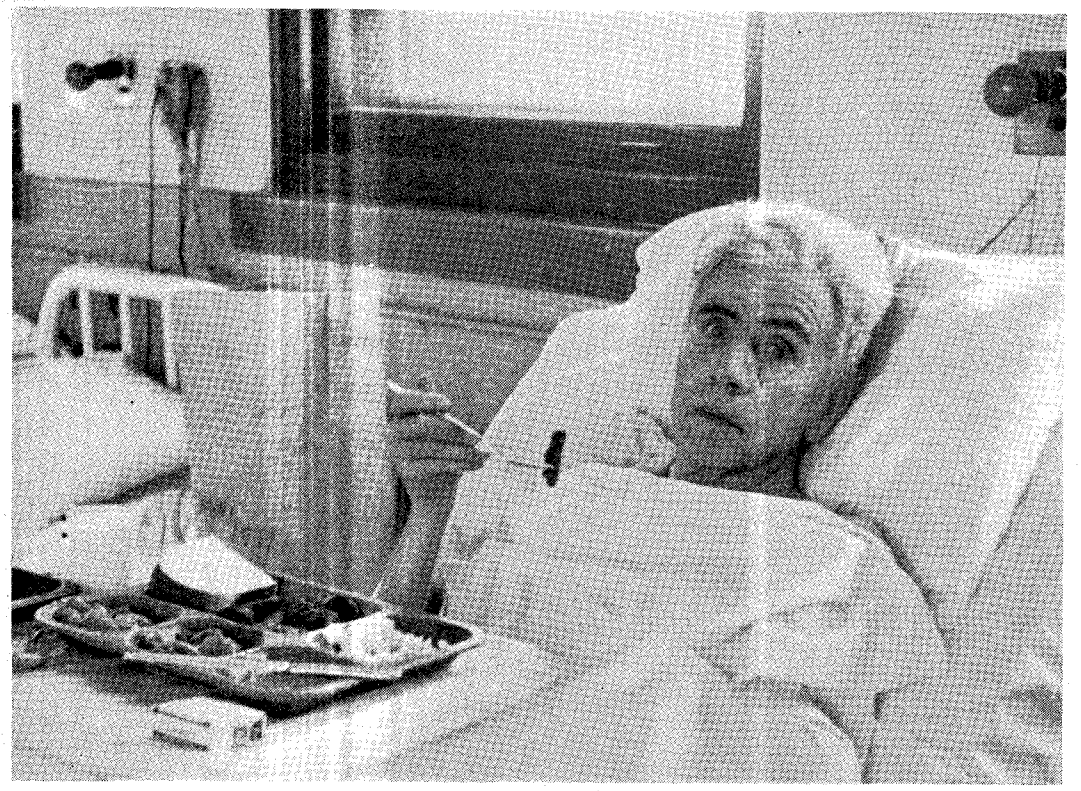
He obviously did not expect an answer, but quietly kept on turning over the problem that had been uppermost in his mind for the last seven years.

"If I didn't have any reason for doing it, if I just got tired of my wife and killed her, I should serve life. But then I think of all that happened first and I look at it another way, and say how much time should they give me? Then you're up against a wall. How am I going to say I should do five years and go home? Or should the law say twenty-five years, and if you're good, maybe you'll get out in seventeen?"

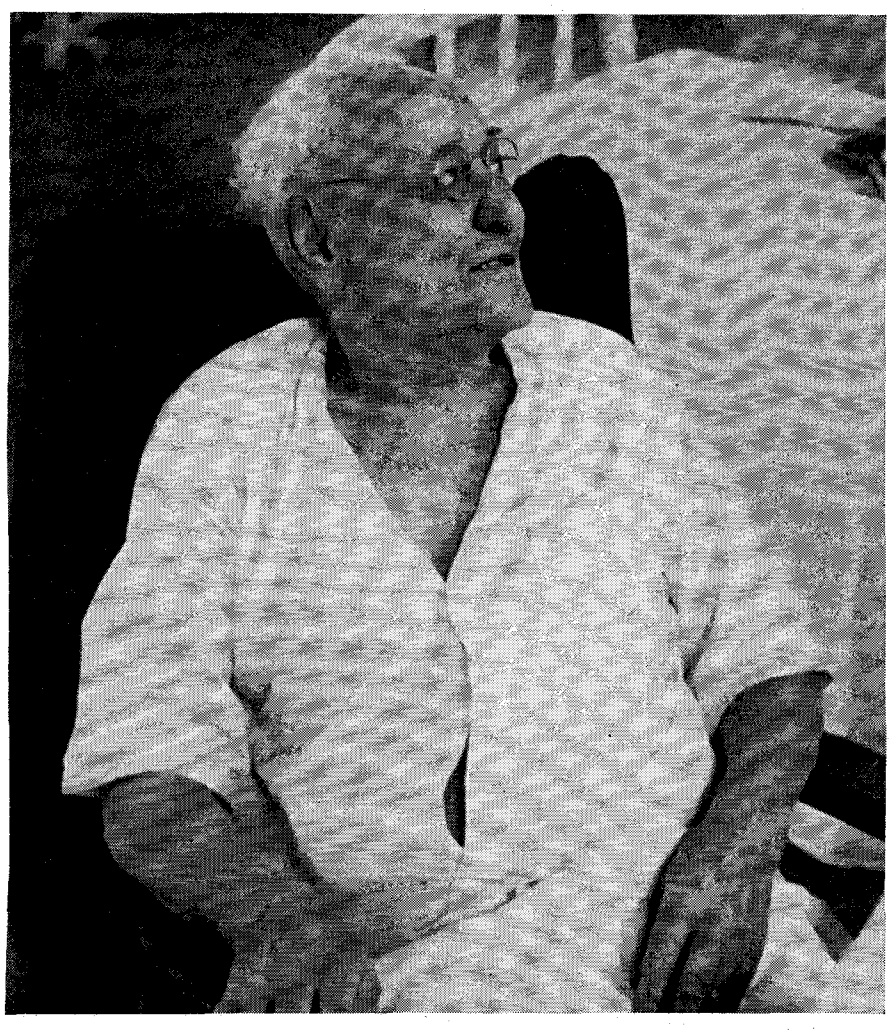
That day Al told me something about his life. I knew most of it from records I checked carefully before permitting him to work in the warden's residence, across the street from the prison. I knew that the selection of a murderer to work in my home would startle the prison

A Matter of Controversy

The views expressed in this article are not universal among expert penologists, of whom Warden Rigg is one. But they cast light on one aspect of an unsolved national problem—the relationship of crime to punishment. —*The Editors.*



39 years in the Minnesota State Prison: George Drake, 60, was imprisoned from 1917 to 1919; in 1920, he was sentenced to life for a holdup murder. He has been in the prison hospital since he had a stroke in 1955.



40 years: Lifer Frank Dunn, 83, hired a gunman (see picture at right) to kill his wife. A stroke and senility have kept him in the hospital since 1953.

40 years: Edward Hamilton, 60, who murdered Dunn's wife in 1917, is serving a life sentence for another crime. But Warden Rigg, shown with him, considers Hamilton a rehabilitated man.

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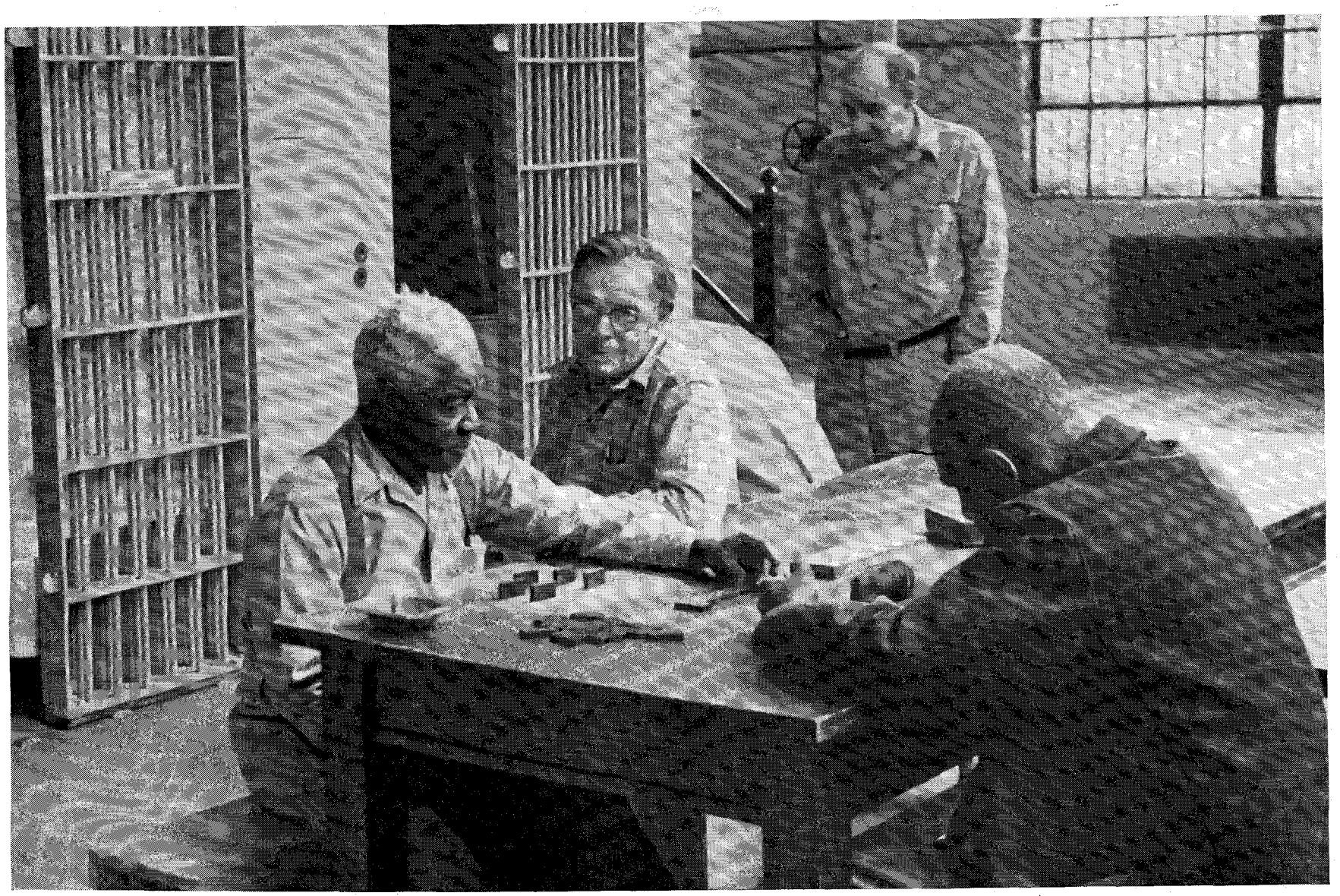

Fifteen of the 110 lifers at Minnesota State Prison are too old or ill to work any longer. A game of dominoes helps to while away the endless hours.

Photographs by Harry Saltzman

inmates and some of my neighbors in this town of Stillwater. But I have a conviction that a prison should be a place of hope for the inmates and the community as well. I wanted to dispel some of the fear stemming from decades of the prison silent system and the theory that all convicts are depraved.

I knew that I wasn't running any risks with Al. He had a good prison record. His most constant visitor and best friend is the mother of the wife he killed. She said he had been a devoted and hard-working husband until marital problems divided the pair; a loving father, not only to his own daughter but to his wife's twin boys from a previous marriage. I felt that he would be all right to have in the house with my fourteen- and eight-year-old daughters.

A husky, pleasant-featured Negro, Al was born in Kentucky, the seventh of nine children of a coal miner and a schoolteacher. His father died when he was twelve, so Al began to work afternoons to help support the family. He had managed to complete two years of high school when the war broke out. He joined the Navy and was stationed at the naval air station near Minneapolis. After the war, Al got a job pressing clothes and married a pretty young divorcée. For two or three years they were fairly happy. Al made a superhuman effort to get ahead. He worked at his regular job, attended a tailoring school under the G.I. Bill, and had a night job in a drugstore. Then his wife began complaining that he didn't take her out enough. To satisfy her, he dropped out of school and his night job. Later, with some Navy bonus money, he made the down payment on a cleaning establishment, but kept his old job.

When he asked his wife to help him by staying in their shop to accept laundry, she refused.

"I blew up," Al said. "I figured the least she could do was help if I was trying to get ahead."

They decided to separate. When his wife would not let him see their daughter, Al began drinking. He heard rumors that his wife was going out with other men. After one weekend of heavy drinking, he met her on the street, an argument ensued, he stabbed her to death and then tried to kill himself.

When brought to trial, he entered a plea of guilty and was sentenced to life imprisonment. After he entered prison, the thought that he might spend the rest of his life behind bars was so unbearable that Al began to think of committing suicide.

"One Sunday a guy jumped off the top cell tier and killed himself," he told me. "Next day, I thought, *I'll try it*. Then my mother-in-law came with the kids, and when they had to leave, my little one said, 'I don't want to go. I want to stay with daddy,' and she was crying and the boys were crying. That hit me very hard. I thought about them all morning and kinda forgot the idea of suicide.

"I want to put those kids through high school. That's my one hope—to get out of here before they get into high school. If they have it rough, they'll quit. (Continued on Page 50)

Lifer Al Cole, who killed his wife, is Warden Rigg's houseman. Christie Rigg reads to Al while he works.

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The Stampede, by W. J. Hays: Thousands of buffalo, wild-eyed with panic, surge violently across the plains, heedless of the flood-cut gully that lies across the path of their flight.

Buckskin and Blanket Days

YOUNG TIBBLES' PROWESS ASTOUNDED THE INDIANS DURING A DESPERATE HUNT FOR BUFFALO. THEN A SCENE OF HUMAN MASSACRE STIRRED THE WARRIORS TO VENGEANCE.

By Thomas Henry Tibbles

FROM BUCKSKIN AND BLANKET DAYS, BY THOMAS HENRY TIBBLES Copyright © 1957, by Vivien K. Barris

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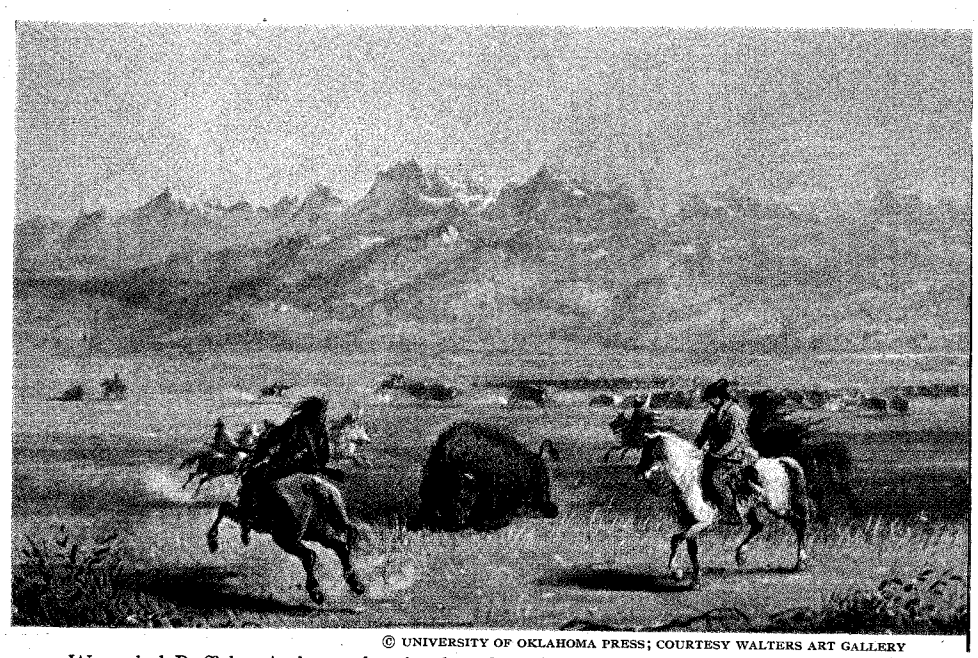
Running Buffalo, by Alfred Jacob Miller, 1837: An Indian on a specially trained horse aims his arrow at a buffalo he has separated from the herd.



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Wounded Buffalo: A downed animal gathers his strength for a final struggle while hunters warily prepare to dispatch the 2500-lb. beast with a carefully aimed shot.

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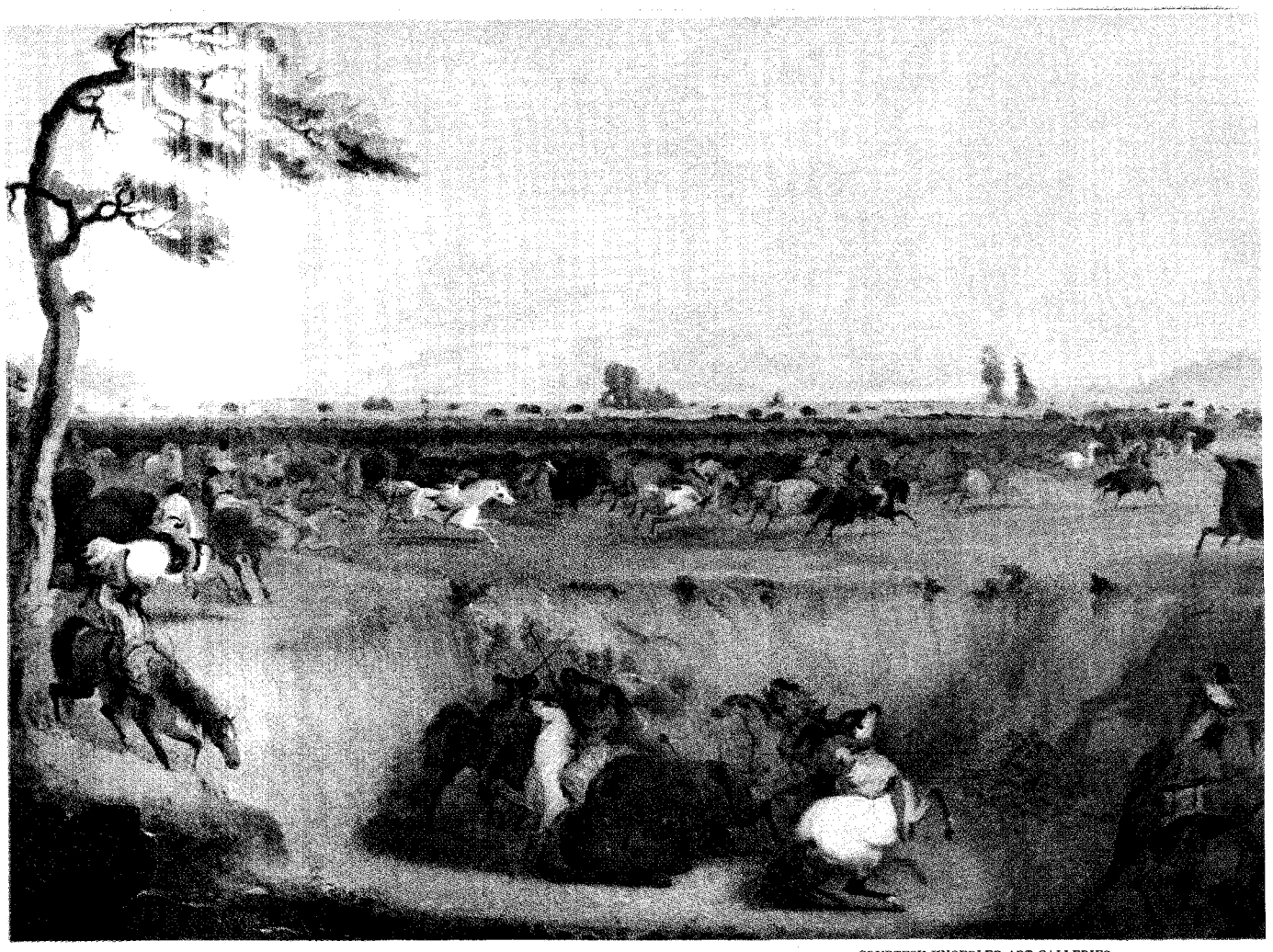
COURTESY AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



COURTESY KNOEDLER ART GALLERIES

The Surround, by Alfred Jacob Miller, about 1850–60: Indian hunters, armed with bows and arrows or lances, butcher the stragglers from a vast herd which they have forced to mill in a mass.

PART TWO

The buffalo hunt began somewhere west of the Missouri River, in cold, snowy weather toward the end of February, 1857. This was not sport, but serious business. The band of Omaha and Oto Indians with whom I was living that winter had reached the point of starvation.

One day about noon, one of the scout groups we had sent out returned with thrilling news; buffalo had been sighted five miles to the southwest. Some of the Indians turned pale with excitement. Some were dignified, and walked about with deliberately slow steps, while others capered and shouted.

The *Nudunaga*, or leader of the hunt, was the first to mount. He sat quietly on his horse until, amid much confusion, all the hunters were ready. Some carried rifles, some bows and arrows. As we rode out of camp, the women followed us afoot.

Because the wind blew from the north, the *Nudunaga* made a detour to bring us up to the buffalo from the south. He kept us constantly in ravines and under cover of the hills. As we swung northward, I saw five antelope standing still about a thousand yards away. I rode up to ask the *Nudunaga* for permission to fire at them.

He replied, "My friend is young. It is impossible to kill an animal so far away. However, if you wish to be foolish, you may fire once."

I leaped from my horse and took aim, more at the center of the flock than at any one animal. Then I raised the gun to a point which I judged was twenty feet above them, and fired. One antelope fell; the rest fled.

The amazed *Nudunaga* looked from me to the dead antelope, which was only a distant speck on the white snow. He said, "Men have told me of guns that shoot for miles, but I always thought they were liars."

Meepee, the squaw who had adopted me as one of her family, was wild with delight. She and another woman started off at once to bring in the game. That night she told me that the bullet had struck the antelope on its jugular vein, and had penetrated only a little more than an inch. This shot was the first step toward my being admitted later to the Soldier Lodge and other Indian secret societies.

The next morning we reached the base of a low bluff which rose up out of the plain. Atop of it, where the (Continued on Page 58)

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Yell of Triumph: The brave who dealt the *coup de grâce* to this bull announces his deed as an act of self-glorification and as a tribute to the stouthearted buffalo.

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Supplying Camp With Buffalo Meat: A hunter cuts the choice hump rib from the dead buffalo. This tender portion was prized as a great delicacy.

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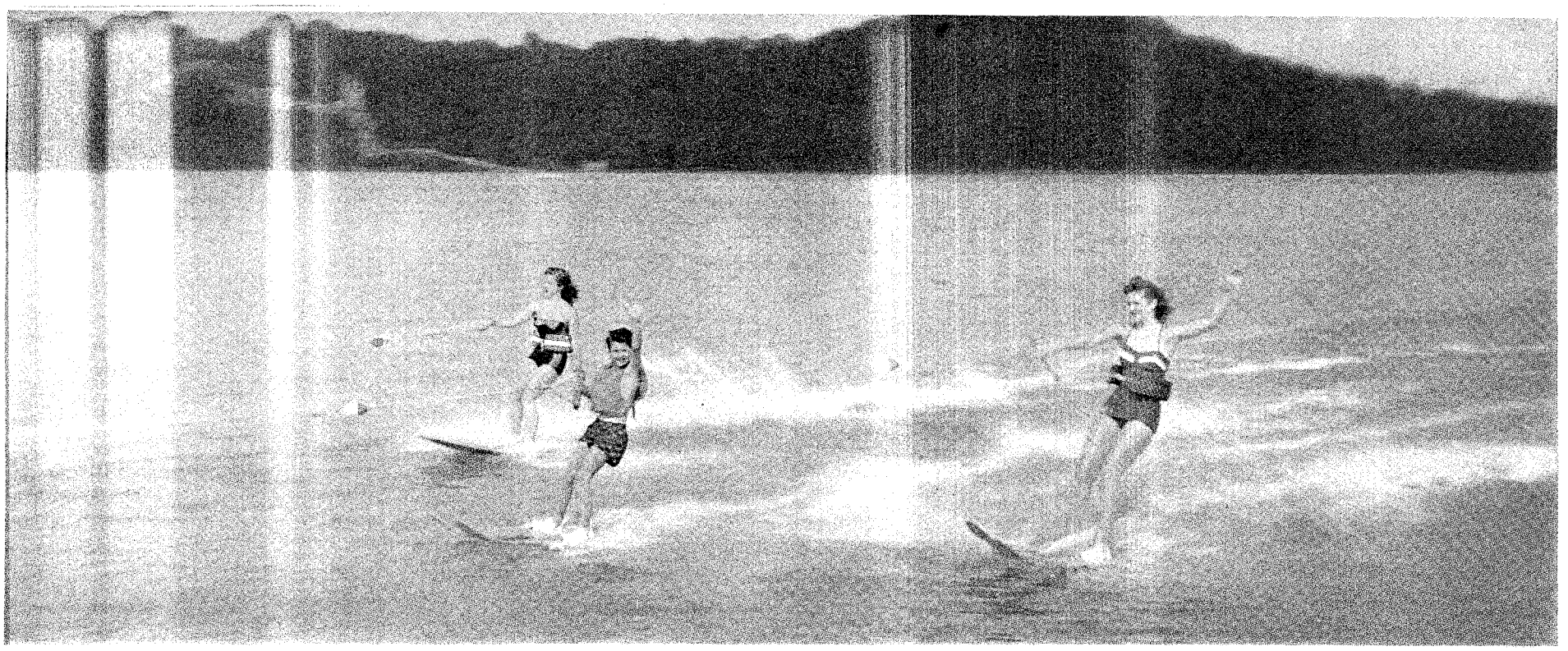

On Bean Blossom Lake, water skiers now frolic where cows used to graze. Bloomington now has all the water it needs to drink and wash with, with plenty left over to play in.

Beth Kinser, 4, accepts a lemon drop from Mayor Lemon, who won the lake for the city.

Town With a Homemade Lake

Long plagued by a critical water shortage, the citizens of Bloomington, Indiana, brought billions of gallons to their doorsteps. Now they're enjoying an unexpected dividend.

By JEROME ELLISON

A farmland family and their guests relax by the lake. The house above is on Doctors' Row, a shore-front strip of luxury dwellings.

A lakeside picnic under way at Riddle Point. The city, noting that private developers were rapidly gobbling up shore properties, quickly reserved this breezy, wooded site for public use.

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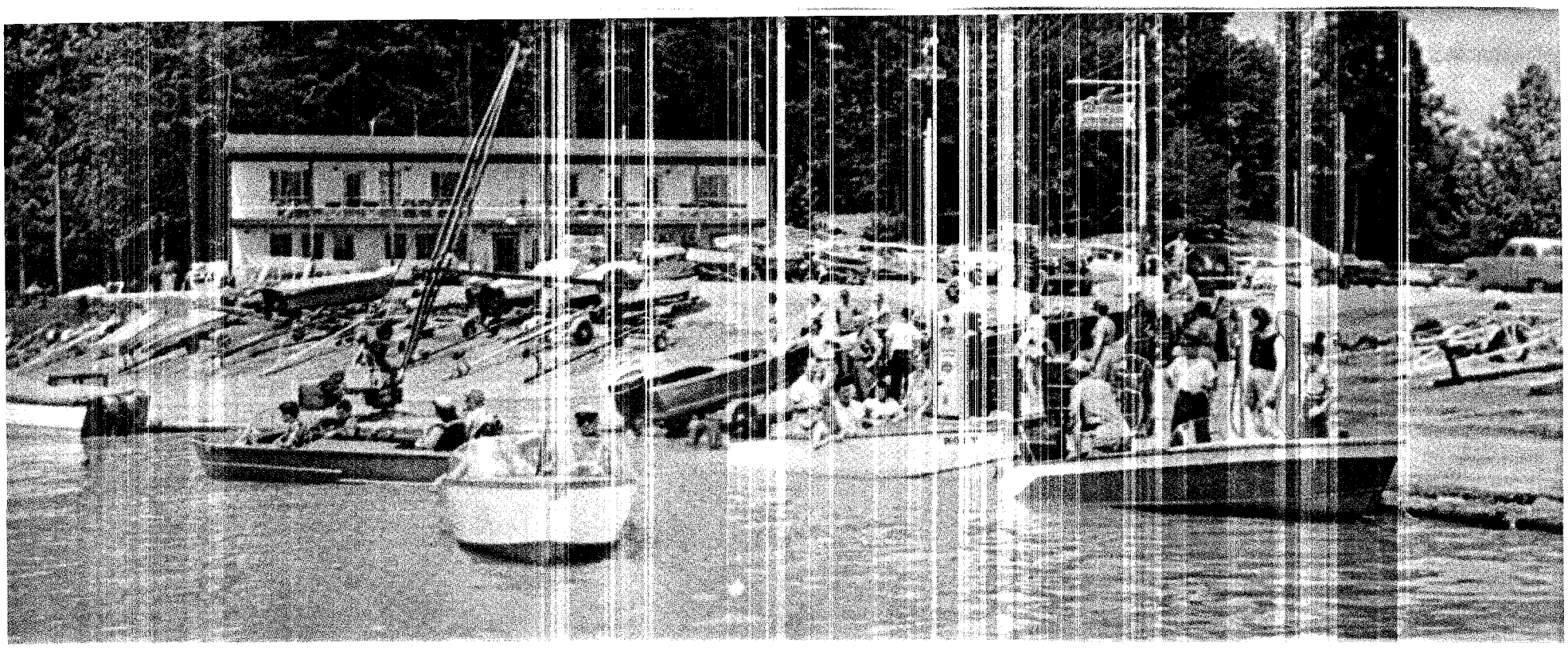

Nautical centers like the Knob Hill Marina (above) share a $500,000 bonanza in boating business. They provide a wide variety of services to the lake's 650 skippers.

If a city, like a person, can enjoy a wish come true, Bloomington, Indiana, is the lucky town, thanks to a lake called Bean Blossom. You can't overestimate, old-timers are saying, how much the new homemade lake has done for the place.

Bloomington, like many another city in the nation's "water-deficiency belt," was dying of thirst. On three occasions in one decade, water had to be trucked in to meet day-to-day needs. Because of the dearth of water, new industry had stopped coming. The town was dwindling to the status of an outpost, its principal activity a state university.

The new lake saved Bloomington's life as a first-rate city. It created a smart new residential district, a recreation area of state-wide fame, a $500,000-a-year business in boats, and enough water to quench the city's thirst for 100 years. It has already attracted one large new factory, it dangles prettily as a lure for others and is indirectly responsible for the biggest building boom the town has ever known.

Like most things marvelous, the lake did not fall easily, like a great blue dewdrop, on the city's brow. It had to be fought for and won. Dragons had to be slain, in the best fairy-tale tradition, by a knight on a charger—or, to be more up-to-date and also more accurate, in a bright-yellow squad car. For the hero of the Bean Blossom story is an energetic mayor named Thomas L. Lemon, who likes to ride in police cars and admires the bright color for which he is named.

In America's thirsty, dusty inland, triumphs like Lemon's—and Bloomington's—loom large. Of our 200-odd cities having more than 50,000 residents, about a third were short of water in recent dry years. Some have been pressed to extremes to get an adequate drink. Denver has to pipe water over a mountain range. Boston brings it seventy miles by aqueduct. Los Angeles has to reach out 250 miles. Cities of the Southwest, such as Dallas and Wichita, are nearly stumped during drought periods, and large areas of the Midwest have lesser but locally troublesome problems.

Edward A. Ackerman, well-known consultant on water resources, now in Washington with Resources for the Future, Inc., has recently pointed out (Continued on Page 69)

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

Part of Bean Blossom's scenery is provided by coeds from nearby Indiana University. From left: Sherry Pelz, Nancy Griner, Marilyn Du Valle and Brenda Ely.

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"I have set aside ten thousand dollars for Hania's dowry," said her grandfather. "I will give it to you now, Rachid, if you will marry her."

Hania didn't want to get a husband according to the old-world custom. She wanted to

MARRY FOR LOVE

By GLORIA AMOURY

Hania Geha brought an *ergile* to her grandfather's bedside although he was too ill to smoke it. As she watched him sleep, she knew guiltily that a thousand *ergiles* wouldn't make him a bit happier. There was only one thing she could do for him now—the big thing; the practically impossible thing.

The doctor, Rachid Maloof, was sitting beside the bed, holding the old man's frail hand in his powerful one. As Hania put down the *ergile* she brushed against the dark young man and, as always, agonizing shyness brought on by contact with the self-assured Arabic-American reddened her cheeks. She went quickly to the window.

Then the doctor said softly, "He's awake."

She crossed the room and kissed her grandfather, feeling intensely sorry for him because he wasn't in his enormous bed in Damascus, which they'd left two years before, surrounded by the servants of home, the exotic scents of home, the friends of home. Although she'd done all she could to turn this room into Damascus—this room with its Oriental carpeting, its paintings of mid-Eastern street scenes on the walls, neither she nor her grandfather could forget that outside loomed Brooklyn, strange, foreign, terrifying. "I brought you an *ergile*, *gidi*," she said, "for when you feel better."

His eyes were large in his thin face. "I shall not feel better. I am going to die. It is natural to die. But to die in Brooklyn!"

Hania glanced at Atlantic-Avenue-born, Brooklyn-College-educated Rachid and hoped he wasn't offended.

But Rachid's grin was amused. "You'll live to make a dozen trips to the Old Country." However, his eyes grew grave as they met Hania's.

"You kid me, Rachid, as you Americans say," the old man said wisely. "I do not mind dying. To die in Damascus would be pleasant, with old friends to ease me out. At least my friends would protect my grandchild. But to leave a pretty grandchild with a fortune and no

(Continued on Page 80)

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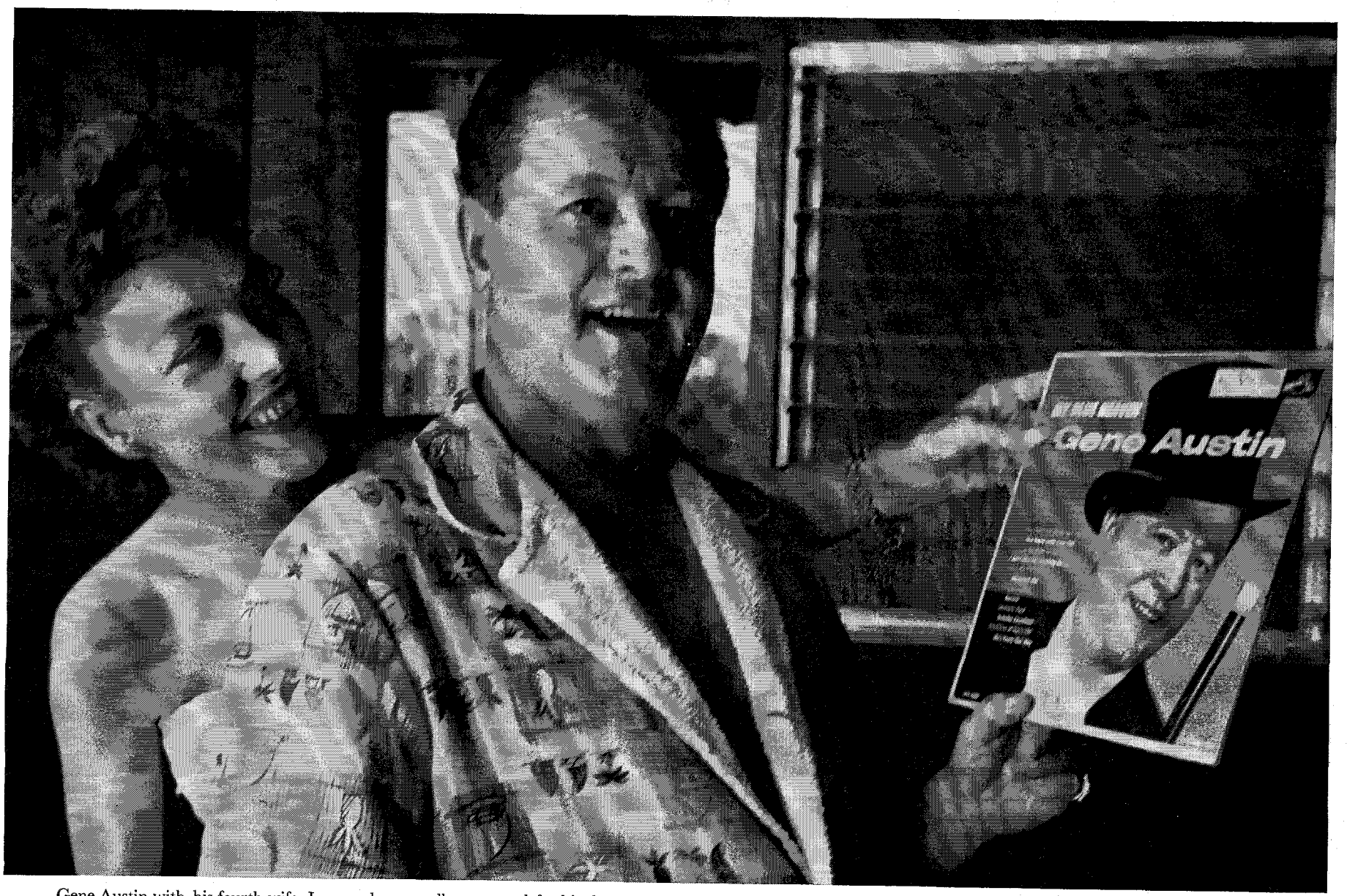

Gene Austin with his fourth wife, Lou, and a new album named for his theme song, My Blue Heaven. Sales of his records—86 million copies—have never been approached.

A Crooner Comes Back

Back in the twenties millions of Americans held hands to the romantic voice of Gene Austin. Now, a generation later, an all-time favorite is singing again.

By H. ALLEN SMITH

There's a recent story about a newlywed couple holding hands late in the evening on the front stoop of their home. Down the street a cat manages to claw the lid off a large garbage can. The lid hits the pavement with a crash, the garbage can falls over, the cat lets go a few frightening shrieks, and the young woman says softly to the young man, "Oh, darling, our song!"

There must be fogy blood in me because I enjoy that story. I enjoy it because I think that much of the stuff that passes for popular music today is somewhat less melodic than the grunting of hogs in flytime. I happen to hold membership in a generation which grew up on sweet music and a sweet singer named Gene Austin.

Along with almost every other boy and girl of my time I romanced and courted to the music of his records. Those were the days when we cranked up the machine between numbers, and if we ran out of needles we used a straight pin, and if we ran out of anything else to say, we said, "You tell 'em, I stutter."

I've known Gene Austin for thirty years. I first met him in Tulsa in the summer of 1927, when he was at the peak of his celebrity. I was a young (Continued on Page 66)

Austin as he appeared in the 1934 movie Gift of Gab, with actresses Gloria Stuart (left) and Ruth Etting.

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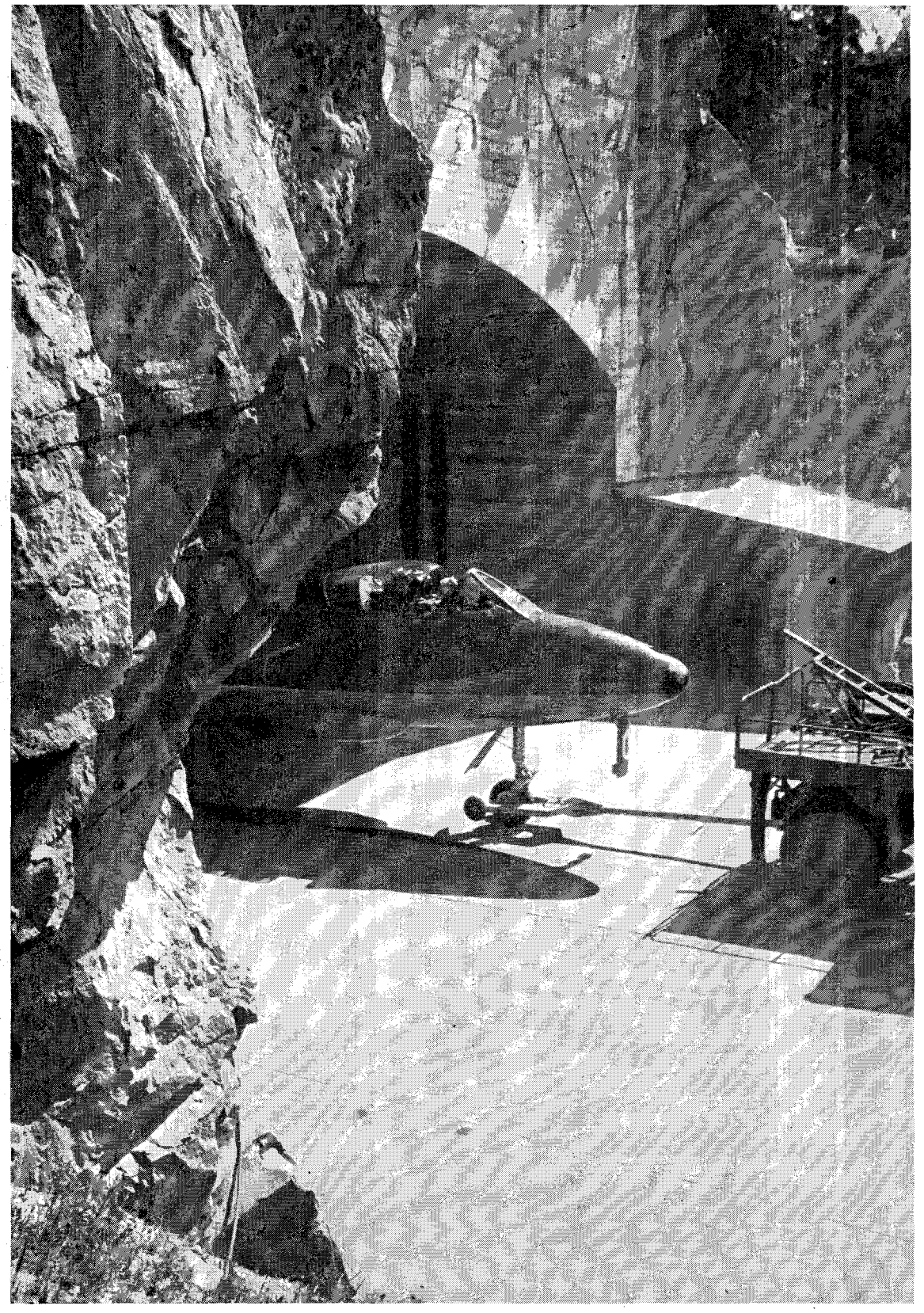
Does Sweden Dare Stay Neutral?

A Post editor
reports from Stockholm
on the dilemma
of lonely Sweden—
torn by pro-Western sympathy
and the atomic threats of its
historic enemy, Russia.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER



In a practice alert, a jet plane emerges from one of Sweden's secret underground hangars. The kingdom's modern, well-hidden air force consists of about 1000 fighters, most of them built in Swedish factories.

STOCKHOLM.

Up here, in Europe's cloudy north, a race of large-boned, clear-eyed and extremely serious people is searching its collective soul. To have or not to have atomic weapons? To join the Western bloc or to hold on to a precarious neutrality? Spread out over a 1000-mile-long country, between the mountains and the Russians and the sea, the Swedes today feel lonelier than ever.

This is a sensitive part of the world. No longer a dim backwater where nothing ever happens, the Scandinavian region is emerging as a crossroads—a crossroads of a rather lurid kind.

Located spang on the great-circle route between the United States and Russia's heartland, much of the large peninsula would lie directly in the path of long-range bombers and intercontinental missiles in a major war. Small wonder that the Scandinavian countries have recently come under growing Soviet pressure. Small wonder that the neutral Swedes are troubled by grave thoughts.

"We hope," I was told by Tage Erlander, the country's tall, gray, slow-spoken prime minister, "that our neutrality in peacetime will make it possible for us to be neutral in war. A big nation always knows it will still be alive after a war. For a small nation like ourselves, war is the catastrophe that may mean the end."

Few Swedes would disagree with him. Having kept war away for nearly 150 years, the people of this lucky land feel that there is a good deal to be said for a noncommittal attitude. Both Denmark and Norway are members of NATO—Sweden remains the stubborn neutral of the North. Indeed, neutrality remains the average Swede's religion. In talking politics with Swedes from every walk of life, one quickly realizes that their formula of noninvolvement implies, to them, a guarantee of independence—a pleasurable feeling of aloofness from the great noise of clashing forces. As one digs deeper, one discovers that this apparent smugness is tempered by a national bad conscience. The opportunism which, during the last war, induced the Swedes to allow German troops to cross their country while both their Danish and Norwegian cousins were smarting under German occupation, is now looked back on with acute embarrassment. Swedish history books tend to gloss over the country's attitude during the early years of World War II, and it is not polite to mention it.

At the same time, as one tries to unravel Sweden's complexities, one cannot help being impressed with her solidity and force. The country's 7,300,000 people form a homogeneous mass, held tight together by the common bonds of Lutheran Protestantism, a high level of education, strong democratic institutions

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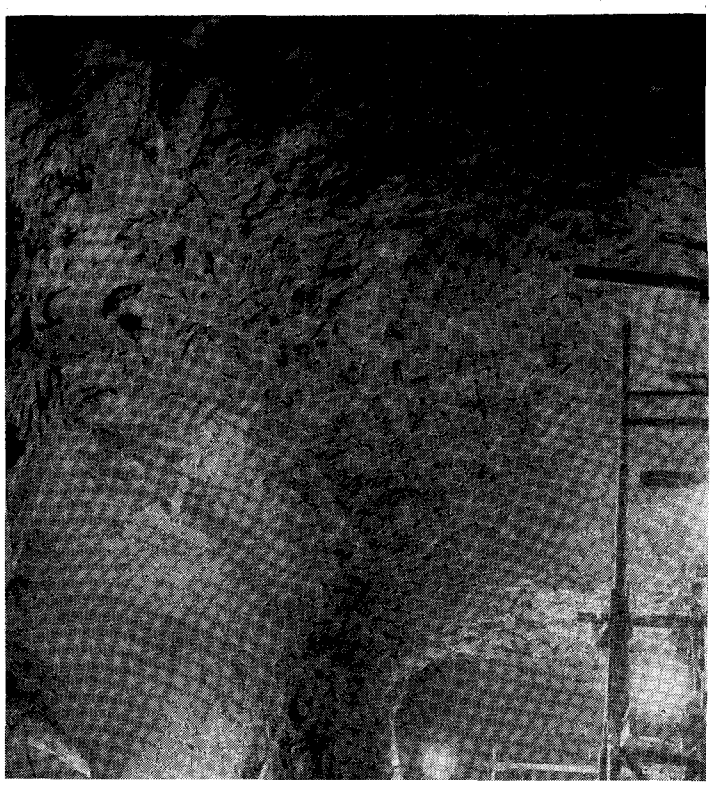
King Gustav VI Adolf (left) inspects a Swedish soldier demonstrating atomic warfare defenses. Sweden has no nuclear arms at present; the nation is widely split on the issue of whether or not to produce such weapons.

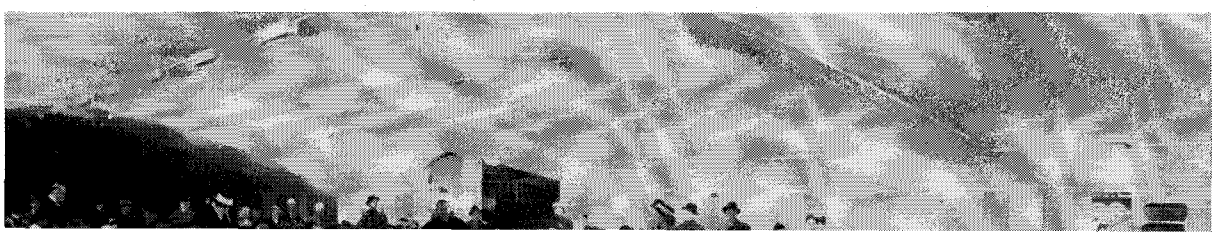
Swedish diplomat Raoul Wallenberg: His 1945 disappearance continues to provoke anti-Soviet feeling.

and the welfare state. The socialism which came up from poverty in the beginning of the century worked as a kind of vaccination—its triumph in domestic politics brought no more than a mild social democracy, with little nationalization, full employment and prosperity for all. In this protected blood stream, Communism could not make much headway—its current share of Sweden's total vote is less than 5 per cent.

Nor can there be much question as to where Sweden's sympathies lie in the Cold War. If any proof was needed, the Swedish public's violent reaction to last year's Hungarian crisis revealed the depth of its pro-Western feelings. Not only are the Swedes joined to the Western world by ties of culture and religion but they are intimately linked with the United States. There is hardly a Swedish village that has not sent some emigrants across the ocean—particularly to Minnesota and Wisconsin. The total number of Americans of Swedish descent is estimated at 3,000,000.

The American impact on the Stockholm scene is just as strong as it has been these postwar years on other Western capitals—perhaps a little stronger. This clean-cut, chilly, brine-washed city of 1,063,000 now speaks with something of an American accent. The theaters on Kungsgatan, the long and narrow downtown thoroughfare, present American films; the bookstores (Continued on Page 63)





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A child's life hung in the balance. He had no choice but to

Challenge the River

By WALTER MACKEN

Some claimed that Garveen was the prettiest spot in the whole parish. It consisted of an area of about four hundred acres almost entirely surrounded by low hills except where the river that drained the far side came through the gap in the hills and, dividing because of the total inflexibility of the earth at that point, ran in two directions to meet the sea. Garveen faced the sea, then, a fairly rough coast except where the butty stone quay clove itself into the maw of the waves and on the sheltered side of itself had created a small beach of silver sand. Here the black boats and the currachs rested. Where the river divided, there was a bridge, a sturdy one of three stone arches, and in bad weather when the river was high, this bridge was the only possible way of access to the place. The river was called The Gap. This sounds ugly in English, but its name in Irish had a sweeter sound.

On account of that feeling the people had of being sort of shut off, they were a little different from other people. They regarded themselves as being a cut above them, and like all men who derive their livelihood from the sea, regarded themselves as being superior to men who till and toil. There were only six houses in Garveen, no shop, no pub; so that when they wanted groceries or strong drink they would have to journey the few miles over the bridge into the village of Gortshee.

The town was also notable for one other thing: it held the only blacksmith in the whole parish. His name was Tom Tate, and he would be the last blacksmith. He had no assistant. The coming of the tractor was almost putting him out of business, and apart from odd horseshoes, or the wheel of a cart, or cleats and bolts and things for the few fishing boats, he wasn't kept very busy.

What I am going to relate would never have happened but for that freakish January storm. It came from nowhere, swept over the country, and then was gone, leaving torrential rain and a lot of destruction in its wake. Unfortunately, it coincided with a very high tide, which the wind blew even higher, so that it ran up the double estuary like a scalded cat. The running tide made matchwood of three currachs and blew them over half the village, and one of the fishing boats was neatly deposited almost uninjured in front of the Backs' house, which was the one nearest to the sea.

It was a frightening storm. Some storms you can view from your window, admiring the forked lightning against the piling, monstrously black clouds. Some storms just put the fear of God into you and leave you timorous and cowering, and this was one of those. It turned night into day and sent walls of water from the sky to the earth—almost solid walls of water that would test a strong man to get through. The river was high anyhow from the melting of the snow on the hills and the eternal draining of the deep bogs behind them; but with this rain falling and the sea contemptuously throwing back the waters of the river, it rose and rose higher—higher than the memory of man.

The wind stripped the thatched roof off one house as if it was peeling an orange, and tore the galvanized roof off another with a dreadful tearing noise that rose above the screaming of the wind, so that the people in the houses had to come out and look in horror and then scurry like refugee ants to the solid two-story house of the Backs. That was the house in front of which the fishing boat eventually came to rest, without hurting anybody. But the sea when it came invaded the lower part of the house, so that kitchen chairs were floating and everybody was wet to the knees, and it was very fortunate that little Mary Backs, since she was very sick, happened to be in the bedroom upstairs.

She was very sick, which is another and probably the most important reason for what happened. Her sickness and that storm would nearly unhinge a person's mind. Certainly her mother and Jerr, her father, were practically driven out of their minds with fear. Mary was lying in the bed and she was very hot. Somebody said you could roast an apple on her forehead. And this sickness fell on her almost as fast as the storm had fallen on the earth; one minute just a childish ailment, and the next, people were sure she was dying. The face of her mother was stark white as she bent over her, rubbing her small forehead with a work-worn hand, crooning to her. And on the other side of the bed was her grandmother saying, "What'll we do? What'll we do?"

Jerr, a big man with gray hair, wearing a heavy blue gansey, said, "Don't grieve, Julia; don't grieve. I will go now into Gortshee for the doctor."

"Cross of God, if you go out in that you will be kilt, Jerr," the grandmother said. "She will be fine. The fever will break in her."

"I'm going," he said. "I'm going," his heart torn watching the small, pale face, the sweat-soaked brown curly hair, hoping that like some miracle, if only he went away, when he came back everything would be all right.

"How is she? How is she?" they asked him downstairs. All the people cowering in the kitchen, sitting on the table, on the backs of chairs. "Not good," he said. "Not good. I will have to go into Gortshee for the doctor."

"No, you won't, Jerr Backs," said a tall young man they knew as Boulder on account of the blackness of him and the sturdiness of him and the endurance of him. "I will go for the doctor and you stay here and keep the house." And before Jerr could protest, he was gone and the people were barricading the door behind him, cursing the inrush of water that his going bequeathed to them.

Boulder was soaked right into his skin in a few seconds. The force of the wind took his breath away until he turned his back on it, and then it was like a giant hand pushing him from behind. *Wasn't it great good fortune*, he was thinking, *that none of us was at sea when it fell*. He paused a

(Continued on Page 40)

Illustrated by Ben Stahl

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He gripped with his fingers, knees and toes as the water flowed over him, tearing at him.

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Secrets of the Unknown War

Greenland's valiant little "army" raced to ambush the Germans before the spring thaws set in. But they desperately needed American help.

By DAVID HOWARTH

CONCLUSION

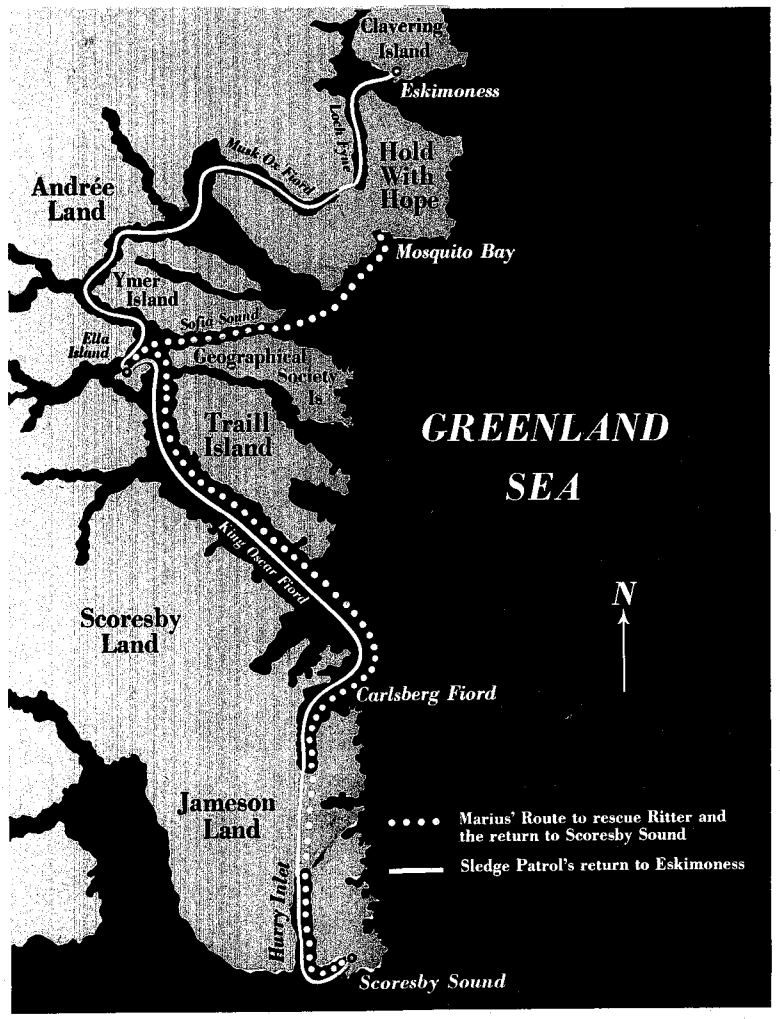
The Eskimo settlement of Scoresby Sound was in a state of desperate apprehension when Ib Poulsen and Carlos Ziebell, the leaders of Greenland's sledge patrol, finally reached it on April 30, 1943. Nothing like the German threat from the northeast coast had ever happened before and it seemed at the time, to the people of Scoresby Sound, that Armageddon was coming. One member of the sledge patrol, Eli Knudsen, had been killed by the Germans; Marius Jensen, so far as anyone knew, was still a prisoner. The two Akre brothers were missing. Few of the Eskimos took comfort in the fact that the remnants of the sledge patrol had come south to defend the village.

There were nineteen Germans on the northeast coast of Greenland, and upwards of eighty able-bodied Eskimos at Scoresby Sound. Poulsen knew that whatever happened, the Eskimos would not fight; they would passively turn the other cheek, as their Christian religion had taught them. He did not pretend to know what whims of strategy guided the Germans, but he knew that if they attacked Scoresby Sound, they would burn the village down. They had done this to his former headquarters at Eskimoness; and Scoresby Sound, like Eskimoness, was sending weather reports on its civil radio to the Americans and British.

Scoresby Sound could hardly have been more difficult to defend. It had only a system of air-raid warnings, which Ziebell had instituted, and a few shelters. Its thirty or forty houses extended over several miles of shore, and it had two opposite approaches—down Hurry Inlet and down the outer coast. Its nearest neighboring village is Angmagssalik, 450 miles farther (Continued on Page 87)

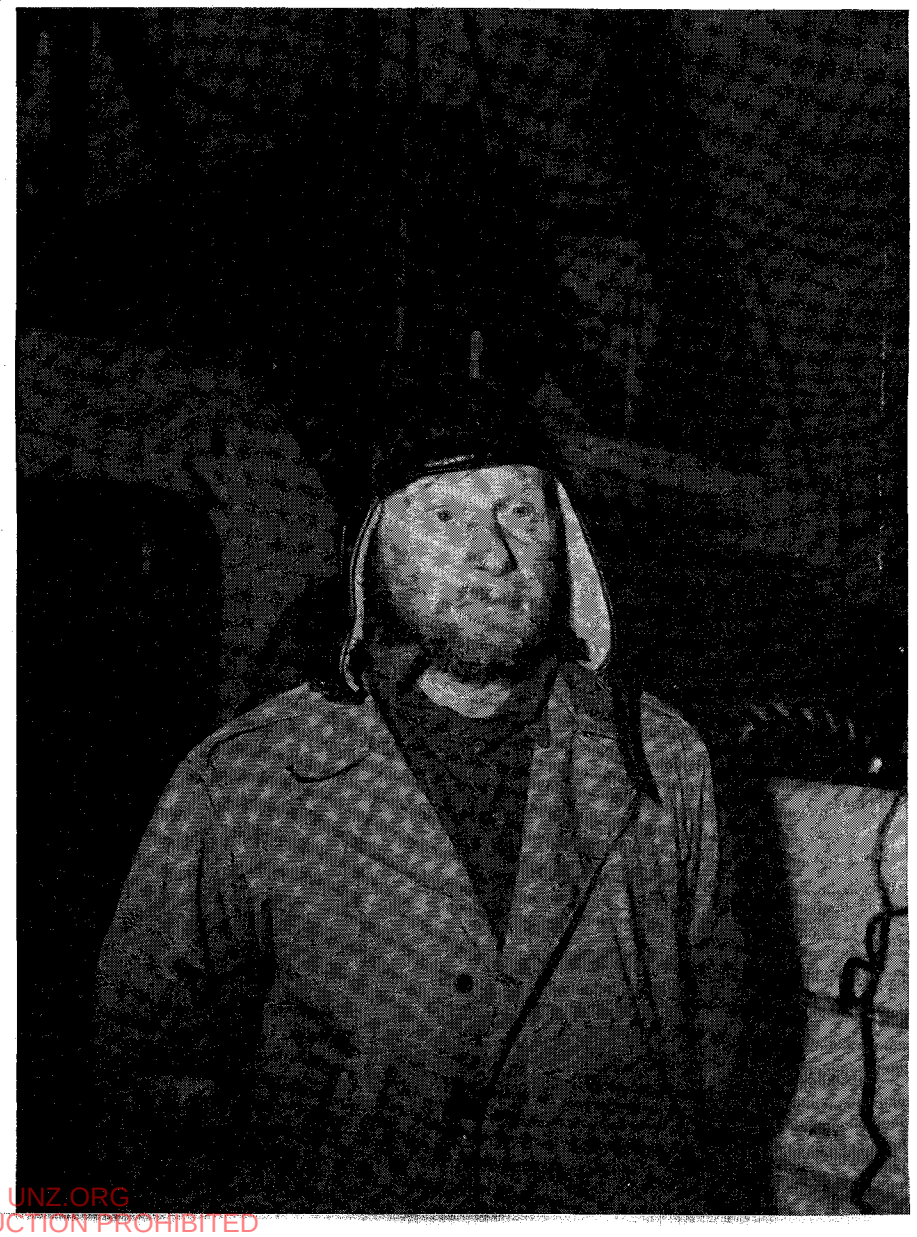
Copyright © 1957 by David Howarth

Carlos Ziebell led a three-man sledge patrol party north from Scoresby Sound to recapture Ella Island.



As the tide of the "war" turned, the sledge patrol had to battle thaws which released murderous avalanches and turned trails into impassable slush.

Rudolph Sensse, doctor of the German expedition, was abandoned by the Germans, and almost died of exposure. Here he is shown after his capture by the U. S. Coast Guard.



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They made an emergency landing deep in the uninhabited swamps—uninhabited, that is, except by

THE EVERGLADES BLONDE

By GEORGE MORSE

Capt. Weston Adams, a pink-cheeked Air-Sea Rescue pilot, pushed open the door of a small, rough-planked building deep in the Florida Everglades and stepped inside. He peered about him; his jaw dropped.

"Jocko!" he gasped. "It's—a still!"

Capt. Jocko McBride pushed in; his jaw dropped too. He looked at the huge copper tank in the center of the room, and at the fire pit and the bags of sugar and grain. He sniffed the odor of mash and alcohol, then walked to a window and stared outside.

The Glades stretched to the horizon in all directions, an endless sea of green-brown marsh grass, broken only by pools of water and hummocks of scrub palmetto and cypress. In the grass below them their helicopter perched forlornly, rotors drooping. Jocko turned.

"Genius," he whispered. "Sheer genius. Miles and miles of empty, godforsaken swamp, and you drop us in beside this!"

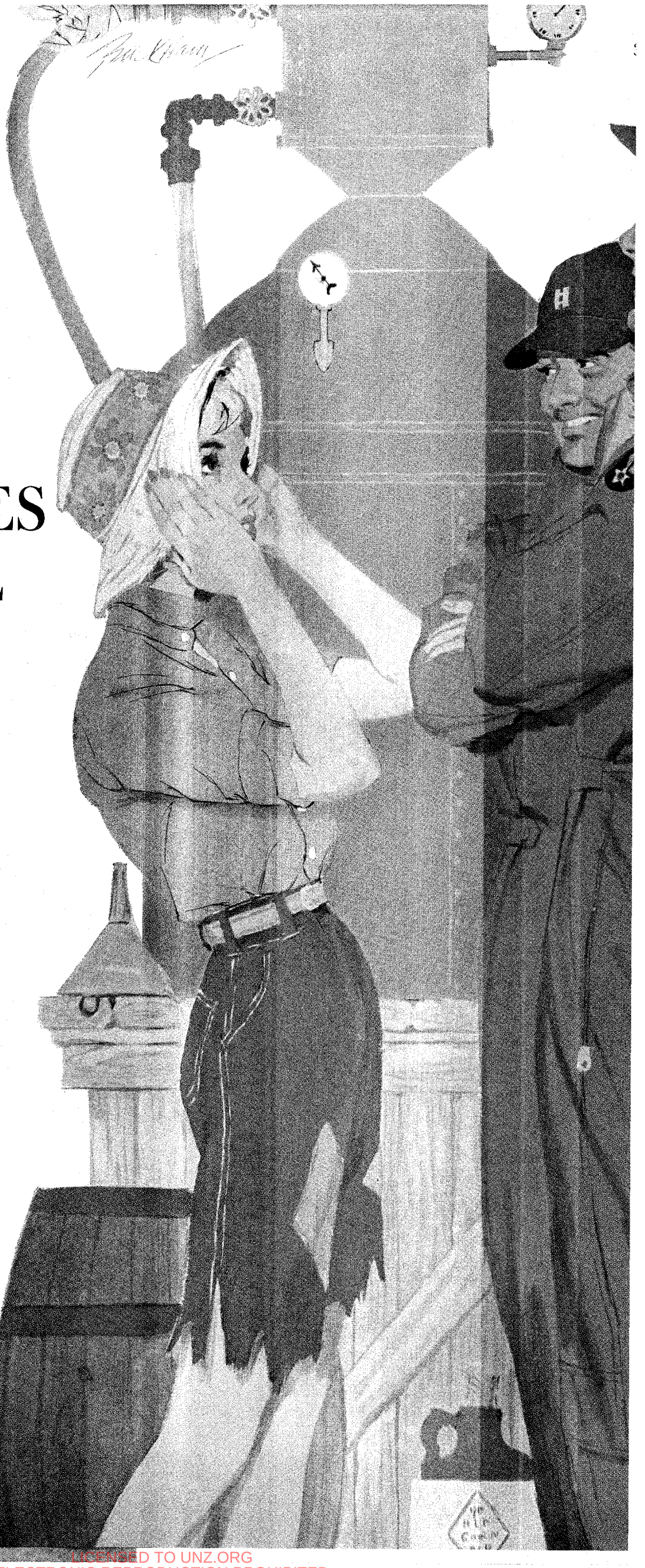
They shook hands gleefully and went exploring. There was a combination kitchen and bunkroom, and a storeroom; one wall was piled high with shiny gallon cans.

Jocko lifted one. "Full!" he babbled. "The staff of life!"

A door slammed; they looked at each other in alarm. "The owners!" Westy bleated.

There was silence; they edged into the other room. Someone was standing in the doorway.

Girl. She was a small, blond girl, barefoot, in a man's shirt and blue jeans cut off raggedly at the knees, and she was pretty as a stick of peppermint candy. (Continued on Page 54)



She stared at their uniforms in astonishment. "Well, for heaven's sake!" she cried.

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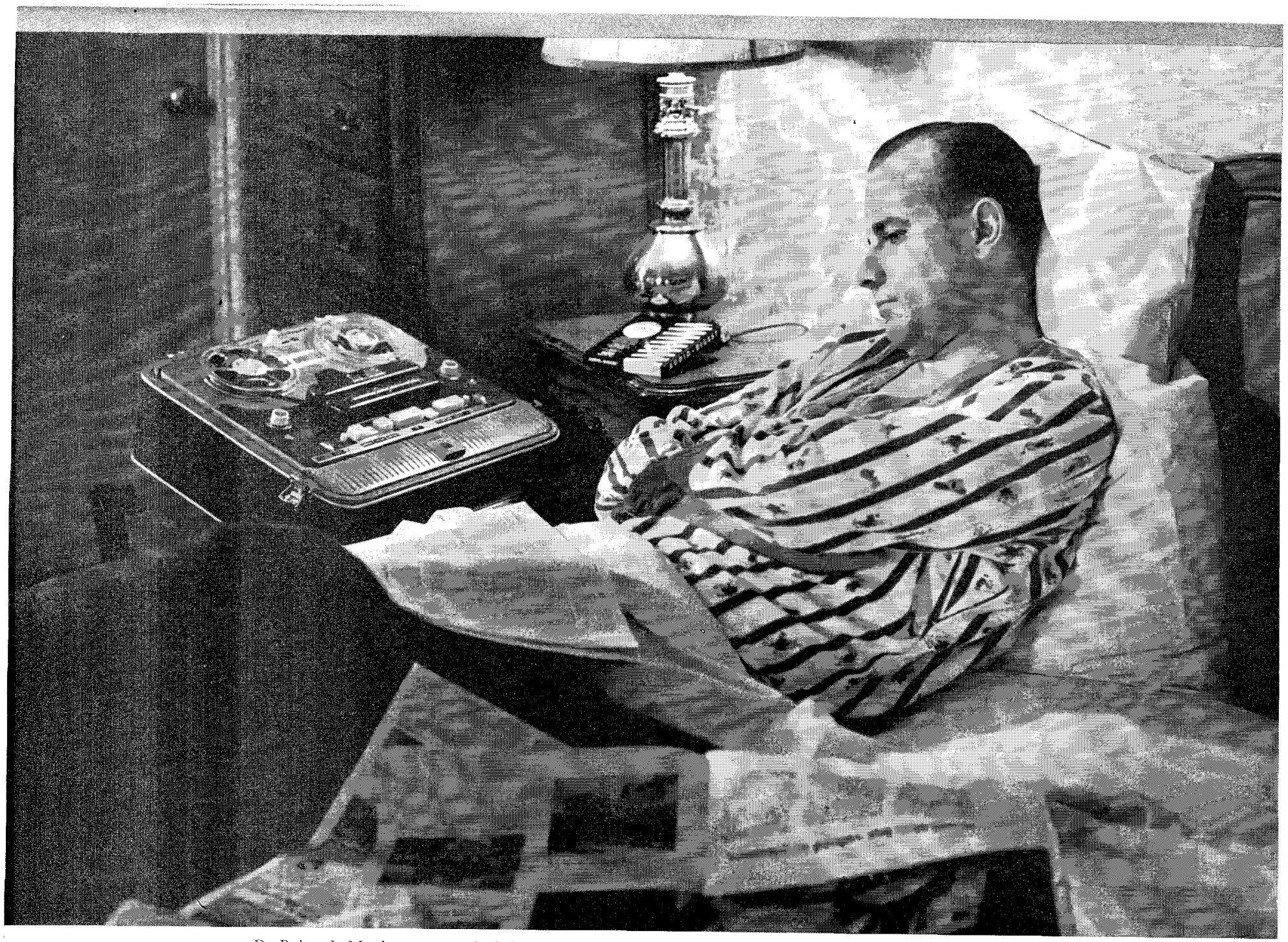

Dr. Robert L. Marsh, a surgeon who helped develop the medical tapes, concentrates on a new recording before calling it a day.

Listen, Doctor!

By MILTON SILVERMAN

Overworked medics can now keep up with new discoveries "by ear": Recordings of the things they ought to know but sometimes overlook.

In a small Midwestern hospital, a newborn baby girl lay dying with a mysterious combination of symptoms that defied diagnosis.

"I couldn't figure this one," her doctor said. "The baby was vomiting continually, she wouldn't gain weight and she seemed to be a little constipated."

Ordinarily, such signs point to an intestinal obstruction, but X-ray studies had shown that the intestinal tract was clear. It might have been an infection somewhere in the body, or even a brain hemorrhage, but these were ruled out by all the usual tests.

"The only thing we knew for sure," he said, "was that the baby was nearly dead."

Late one night, still completely baffled by the case, the doctor came home, glumly greeted his wife and went to bed. His eyes were so reddened and tired that he was unable to keep them open, let alone attempt to read any of the medical books and magazines piled high on his bureau—a pile which had been accumulating there for weeks. With his eyes closed, however, the doctor managed to turn on a tape recorder which stood on his bedside table.

What he heard was no ordinary program. There was no Beethoven symphony or Tchaikovsky concerto or even an appropriate lullaby by Brahms.

Instead, the doctor began to listen to a pleasant, well-modulated voice describing the latest advances in the diagnosis and treatment of diseases of the adrenal glands.

Halfway through the program, he heard a few phrases which instantly had him wide-awake: " . . . symptoms starting soon after birth . . . failure to maintain normal weight gain . . . bowel action reduced . . . insufficiency of adrenal cortical hormones. . . ."

The doctor snapped off the machine. "Good Lord!" he said. "That must be it!"

His wife stared at him. "What in the world are you talking about?" she asked.

"Adrenal insufficiency of the newborn," he said as he started to dress again. "That's the trouble with the Hastings baby. Call the hospital and tell 'em I'm on my way."

Within an hour, he had begun injections of a powerful adrenal-gland extract. In six hours, the dreadful

(Continued on Page 84)

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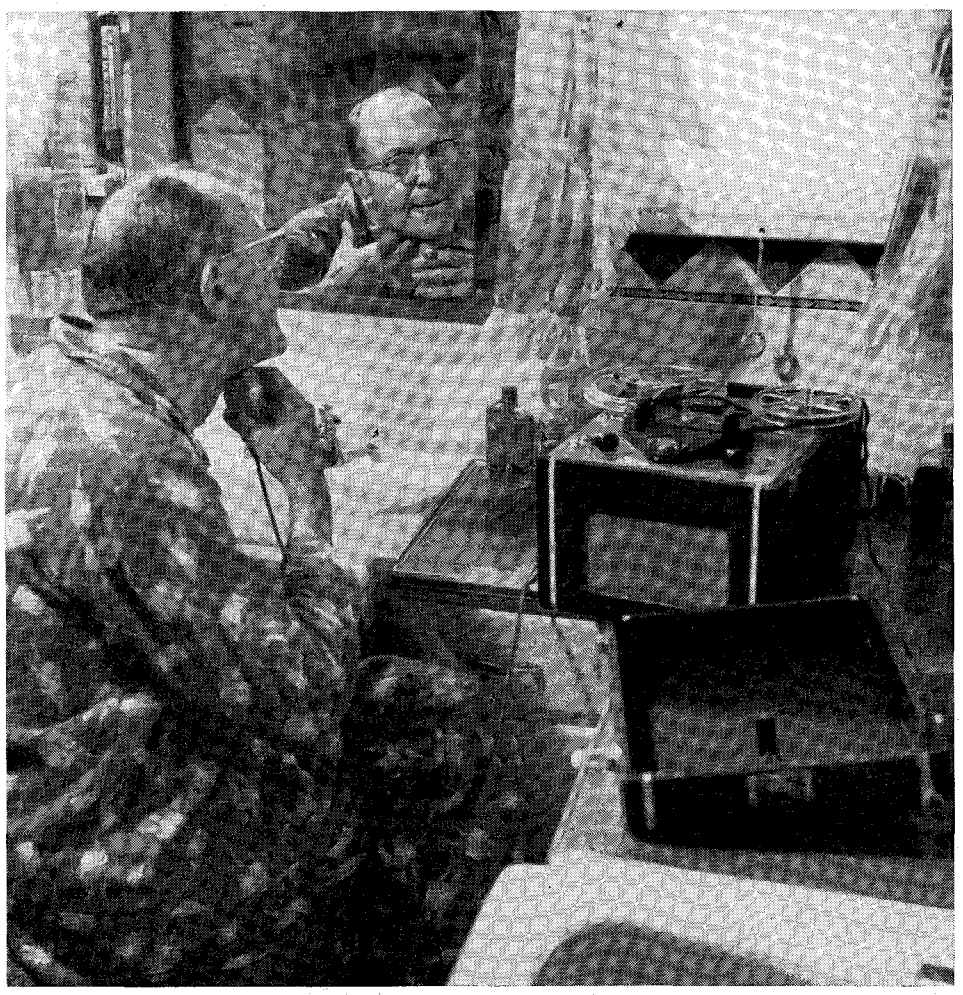
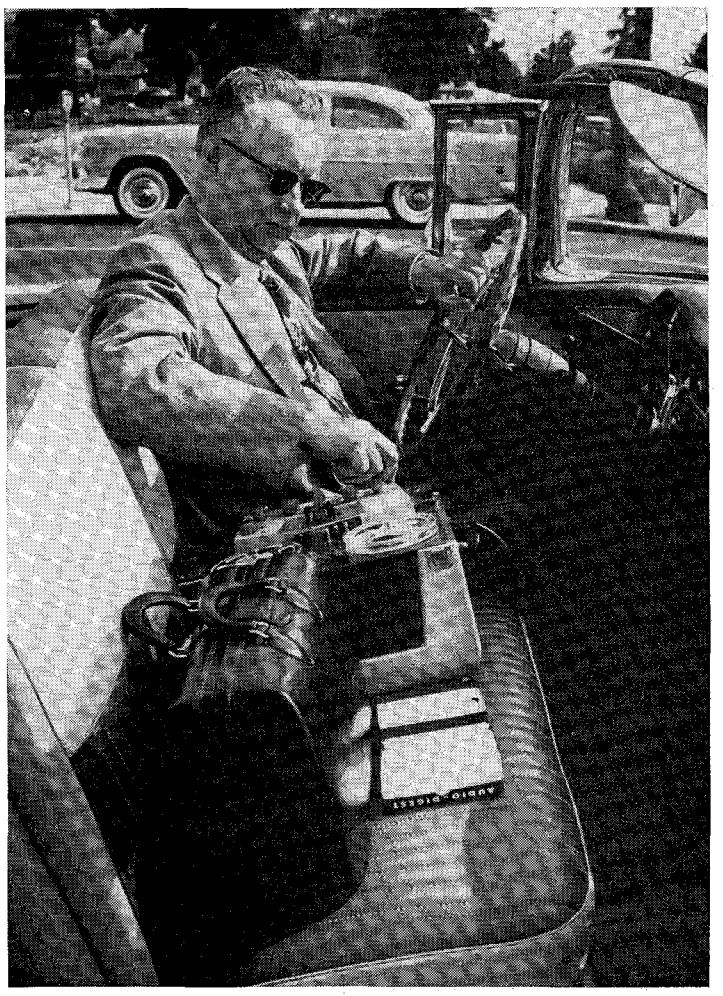
Photographs by Gene Lester



Dr. Orrie E. Ghrist, an eye-ear-nose-and-throat specialist, bones up during a rare moment alone. While on a safari in Africa recently, he had the latest tapes forwarded to him.



On the way to a call, Dr. Gilbert D. Curtis switches on his battery-powered recorder, thus profiting from time that once was a total loss.

Physicians on the staff of the Ross-Loos Medical Group, a Los Angeles, Calif., clinic, hold a luncheon seminar based on a new medical recording.

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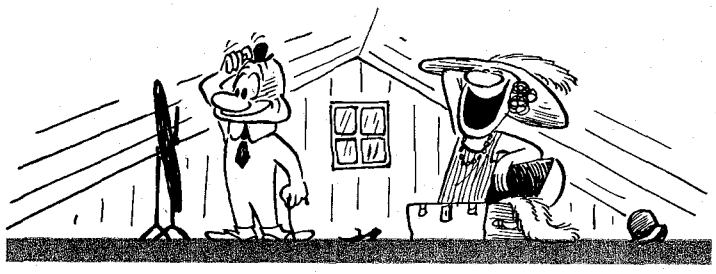


Post Scripts

News Items I Just Sort of Skip

Andrew P. Brackney, who, at 44, is the youngest man ever to be elected to the office of ——

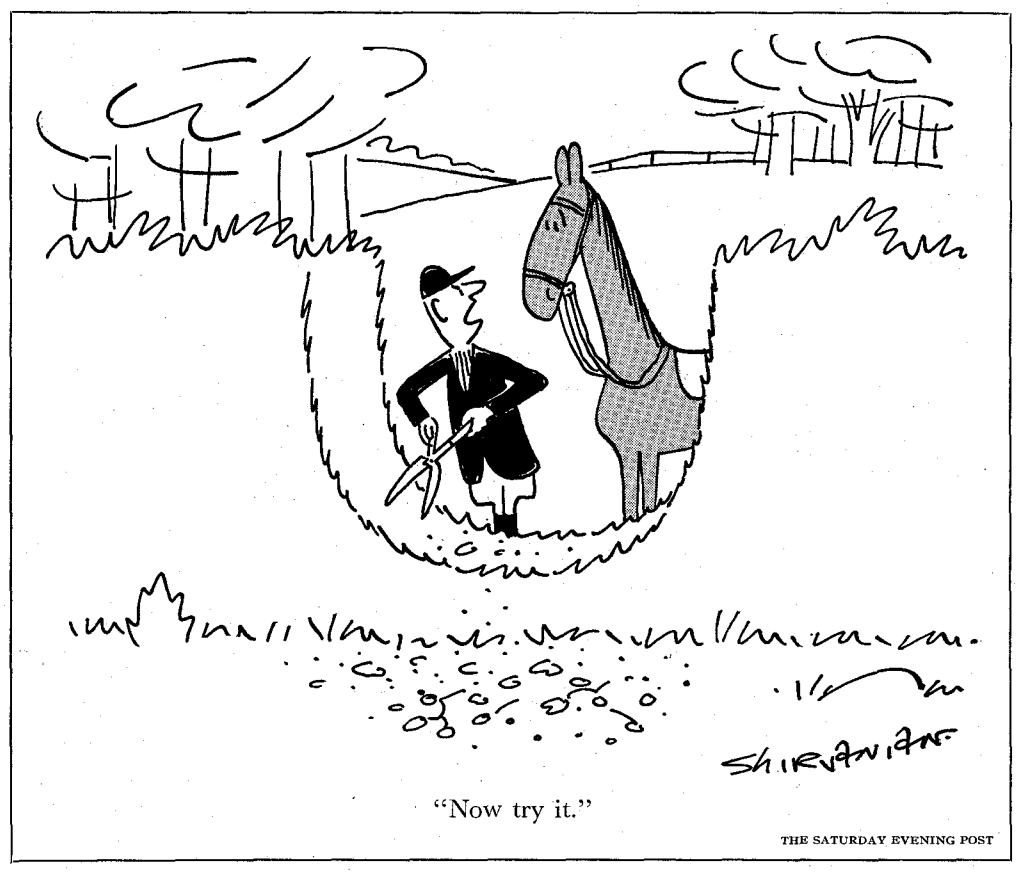
The sixth annual Festival of Opera, Drama, Ballet and ——

The music department of Penelope Mackay College will present two of its outstanding students, Miss Gloria Weatherby and Miss Deborah Gaunt, in a voice and piano ——

When Harvey Hoagland, a salesman, was arrested yesterday for driving without a license, he explained the situation to the judge of the traffic court in this manner: "Your honor ——"

The citizens of Hawthorne County will hold their annual-reunion picnic next Sunday, at 2:30 P.M., in the pavilion at ——

Kid Winters, who, in his fight with Uppercut Henderson two months ago, was knocked out in one minute and four seconds of the first round, today expressed his belief that, in his return bout with Henderson next Friday night, he'll "murder ——"



"Now try it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Jeff Casanova, star of the award-winning movie Dark is the Moon, and Karen Divine, who achieved stardom in her role of Anna in the picture Flight of the Condemned, are now being teamed by Peerless Pictures in Song of the South Wind for one of the most explosive romantic combinations ever to ——

A savings-and-loan-association official has estimated that during the next six months, $13.9 million will be ——

RAYMOND HOWARD

Railway Stationed

You get to the crossing, and down goes the gate,
To allow for the passage of carloads of freight;
You anxiously, hopefully look down the track,
But you can't see the end, and there's no turning back;
And you can't crawl beneath them, or even surmount them,
So there's nothing to do but to wait there and count them.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

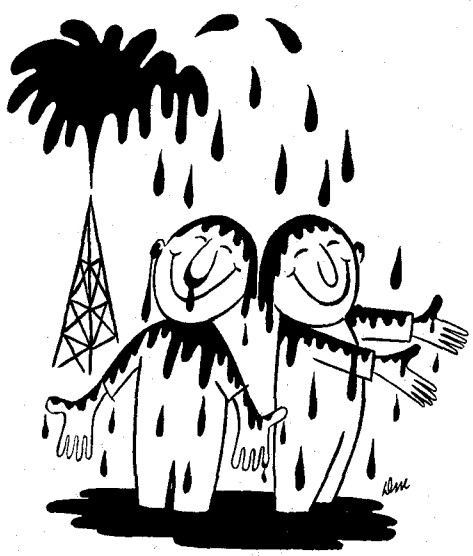
Mein Grossfader's Fable-Tellen

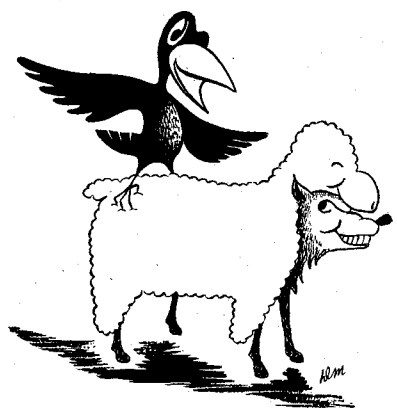
by Dave Morrah

Das Farmer und Der Sons

Ein oldisch farmer ben beggen der sons ist keepen der farmenland mitout sellen. "Beneathen der ground ist ein fortune," das farmer ben tellen der sons. Das farmer ben simplisch, meanen der plowen und planten und hardisch worken ist producen richers. Der sons ben misunderstooden, und ben diggen deepisch mitout planten der seeders.

Soonisch, der farmenland ist barren mitout ein greenisch sprigger, und oilen-wellers ben spouten all ober der countrysiden.





Das Jackendaw und Der Sheep

Ein squawkisch jackendaw ben oberflappen und descenden mit landen ontoppen ein sheep. Der sheep ist nicht objecten, excepten das blackenbird ben gabblen und chatteren mitout stoppen. Ach!

Finallisch, der sheep ist outscreamen, "Upshutten der gabblen und chatteren! Iffen meinself ben ein wolfer mit sharpisch biten, jackendaws ist stoppen der landen on mein backsiden!"

Der gabbler ben laughen und thinken sheepers ist weakisch mitout hurten jackendaws. Ist? Ja, excepten der dummkopf ist sitten ontoppen ein craftisch wolfer insiden ein sheepenskin. Himmel! Pinfluffers ben flyen und das jackendaw ist sooner kaput!

Das Sickisch Lion

Ein grosser lion ben reporten der selfer ist sickisch und beggen der beasters ben visiten mit upcheeren.

Der junglefolken ist visiten, excepten der foxer. Der craftisch foxer ben noten footen-printers leaden insiden der den mitout returnen. "Meinself ist nicht enteren das trap," der foxer ben deciden.

Ist smartisch? Nein! Insiden der den, ein rip roaren getten-wellisch party ben progressen, mit fiddlen und jiggen-dancen und drinken mit toasten! Der foxer ist missen das carousen.

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ENJOY GREAT TV ENTERTAINMENT FROM PLYMOUTH! The laugh and love hit of the year, "DATE WITH THE ANGELS," with Betty White, and Lawrence Welk's "TOP TUNES AND NEW TALENT."

"We're not wealthy...we just look it!"

"Life has taken on a big lift for the whole family since we got our new Suburban. Never knew a car could make you feel so downright *proud*. It's a sort of 'millionaire feeling'... without a big price tag attached. In fact, when people look enviously at us, I grin to myself and say: 'Congratulations, fellow: you got all this *right in the low-price 3!*'"

It's true that a millionaire couldn't buy more satisfaction and comfort than you get in the years-ahead Plymouth! For example, you can't buy a bigger station wagon at *any price* than the beautiful Plymouth Suburban. And no matter which Plymouth you pick... choosing from 17 glamorous body styles... you get sensational advances like floating Torsion-Aire Ride... same suspension as in America's most luxurious $6000 car. Compare all 3! See how much *more* Plymouth offers!

When you drive a

Plymouth

you're 3 full years ahead

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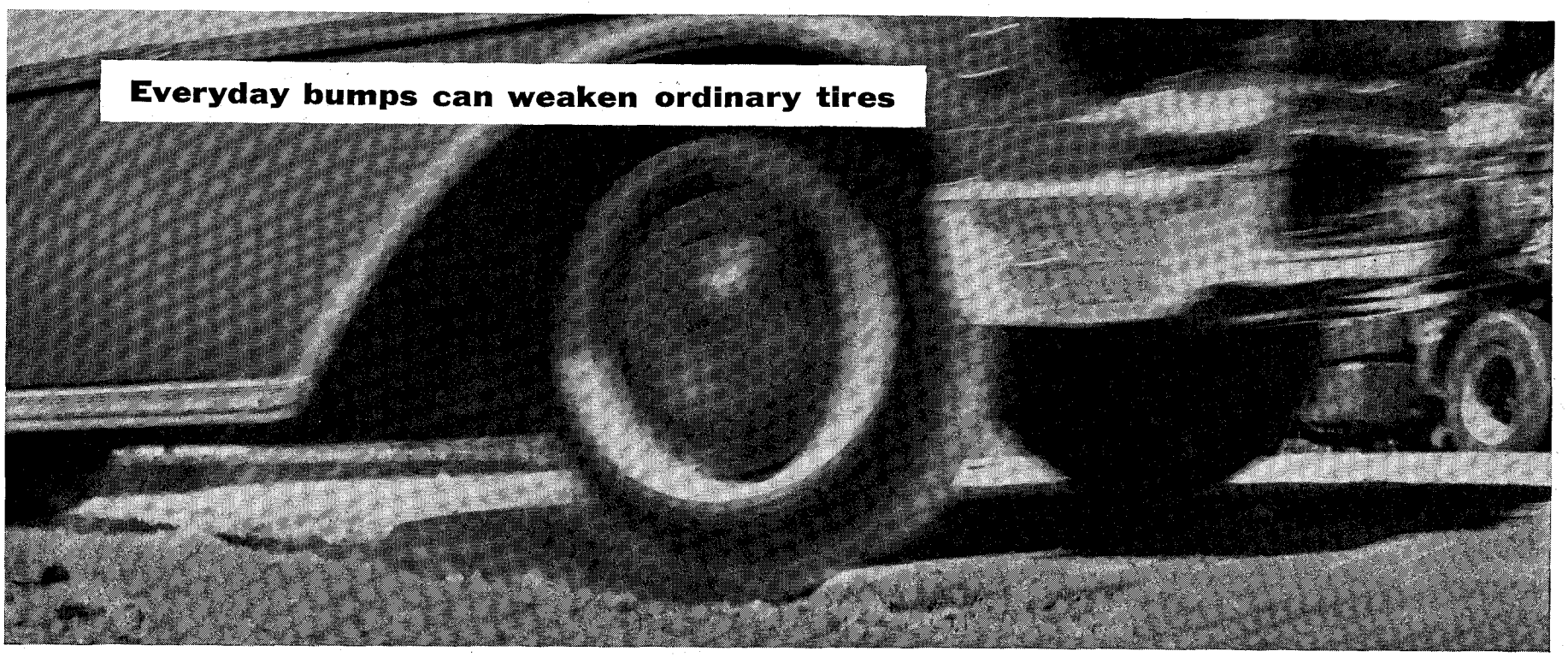
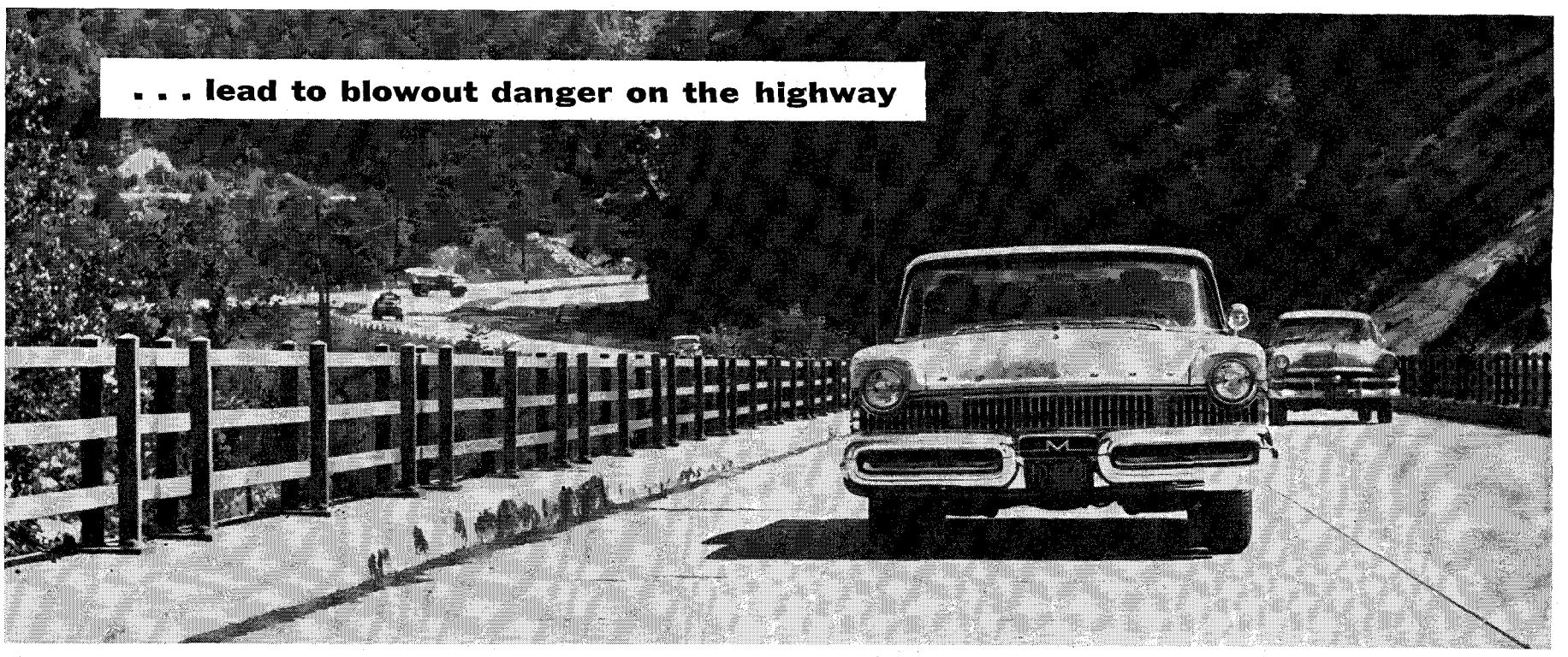


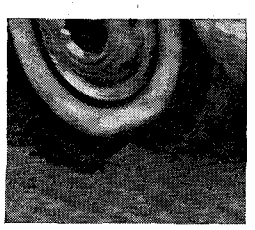


Now nylon cord gives tires lasting strength, means new freedom from fear of blowouts

Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness shrugs off the everyday road shocks that can cause unseen damage to ordinary tire cord, lead to blowouts under the stress of highway driving. For today's heavier, more powerful cars, for the sustained speeds permitted on today's highways, nylon cord tires give you a priceless extra margin of safety. The *lasting* strength and protection of nylon cord tires have been proved in billions of miles of use by truckers.

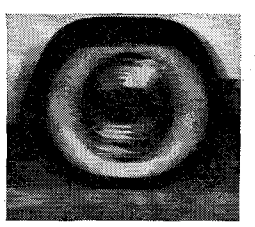
All tire companies make nylon cord tires. Whether you choose premium or standard nylon tires, they offer you greater protection than comparable tires made with ordinary cord. Look for the identification on the sidewall. Insist on nylon when buying new tires—change to nylon when buying a new car.

NYLON CORD PROTECTS AGAINST THE 4 MAJOR CAUSES OF BLOWOUTS

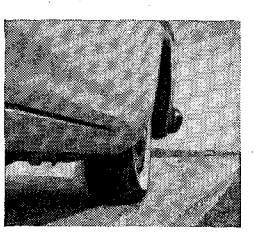


1. BRUISE DAMAGE. Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness protects against impact damage caused by hitting a bump, hole or rock.

2. MOISTURE DAMAGE. Water can't rot nylon cord. Nylon ends blowouts due to moisture seeping in through cracks or cuts in tires.



3. FLEX FATIGUE. Nylon's resilience gives lasting protection against the strength-sapping flex strain that occurs every time a tire turns.



4. HEAT DAMAGE. Nylon gives two-way protection. It not only has greater heat resistance, but also makes cooler-running tires.

THE SAFEST, STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH NYLON CORD

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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The Case of the DEAD MAN'S DAUGHTER

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Perry Mason's scheme backfired. Now his beautiful client faced a murder charge.

Perry Mason's beautiful client, Stephanie Falkner, was suspected of murdering George Casselman, a gambling-syndicate representative. She had visited his apartment the evening before to discuss the sale of shares in a Las Vegas property which she had inherited from her mysteriously murdered father. Homer Garvin, Sr., another shareholder, had visited Casselman also that evening to discuss a deal. Garvin believed that Casselman had killed Glenn Falkner.

Mason discovered that Garvin had given Stephanie a gun. One shot was fired. The lawyer was unable to reach Garvin through his ex-secretary, Eva Elliott; later, Garvin called Mason and told him that by disappearing, he hoped to draw suspicion for Casselman's murder away from Stephanie. He said that he was in love with her.

On a visit to Homer Garvin, Jr., once a beau of Stephanie's, Mason asked to see his gun. The lawyer deliberately fired one shot into the wall, then took Homer to see Stephanie, and had Homer leave his gun with her.

IV

He opened the door, said, "We have company, Della," and ushered Stephanie Falkner into the office.

"What's new?" he asked.

"The police came to my apartment within a few minutes after you left. The gun was still on the table. I forgot about it for the moment and then tried to hide it by throwing a scarf over it when they came in. I'm afraid I was a little clumsy."

"What happened?" Mason asked.

"They grabbed the gun. They smelled of it, broke it open, wanted to know where I got it."

"And what did you tell them?"

"I told them Homer Garvin had given it to me for protection, that he thought perhaps my life was in danger."

"You didn't tell them whether it was Senior or Junior?" Mason asked.

"Was I supposed to?"

"I wouldn't know," Mason said.

"Well, from the manner in which the whole situation developed, I—well, I just told them so much and then didn't tell them any more. They asked me about when I had last seen Mr. Garvin."

"And what did you tell them?"

"Told them that I had seen him that morning. That seemed to excite them a lot and they put through a couple of phone calls, then left in a hurry."

"No further questioning?"

"No further questioning."

"All right," Mason said; "they'll question you again. When they do, I want you to do something."

"What?"

"Tell them that you won't answer any more questions unless I am present."

"But, Mr. Mason, isn't that equivalent to —— Well, doesn't that—I mean, isn't that virtually an admission of guilt?"

"They may think it is," Mason said, "but we're playing for big stakes in a no-limit game. Don't answer any more questions. Think you can do that?"

(Continued on Page 72)

The police grabbed the gun.
"Where'd you get this?" they demanded.

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CONNECTICUT MANUFACTURER SLASHES COSTS 14 WAYS WITH STAPLING—COULD YOU?

All of these on-the-job photos were taken in New Britain, Connecticut. They show Bostitch stapling going on in three divisions of The Stanley Works, manufacturers of hand and power tools and hardware.

Bostitch stapling reduces fastening costs, improves package strength and appearance, cuts shipping costs and enhances product looks and salability.

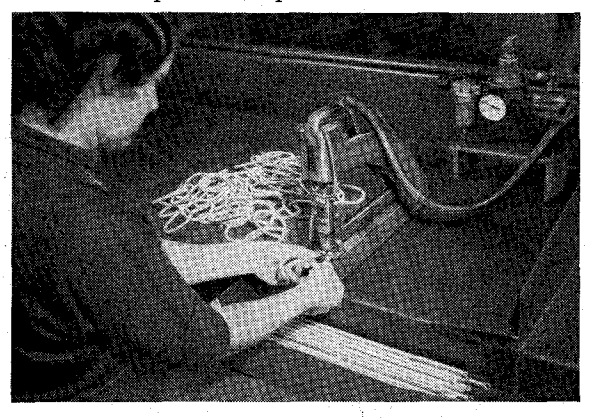
Many of these applications were developed with the aid of a Bostitch Economy Man, working in conjunction with this manufacturer's personnel. Whatever your business, this same careful analysis can be *yours*, too, without obligation. The Bostitch Economy Man nearest you is one of 375 trained fastening specialists working out of 123 cities in the U.S. and Canada. 800 Bostitch staplers and 200 types of staples assure fastening methods and equipment exactly suited to your work.

Begin probing *now* for hidden savings in your plant, offices and shipping room.

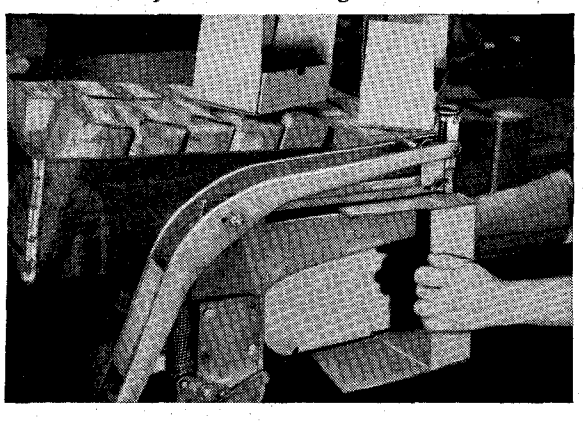
Look up Bostitch in your phone directory or send the coupon for useful free information.

Stapling tags to wooden boxes—20% faster than tacking with hammer.

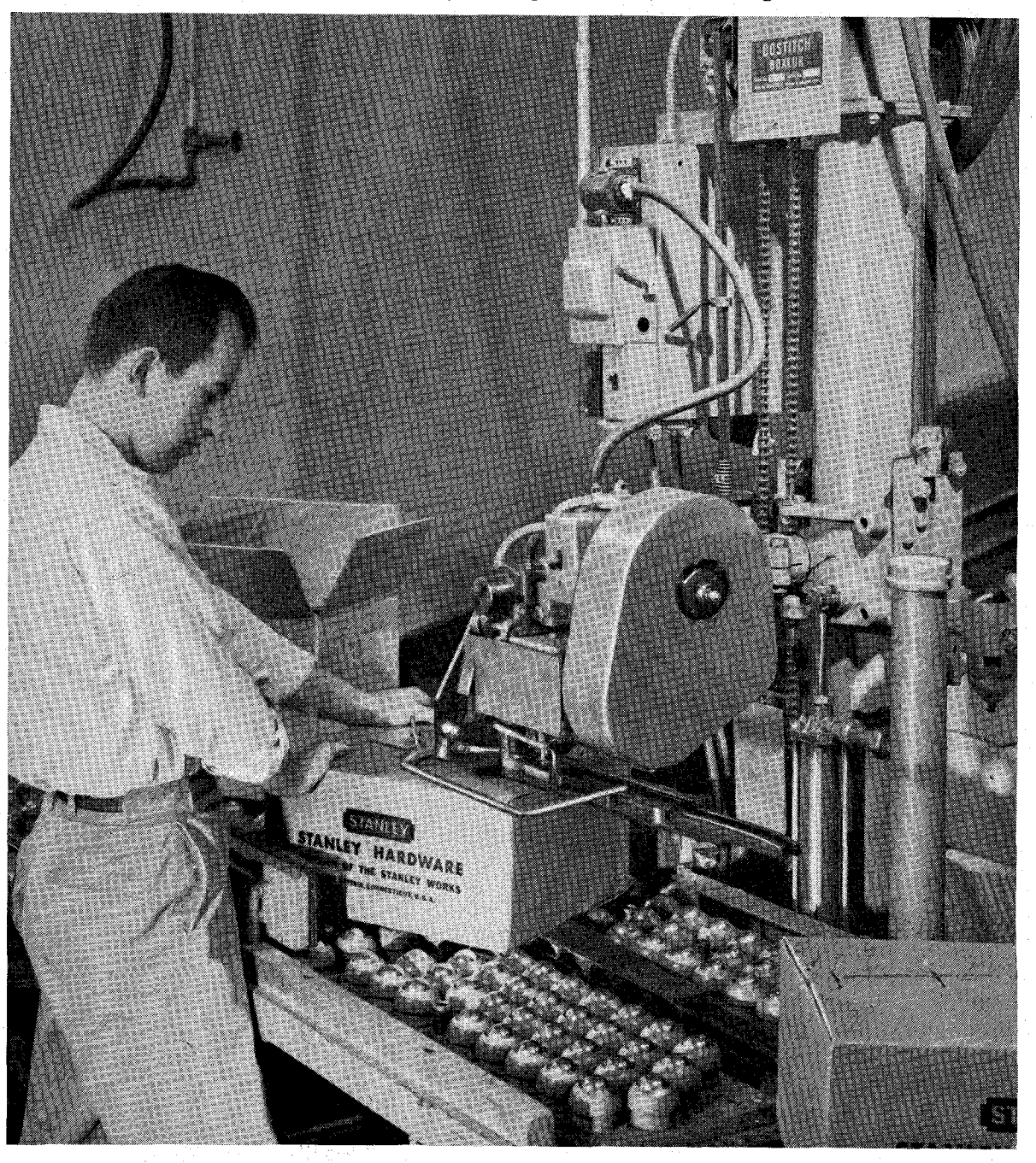
Easier handling and storage when door springs are looped and stapled.



Stapler sets up accessory cartons as needed. Saves space and handling.



Fastening box tops and bottoms simultaneously with staples earns 60% time saving.



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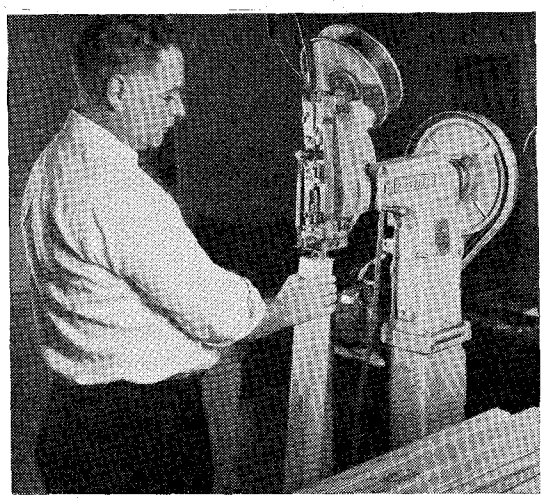
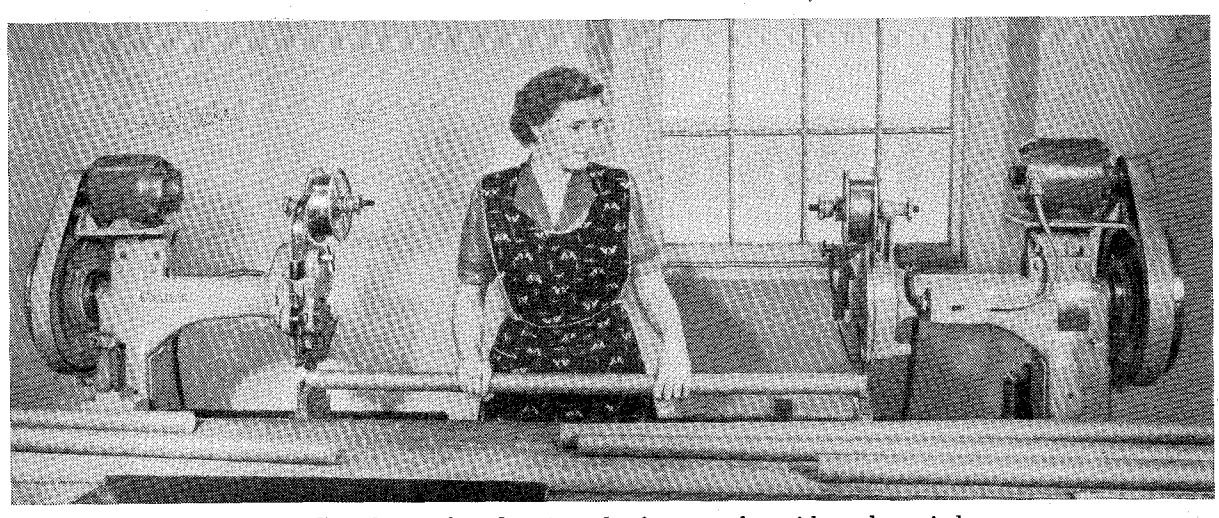
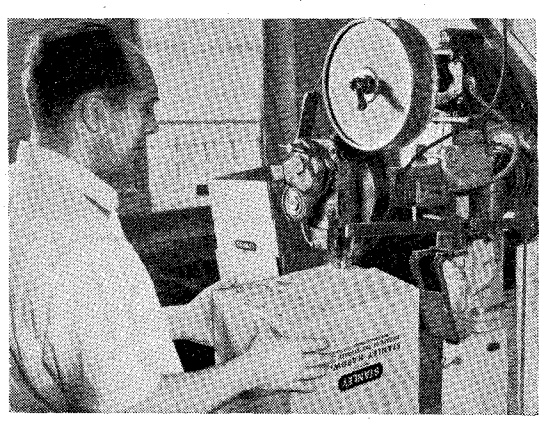


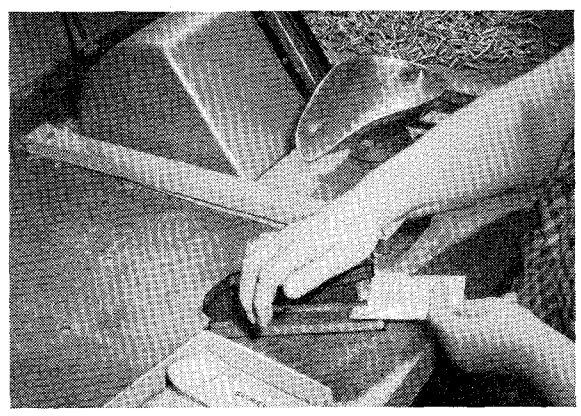
Stapling ends of long narrow boxes is "best method." Saves time, cuts cost.



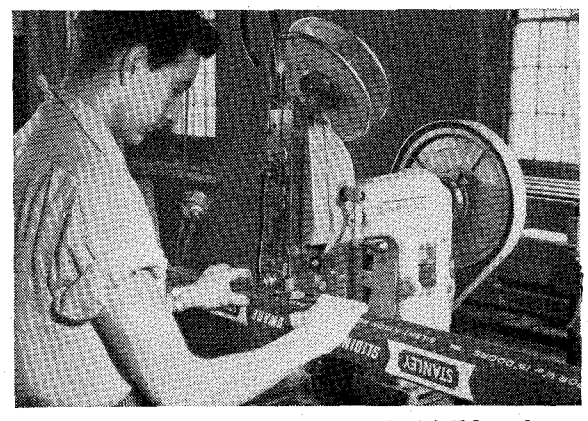
Operator simultaneously tacks wooden plugs in ends of paper tubes with tandem stitchers.



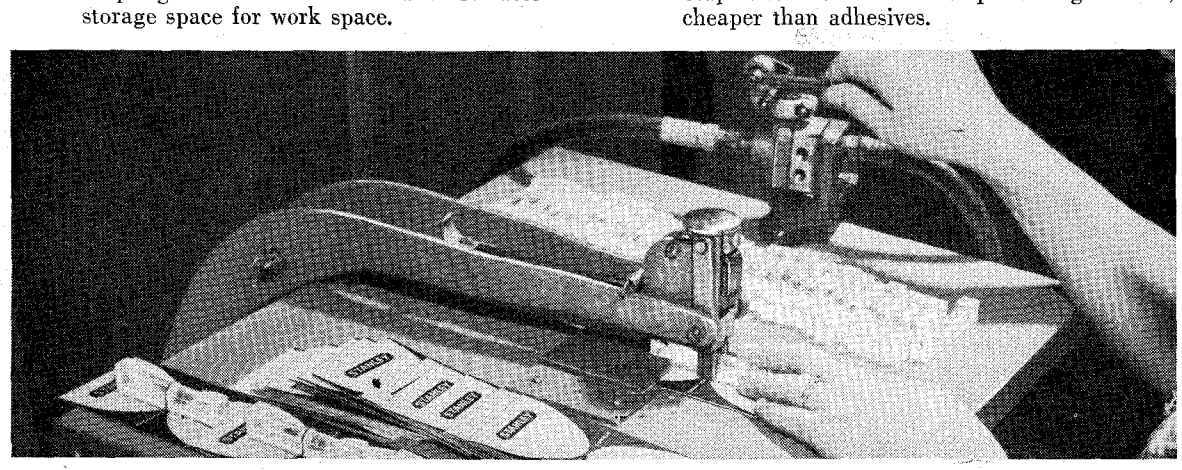
Stapling box bottoms *as needed*—releases storage space for work space.



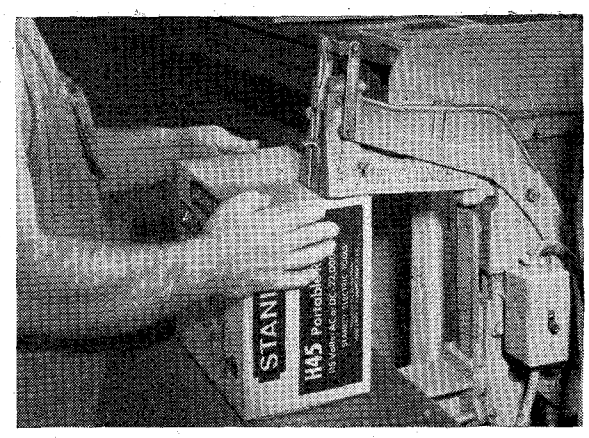
Staples seal screws in envelopes or bags—faster, cheaper than adhesives.



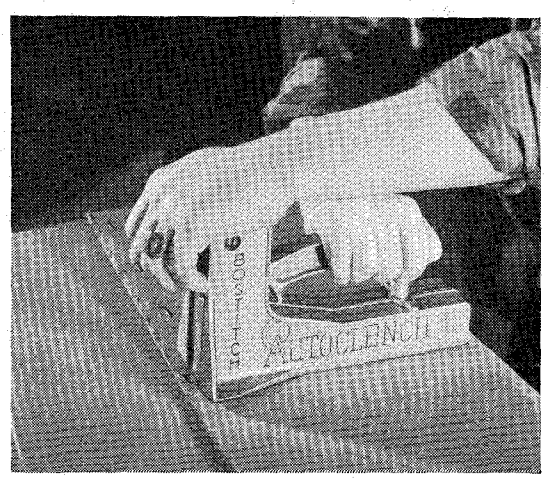
Long, narrow 5-panel carton stitched full length with tucker blade. Faster than taping.



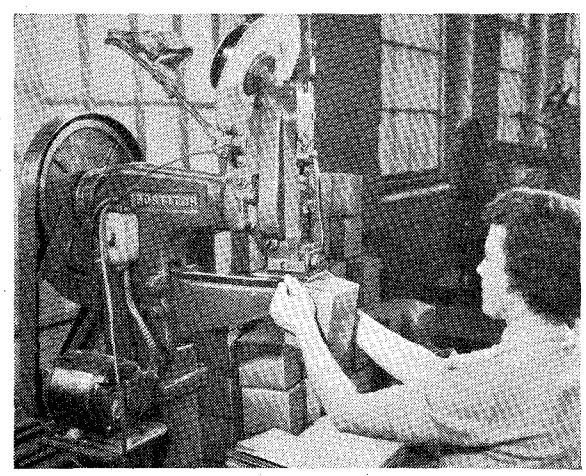
Carding small items with staples increases sales appeal, cuts packing time and costs.



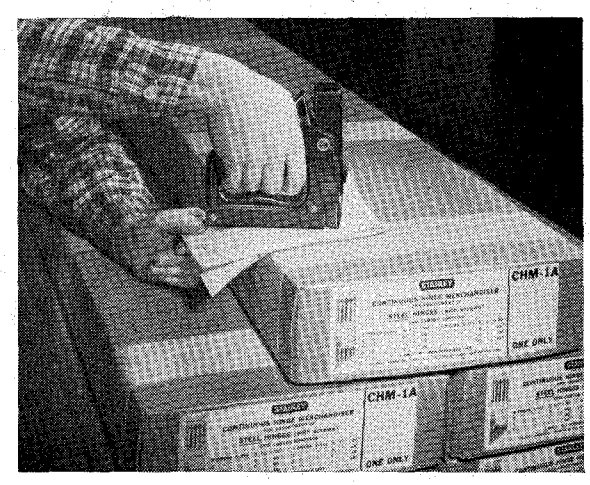
Handsome cartons help sell tools. Staples seal them strongly, preserve appearance.



Versatile Autoclench staples boxes of different sizes from *outside*. Clean, fast.



Stapled box corners stronger than glued. Operator learns in *days* instead of months.



Better warehousing control results from stapling "move" tickets to cartons.

Fasten it better and faster with

BOSTITCH®
STAPLERS AND STAPLES

Mail this for more information:

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☐ Send 12-page Plant and Office broadside
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☐ Ask a Bostitch Economy Man to call on me
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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

a filter *should* be . . . for cleaner, better smoking.

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(*Continued from Page 40*) shouting, but the current at this side had been as great very neatly. He had bored tiny holes in the doctors were only catching up on

The Penalty Worse Than Death

(Continued from Page 15)

The Everglades Blonde (Continued from Page 31)

She stared at their uniforms in astonishment, then her eyes swept over the room.

"Well, for heaven's sake!" she cried finally. "The United States Air Force running a still!"

"Huh?" Westy said blankly.

The girl stepped in and peered carefully at everything. After a while, she said curiously, "Don't they pay you flyboys enough?"

Westy's mouth opened; Jocko came to life and kicked his shins. "Darling," he said happily, "sit down, by all means!" He waved at the copper tank. "Believe me, everyone should have one."

The girl was eying Westy appraisingly; she walked in a circle around him. "My!" she said. "You're certainly handsome."

"I am?" Westy, staring back, saw that he had underrated her beauty. Her blond hair, peeking from under her straw hat, was feather-cut, and there was a sprinkling of freckles across her nose, and she was just plain ravishing.

She circled him again and put hands on slim hips, and said abruptly, "I suppose you've got a girl friend?"

"Why, yes," Westy said, startled.

"Ha!" Jocko said happily. "He would have if she'd stop eating angry pills, like Colonel Harrison."

Capt. Weston Adams straightened up and groped for control; he pointed an unsteady finger. "Look!" he managed. "We're going about this backwards. Girls don't just come up out of this swamp."

The girl grinned. She sat down on the edge of a table and swung lovely, tanned legs. "They don't?" she said happily. "Why, it's easy. I spear frogs."

"You—what?"

"They're green things that croak," Jocko said. He brightened and pointed at the shiny gallon cans. "Darling, about this time we usually check the quality. Perhaps ——"

The girl stood up. "Thanks, captain, but I'll be running along." She added reproachfully, "I don't suppose I should be keeping you boys from the assembly line, even if I don't really approve.

"By the way, I wasn't just snooping. I had good intentions, and I won't say anything about your little enterprise."

She waved and disappeared. Capt. Weston Adams looked after her for a moment. Then he pulled himself together, glared at Jocko and loped out of the building. He caught up with her at the bottom of the knoll; she frowned.

"Look," he said awkwardly. "Frankly, we got things sort of snarled up." He waved at the building hidden in the trees. "I mean, we don't really run that thing."

The girl slowed and eyed him skeptically. "You don't?"

"No!" Westy said. "We got here just before you did. We were flying over this place in a helicopter, and the engine sort of came all unglued. We set it down in the swamp." He pointed anxiously. "If you walk over there you can see it!"

She nodded. "I saw it come down," she admitted. "Frankly, that's why I'm here. I thought you might be in trouble." She sighed. "I didn't know you were just visiting the factory."

"Listen!" Westy said desperately. "We can prove it! If you wait, there'll be another helicopter here any time now to pick us up. We got Morrison Field on the radio. Our home base."

The girl studied him; he had a boyish face and guileless blue eyes. "Well, my goodness!" she cried finally.

Westy grinned and relaxed. "We heard an airboat take out when we walked up onto high ground. They must've figured we were the law."

She studied him further; her look was openly admiring. "Well," she said happily, "now that you've got your nose clean, captain, I guess I've got time for a little chat."

They found a log and sat down.

"This girl friend of yours," she said brightly. "You're all sort of hot and panting about her, I suppose?"

"Of course," Westy said. "We're engaged. We've been engaged three times, so far. Besides not really liking the Air Force," he added sorrowfully, "she says I'm growing up to be a juvenile delinquent."

"Why, it sounds like a game!" the girl cried. "What do you two do, choose up sides?"

Westy felt surprised at his talking. "Listen," he said. "This frogging dodge. You really spear the things?"

"Of course. You just ride around in an airboat at night with a big light. Why, there's lots of people like frog's legs."

He shuddered; there was silence. After a while she twisted around, cupped her chin in her hands and stared at him.

"You know," she said matter-of-factly, "there's something about you makes me want to cuddle up and purr."

Westy, who hadn't blushed for years, felt his face go hot. He started to speak; the girl jumped to her feet and clapped a hand over her mouth, and looked horrified. "No!" she gasped. "There I go again." She added bitterly, "Opening my big mouth and saying what I mean. Forgive me, captain!"

"Huh?" Westy said.

"It's a bad habit of mine," she explained seriously. "I keep forgetting I'm supposed to be coy and kind of wide-eyed. I'm trying to improve."

"I noticed there might be room," Westy said weakly.

She said thoughtfully, "Well, it's been nice meeting you, captain, even if you are engaged." She sighed. "My airboat's around those trees."

Westy followed. The boat was a flat skimming dish with an engine mounted on a tripod, and an air propeller. The girl twisted it; the engine roared. She got in.

"Hey!" Westy shouted, surprised. "I don't even know your name!"

She waved. "Sandy!" she shouted. "Sandy Martin! 'By, captain!"

The boat streaked across the marsh. Westy watched her out of sight and felt strangely disconcerted. There was a faint drone skyward; he scrambled out to their own machine and lit a signal flare. Jocko appeared, waving a shiny gallon can.

"It goes down like an electric fence," he chortled, "but it's tax free! Partner, say nothing about this oasis to anyone!"

A few minutes later the rescue craft deposited them on the ramp at Morrison Field. The ramp was bustling with activity, and it seemed a long way from the Everglades. Westy found himself picturing a small, barefoot girl charging around the swamp having trouble not saying what she meant; then he pulled himself together and telephoned Miss Marion Harlow.

"Lovely one," he said blithely, "your hero is back from an extremely hazardous forced landing."

There was a pause. "There's a story going around," Marion said distinctly, "about a certain episode yesterday."

Westy looked glum at once.

"Westy!" she said, exasperated. "You've chosen the Air Force as a career! How in the world do you expect to get anywhere doing things like that?"

"Well," Westy said unhappily, "I guess I just couldn't help it. I mean, it was just on the spur of the moment and ——"

The Harlow voice was like ice cubes cracking out of a tray. "As I understand it, you radioed the control tower, all excited, and told them you were coming in on one engine. Of course they thought it was a big airplane in trouble, and called out the crash crews and fire engines and ambulances. Then you came waltzing in in that little helicopter!"

"Well," Westy said defensively, "I only had one engine. I ——"

"I suppose," Marion said sweetly, "you couldn't help it last week when you got lost in the fog and kept singing Deep in the Heart of Texas when they asked your position?"

"The radio compass went out," Westy said lamely. "If they'd stop asking foolish questions ——"

"And just before that, you and Jocko put that smoke flare behind Colonel Harrison's helicopter on the ramp and he thought it was on fire."

Westy sighed, and felt as if he had spent his life kicking small children. "Well, listen," he said hopefully. "I kind of thought we'd go to the movies tonight, and then maybe go over to our beach."

"I," Miss Harlow said clearly, "am going out with Lieutenant Horace Drew."

Westy hit a new low. He said hollowly, "About the Officers' Club dance tomorrow night? Listen," he pleaded. "I'll be good, darling! I'll be good all over the place. So help me!"

Marion sighed, and sounded resigned. "I suppose," she said, "I'll forgive you by then. You can pick me up at eight-thirty."

Next day Weston flew practice missions, and twice he found himself swinging out over the Glades, inspecting airboats. He called for Marion promptly and, as always, felt a surging glow of pride when she came downstairs. She was a tall, lissome, beautiful girl; he helped her into the convertible.

"Darling," he said sincerely, "I've reformed. I mean it."

Marion, mollified, had news. "Westy!" she said archly. "Guess! Father said I could ask you to go away with us on his boat this weekend. A whole weekend practically alone!"

"Wonderful!" Westy said enthusiastically. "Perfect."

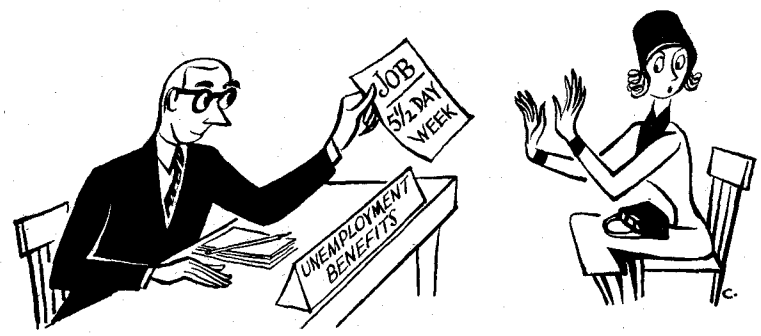
They drove to the club; it was a big room, crowded with uniforms and pretty girls. Westy danced with Marion and promptly lost her to Lt. Horace Drew. He headed for the bar. As he passed the powder room, the door swung open and a small blond girl breezed out. He bumped into her, then backed up, and gaped.

"Sandy!" he said blankly.

He stared. Miss Sandy Martin did not look at all like swamp or frogs. Her sheer white dress, incredibly feminine, clung and swirled.

"Why, captain!" she cried. "What do you know about this?" She grinned and added, "You found any more old, abandoned whisky mines lately?"

(*Continued on Page 56*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

When Miss Widgeon's firm reduced its staff and let her go, she went on state unemployment compensation. Weeks later, the compensation bureau informed her that it had found her an appropriate job and was stopping its payments. Miss Widgeon agreed that the job was suitable in every respect save one: It required her to work Sunday mornings. She refused, on religious grounds, and sued to make the bureau pay her until she found a suitable job.

"The unemployment law provides that employment is not 'suitable' if it offends a person's morals," she argued. "All my life, I have been a devout member of a denomination which prohibits labor on Sunday. Therefore the job that the bureau found for me is offensive and unsuitable, and it had no right to stop my payments."

"Miss Widgeon is free to choose her own religion," the bureau lawyer replied, "but when it prevents her from accepting a job which is otherwise suitable, she and not the bureau fails to meet requirements of the unemployment law. Further, if she is offended by working on Sunday, she should be too offended to accept unemployment compensation on a seven-day-week basis."

If you were the judge, would you order Miss Widgeon's payments resumed?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Miss Widgeon won. The court ruled that employment which is contrary to a person's sincere religious beliefs is not "suitable" employment.

Based upon a 1954 Ohio decision.

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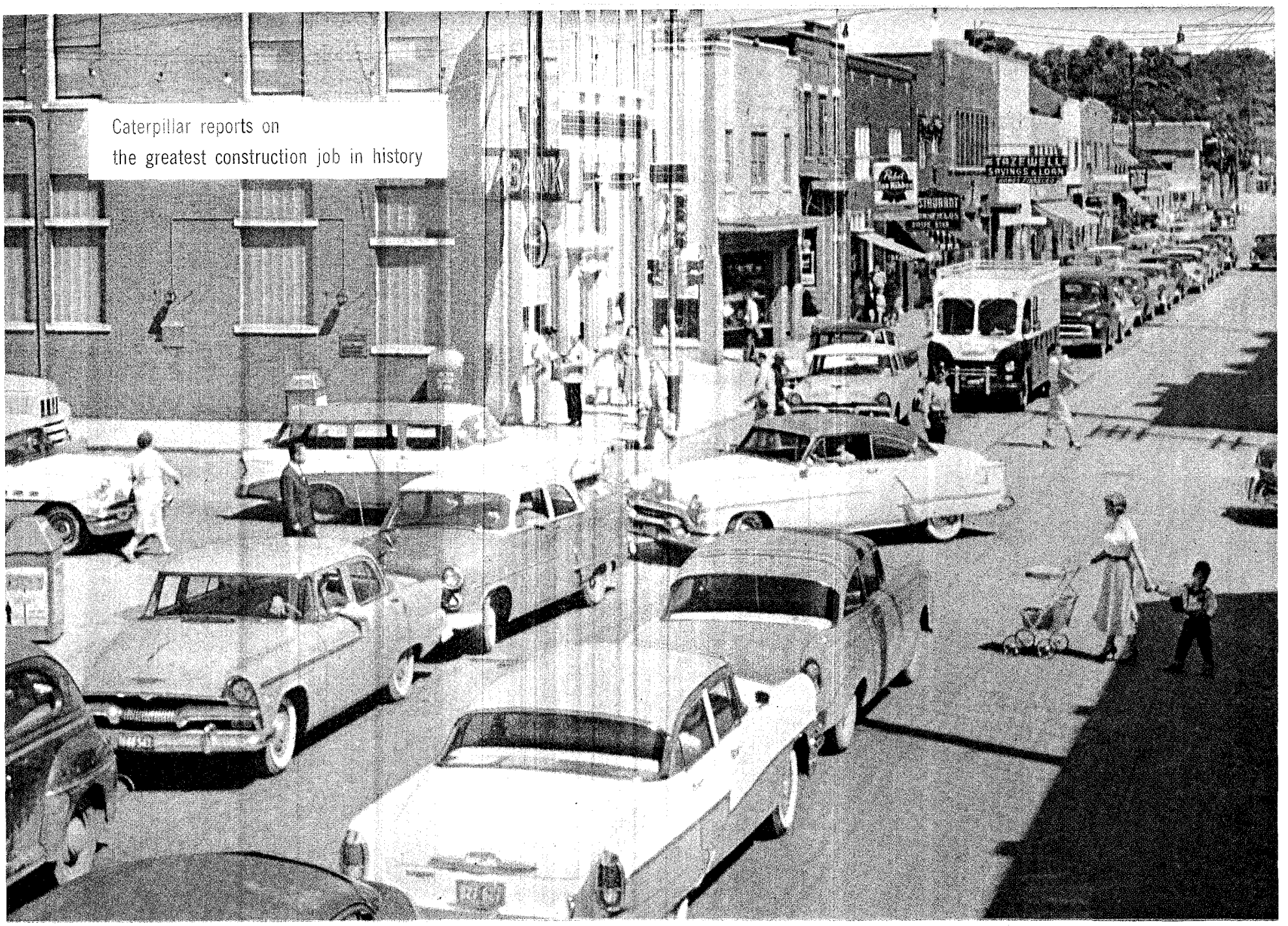
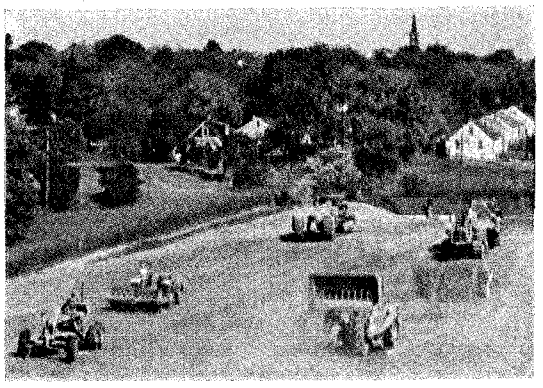


If this looks like your town, cheer up: chances are, relief is on the way.

How to break the stranglehold on Main Street, U. S. A.



Think of it—more than 65 million vehicles on the road today. Do you sometimes imagine they're all jammed together on Main Street? Things *could* get worse, you know, when you consider we produce new cars in this country at a clip that matches our birth rate. But relief is coming. Already giant Caterpillar earth-movers are carving out the first of 41,000 miles of multi-lane freeways, part of this nation's spectacular $50 billion road-building program.

So instead of slow strangulation, *this* is what is going to happen on Main Street, U. S. A.:

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Today our main city streets, which make up only 2% of U. S. roadways, are trying to handle one-third of all travel. To attack this desperate problem, almost half of new Federal-Aid road construction will go into urban areas. Relief routes—sometimes called bypasses—will be built to take the pressure off congested districts. Heavy through traffic will no longer clog Main Street; once again, buying customers will find it convenient to shop.

This is already happening in city after city served by the type of relief routes which will be part of our new Interstate Highway System. One city saw business as a whole improve 49% after a relief route was built; in another, prices of property in a relieved area jumped 63%.

Caterpillar machines, in increasing numbers, are on the job right now building the modern freeways that will be a boon to motorist and merchant alike, freeways to turn a Main Street stranglehold into a bonanza.

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(*Continued from Page 54*) "No," Westy said. "I don't think so. What are you doing here?"

Sandy looked surprised. "Well, for heaven's sake!" she yelped. "Don't you think I have any boy friends at all?"

Westy got hold of himself. "Well, look," he said weakly. "I didn't even introduce myself. I'm Westy Adams."

She patted his arm and said blithely, "I'm with Captain Price, but there's no rule against cutting in sometime." Then she added, "'By, Westy," and disappeared toward the dance floor.

Westy had the feeling that his rotors were windmilling and his air speed falling off fast. He cut in almost at once.

"Well, for the luvva Pete!" Sandy cried. "You certainly weren't this interested when I was running around the Glades in an old pair of pants." She tipped her head back and eyed him happily. "Westy Adams, I do believe you're a snob."

"No, I'm not," Westy said. "It's just that you seem—uh—sort of different."

"I do?" Sandy said. "It's amazing what these newfangled dress things'll do for a girl." She added brightly, "There's some talk about a character named Adams getting this place all in a lather hollering about one engine. That you, Westy?"

"Yes," Westy said sorrowfully.

Sandy looked delighted. "My!" she said, awed. "How'd you ever dream it up?"

Westy said modestly, "It was just on the spur of the moment," and jumped; he seemed to have used those words before. Sandy considered. "I see what that girl of yours means about juvenile delinquency. Is she here? You still engaged?"

"She's here," Westy said; and added convincingly, "Of course, I'm engaged." He searched the room, saw Marion and pointed.

Sandy sighed. "My," she said, "she's beautiful. Sort of regal and lovely. You're a lucky man, Westy Adams."

Then Sandy slipped into his arms and they danced. There was the faint, entrancing smell of her hair, and she was light as an armful of cloud; he floated.

After a while, Sandy said abruptly, "Isn't Marion trying to redesign you?"

"Huh?" Westy said.

"Oh-h!" she said, stricken. "It just plain popped out. I—please forgive me!" She sighed. "I'm afraid I'm not improving very much."

"You'll have to try harder," Westy said faintly.

Someone cut in; he felt a strange twinge of jealousy. He danced with Marion again, and found himself holding her tightly; then accepted her suggestion about cutting in on the wives of some high brass. He worked for some time, then found Sandy again.

"That dress," he said. "It does things."

Sandy glanced down and said happily, "It ought to. I spent enough time designing it." She added thoughtfully, "In New York."

Westy gulped. "New York?"

She waved. "I used to live there."

The music stopped; people were leaving the floor. "The bar?" he suggested.

Sandy considered, and grinned. "Most of the boys," she said, "ask me to go walking in the moonlight. Usually, I refuse. But you could try."

"I guess so," Westy said dubiously.

They walked outside and down the moonlit path. "Listen," Westy said uncertainly. "New York. You lived there?"

"Of course!" Sandy cried. "You think I lived in the swamp all my life, Westy Adams? I was a fashion designer. A good one too."

Westy groped. "Fashion designer?" he managed. "Frogs?"

"It was like living in a rabbit warren," Sandy explained. "There were all those subways, and crowds, and slush, and noise, and bright young executives." She waved. "So, I came down here on vacation a couple of years ago, and then I saw this little cottage up on Loxahatchee Slough, and I got barefoot and stayed."

They stopped under a towering palm, the night shadowy around them. "Westy?" Sandy said.

"Huh?"

Miss Sandy Martin put her arms around him and kissed him. It was a lingering, delightful kiss; for a second Westy cooperated. Then he backed up in alarm.

"Sandy!" he bleated. "No! You're forgetting yourself all over! I ——"

Sandy surveyed him gleefully; then patted his arm. "It was an experiment," she said. "I wanted to see if you really made me purr, like I thought."

"You did?"

"Yes," Sandy said and seemed suddenly distracted. "I think," she said, "we'd better go back."

"Yes," Westy croaked. "Now!"

He practically towed her back to the club and fled. He fled to Miss Marion Harlow, and felt guilty, and refused to let Lt. Horace Drew cut in.

"Why, Westy!" Marion said, surprised. "Whatever ——"

"Dance!" Westy said.

It was some time before he pulled himself together; when he drove Marion home he seemed to have trouble keeping his mind on the conversation. She spoke glowingly of the weekend ahead, and kissed him good night nicely. Westy went to bed and dreamed about a ravishing blond in a white dress. He awoke with Jocko shaking him; there seemed to be a note of alarm.

"Westy! It's on the bulletin board. You and I, starting today. Survival training!"

Westy peered owlishly. "Huh?" he said.

"Colonel Harrison pulled it out of the hat on account of that one-engine gag," Jocko said bitterly. "I go along, too, just because I was with you. Three days!"

It sank in. "No!" Westy gasped.

Survival training was a largely forgotten exercise wherein flight crews were deposited in vast, empty, uninviting places with nothing but parachute emergency kits, and told to get along with nature, just for practice. The Everglades was a perfect vast, empty, uninviting place.

"It can't be," Westy said faintly. A new thought struck him. "I've got to be back Friday!" he wailed. "Marion'll take me apart!" He counted days wildly. "I'll just make it," he breathed.

"Three days in that benighted swamp! Eating K rations. Sleeping on the ground. Bugs. Snakes. Alligators! I ——" Dawn seemed to break over Jocko's face. "Westy," he whispered, "the still! Kitchen! Bunks!"

Westy shot out of bed. "Jocko," he murmured, awed.

"They don't care where they put us down! We just con them into leaving us somewhere near that thing, without knowing."

Westy thought of Marion and was shaken. "No," he said faintly. "If the colonel ever caught on, Marion would ——"

"They'd never dream there was anything out there."

Westy wavered. "There's also the guys who run that thing. We can't expect them to stay away for three days."

Jocko thought it over. "We leave something in sight! So they'll know we're there. An—an airboat, maybe. Westy, moonshine's a serious offense, so they'll never come round if there's signs of life."

Westy looked at him blankly. "Airboat?" he whispered. "Airboat? Jocko, Sandy!"

He dived across the hall and telephoned Miss Sandy Martin. She sounded sleepy, then woke up all at once. "Westy!" she cried. "How nice! And just last night I thought I'd scared you right plumb off the reservation."

"Yes," Westy said lamely, and explained. Sandy listened, and seemed positively delighted.

"Of course I'll dig up a boat," she said. "I'll get one there somehow. Weston, I do believe you'll survive."

"Remember you? . . . Why, are you something special?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Bless you," Weston said fervently.

"I suppose," Sandy said wistfully, "you'll be going to the party at the club Saturday night?"

Westy spoke brightly about the weekend on the Harlow cruiser. Sandy said, "Weekend? Cruiser?" and sounded strangely dismayed.

Westy said good-by and turned to Jocko. "Sold!" he said gleefully.

It was midafternoon when a helicopter, flown by an apologetic major, deposited them in the wilderness, a joyous quarter mile from the still. They circled the knoll, and found the airboat and no signs of life.

"Partner!" Westy exulted. "Our new home!"

It was lazy, luxurious housekeeping. The still was well stocked, and a gallon can came open. Gradually, the peace of the swamp settled over them; they slept long, and ate like kings, and played rummy, and looked smug.

At the end of the third day they were sprawled in the kitchen, sipping orange juice and moonshine.

Westy looked at his watch. "The major'll be along soon. I'm meeting Marion at four-thirty." He raised his glass. "Jocko, we survived!"

"Home," said Jocko blissfully, "was never like this. We will figure our rent and dirty our uniforms. Weston, prepare to look bug-bitten and bedraggled."

The ax fell with the suddenness of an H-bomb; there was the quick, incredible sound of footsteps outside, and the door swung open. They stared, speechless. It was Colonel Harrison. He was a short, paunchy little man; he stood in the doorway and he seemed to be turning purple.

"You two!" he roared. "Under arrest!"

They looked at each other—a long, agonized look.

The colonel's voice rose; he shook all over. "Had all this planned out!" he bellowed. "Under arrest! I ——"

He stopped in mid-roar; there was someone behind him. Two lean, khaki-clad men stepped into the room; they had shotguns leveled. One of them wore a silver shield.

"Sheriff," he announced, "Palm Tree County." He added laconically, "Waitin' paid off. You guys comin' quiet or you goin' to try trouble?"

Westy and Jocko froze. The colonel spun around, and gaped, and looked at the guns. It took time for it to sink in. "Listen!" he sputtered. "You're all wrong! Came here in helicopters! I'm CO of the Rescue Squadron at Morrison Field!"

The sheriff's gun centered on the colonel's stomach. "It's a slick way to transport the stuff," he admitted. He looked at the huge copper tank and sighed. "Who'd ever think the Air Force'd get mixed up with 'shine?"

"Listen!" the colonel bleated. "I ——"

The sheriff straightened. "Len, get some samples. . . . The three of you! Stay—put!"

The colonel looked at the gun again and went off like a Roman candle. "Survival training!" he bellowed. "Have to be out here!"

The sheriff paid no attention; he waited patiently while the deputy went through the building. Then he said grimly, "The airboats are outside. Now, move."

The door flew open even as they turned; a small, lovely blond girl burst in. She wore a man's shirt and blue jeans cut off raggedly at the knees. She halted and looked around; she seemed puzzled.

"Sandy!" Westy squeaked.

Sandy looked farther; then poked a finger into the sheriff's chest. "Well, for the luvva Pete!" she cried. "Jim Sykes, what are you doing with these people?"

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The sheriff gulped. "Sandy! They're 'shiners!"

Miss Sandy Martin tipped her head back and roared. "Why, Jim Sykes!" she gasped. "You've got the wrong people! My goodness, when I tipped you off about this place I thought you'd at least get the people who run it." She looked at the colonel and went off into another gale of laughter. "And you go bag Colonel Harrison! Why, it's priceless!"

The colonel came to life. "Yes!" he bawled. "Wrong people!"

"Tipped off?" Westy mumbled.

Sandy sobered at once. "Jim, you apologize, now! Why, I was right here myself when two of them discovered this thing. They must've told you what they were doing in the swamp."

The sheriff swallowed. "No!" he growled.

Miss Sandy Martin put hands on hips. "Jim Sykes! I tell you I was right here when these two boys discovered this thing! Have I ever told you wrong? Have I?" She pointed at Colonel Harrison. "Why, it's perfectly ridiculous! They can prove it in minutes, and you'd be made a complete fool. Now, you apologize!"

The sheriff stared at Sandy and at the colonel. Then he choked, muttered something unintelligible and fled.

The colonel let out a long, gusty sigh of relief.

"Well," Sandy said awkwardly, "sorry, kids; but if you will hang around these fleshpots ——"

She started for the door, then stopped and grinned. It was a slow, wicked grin. "My," she whispered. "Wait 'til this yarn gets around the club. The colonel gets bagged in a still!"

It sank in. The colonel leaped. "Listen!" he squawked. "This yarn can't get around the club! I mean—these things get exaggerated!"

Sandy looked at him. "Why, colonel," she said, "it's bound to come out." She added innocently, "Why, with Westy and Jocko getting punished for goofing off on this survival deal ——"

The colonel's hands gripped the table; he looked trapped. "I mean," he said desperately, "I —— Perhaps we should—forget the whole thing."

Sandy looked properly disappointed. "Well," she said, "of course, I'll take that as an order, colonel." She waved and stepped out the door.

Capt. Weston Adams stirred; he seemed to come out of deep shock. "You mean," he gurgled, "we're not under arrest?"

The colonel shuddered. "I—no!"

Westy stared; then fumbled for his wrist watch. "Marion!" he bleated. "She'll never have waited this long! But maybe I can make the dock!" He bolted from the room.

The major's helicopter was far out in the marsh; Westy ran full speed, splashing through the muck. Then his mind began to work. Thoughts filtered through; he slowed. Finally he stopped, and turned, and ran back. Miss Sandy Martin was climbing into her airboat; he splashed up beside her.

"No, you don't!" he panted. "Not yet!"

Bright spots appeared on Sandy's cheeks. "I don't?" she said faintly.

Westy pointed a shaking finger. "Look!" he said hoarsely. "It might be just coincidence you saw that sheriff come in! It might be when you tipped him off you thought he wouldn't come 'til after we'd left. But I don't ——"

"Of course," Sandy said.

"But it's finished me with Marion!" Westy bleated. "I've missed the weekend! I'll have to explain and she'll find out everything! I ——"

Capt. Weston Adams waved his fists furiously. "What I want to know," he yelled, "is how did the colonel know we were here in the first place? Neither Jocko nor I mentioned this place to a single soul! Well? Well?"

Westy stepped back suddenly; his knees seemed to turn to jelly. Miss Sandy Martin was crying. She was crying against his chest—long, racking sobs. "You big ape!" she wailed. "Of course I got you arrested! And I got someone to tip off the colonel, so he'd get arrested, too, and then you wouldn't get punished." Her fingers dug into his shoulders. "I had to do something! You were going away with her on that boat, and everything!"

"You what?" Westy said incredulously. "But why?"

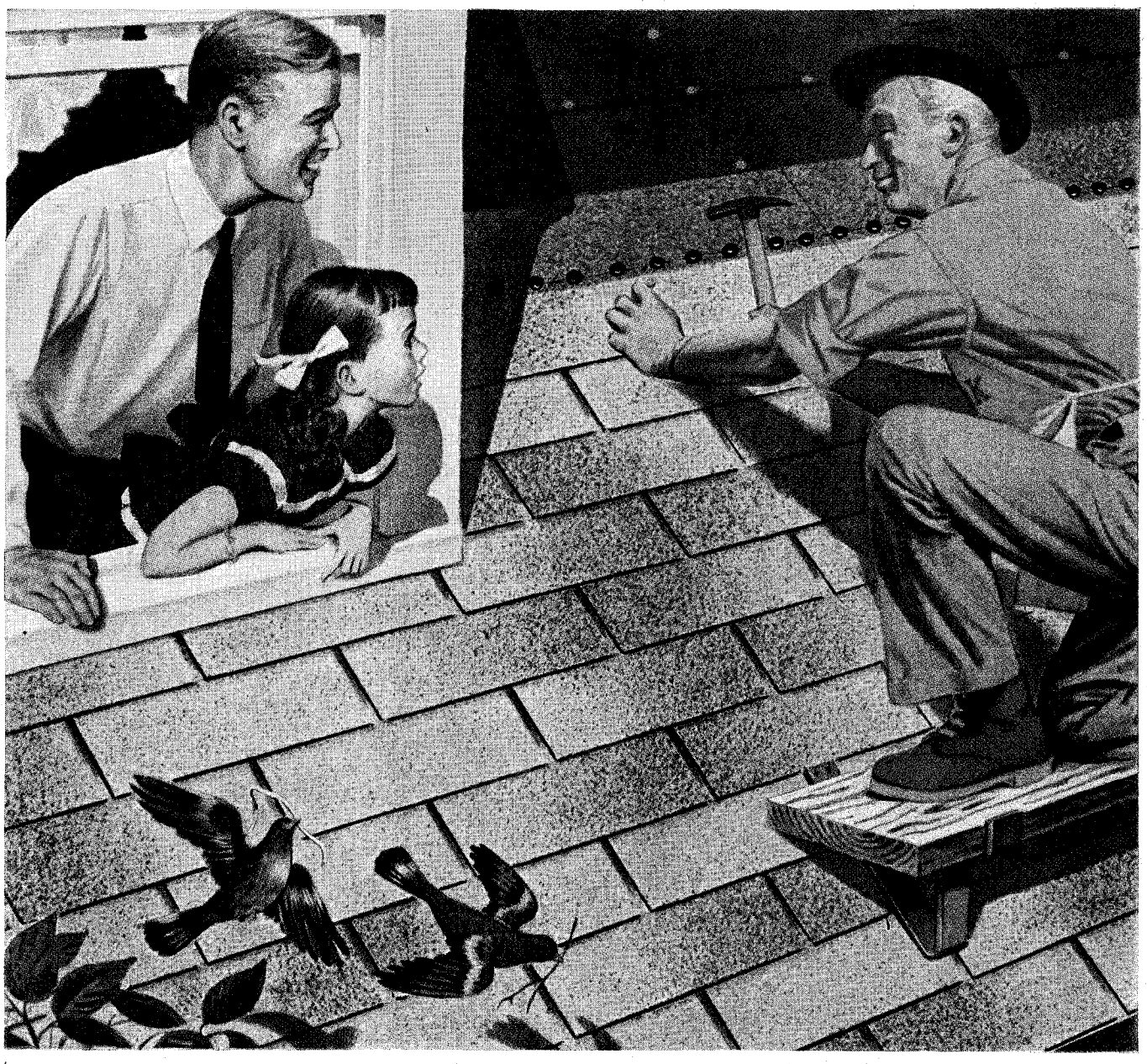
Sandy's head came up; her face flamed. "Because she's trying to make you something you aren't!" she said fiercely. "Because she's not the right girl for you, Westy Adams, and—and I am!"

It was as if someone had pulled a rug from under him; Westy grabbed air. "You're forgetting yourself again!" he choked.

Then Capt. Weston Adams took Sandy's face between his hands and studied it for a long time. "Yes," he whispered. "You are. I don't want to be remade. Never." He looked up; there seemed to be people and helicopters.

"I think," he said wonderingly, "we had better take that airboat and go out in the swamp."

Miss Sandy Martin moved closer; she practically sparkled. "Where there's no one around?" she said. "Why, Westy Adams! Out there can I say what I mean?" THE END



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Buckskin and Blanket Days

(Continued from Page 21)

wind had blown snow off the grass, a herd of buffalo was feeding.

The *Nudunaga* divided the hunters into two parties to advance through valleys on either side of the bluff. When at last we were given the signal to charge, we dashed get any buffalo. On the other hand, if we went back on our tracks to approach by a ravine to windward of the herd, the buffalo would probably scent us and run away.

After they had talked and talked till check Old Titus' speed, I was almost onto the creature.

Titus leaped aside into a gully and sank into ten feet of snow, where at first he plunged about frantically. Then he lay still in despair. About a hundred feet away stood that old bull, glaring at me with bloodshot eyes. After studying me for a long moment, the bull turned away to walk down the ravine. As he rounded the warpath again. I will eat nuts and birds' eggs and wild potatoes, and you shall have all the grass. My friend, we shall be brothers, not enemies."

The old buffalo turned to walk away. I shot him through the heart and he fell in his tracks. Two Bears rode up the slope and looked down at the dead bull. In his excitement he had not heard the report of my rifle, but he was at no loss to ac-

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A Crooner Comes Back

(Continued from Page 25)

reporter, just barely sapient enough to pour cider out of a boot, while he was a national hero of sorts—a young man who was feted and cheered and given the keys to the city wherever he went.

I talked my city editor into letting me interview him, and then approached the assignment with fear and trembling. "Gene Austin!" I kept saying to myself. "I'm going to interview Gene Austin! In person!" I'm telling you, he was that big in 1927. Yet within two minutes after I walked into his hotel room he had put me at my ease. He was, if anything, country-er than I was. He not only asked me to hang around with him all afternoon but took me to dinner and then let me go backstage with him at the Orpheum and stand in the wings while he sang his songs.

In subsequent years I knew him in Denver, in New York and in Hollywood. He went into a long period of eclipse, but now, after the passage of nearly thirty years, the voice of Gene Austin is again being heard in the land. It is a voice out of a seemingly ancient past, vibrant with nostalgia, and all of us who knew it so well in the middle and late '20's are somehow achieving a sort of vicarious rejuvenation from listening to it again.

Gene is now fifty-seven. He could easily pass for ten years less than that. Last winter word got around in show-business circles that some people in Hollywood were getting ready to produce a movie called The Gene Austin Story. Things happened back East. The television crowd, remembering, went on the alert. The people at RCA-Victor, remembering, dug into their files and came up with the startling fact that Gene Austin was the biggest star they or any other recording company ever had. They had sold, in the '20's, more than eighty-six million Gene Austin records. No other singer—not Crosby, not Sinatra, not Como, not Eddy Arnold—has ever come close to that total. What was even more interesting to the Victor people was the report they got from California that Gene Austin is a better singer today than he was when he made My Blue Heaven his theme song. They sent out a hurry call for the biggest money-maker they ever had.

So Gene came East to start a new cycle of recording dates, to appear on a television show in which a somewhat hopped-up version of his life story was told, and to cut up some touches with his old friends. When I heard he was in New York I went looking for him, and found him in an apartment hotel near Central Park. With him were his wife, Lou, and his myna bird, Jack. As I walked into the apartment, the bird said, "My God, why doesn't somebody tell me these things?" A few minutes later he whistled an old familiar refrain and then—I swear it!—he sang the words: "'When whippoorwills call, and evening is nigh ——'" And after that he asked another question: "Why don't we sell this bird?"

There was a portable fold-away electric piano in one corner of the room, gimmicked up with earphones so Gene can write his songs in the middle of the night if he feels the urge. On the piano was a foot-high reproduction of the RCA-Victor dog and beneath it a golden plaque citing Gene's achievements in the recording business. And as for old Gene himself, he was the same easygoing, soft-talking guy I'd known for thirty years.

He is a lineal descendant of a woman famous in the history of the American West—Sacajawea, the Shoshone Indian girl who accompanied the Lewis and Clark Expedition from North Dakota to the Pacific Coast and back in 1805-06. Known as the "Bird Woman" and celebrated for her courage, her resourcefulness and her good humor, she was Gene's great-great-great-grandmother.

He was born Eugene Lucas, in Gainesville, Texas. His parents were divorced when he was three and his mother married an itinerant blacksmith named Jim Austin. "My old man," says Gene, referring to Jim Austin, "was quite a horseshoer in his better days. He worked around the trotting tracks, used to shoe Dan Patch regularly, but he had a hankerin' for that ole whisky bottle, and the good times didn't last, and we found ourselves in Louisiana, roamin' around the lumber country. The old man shoed the mules at the sawmills and I think you might say we could have qualified as poor folks."

Gene was seven or eight when they moved into a house in the little town of Yellow Pine, Louisiana. The previous occupants had left behind an old beat-up piano of Civil War vintage, and Gene began fooling around with it.

"There was a little colored gal," he remembers, "used to come around and do some work for us when we could afford it. I knew she used to sneak into the colored church on weekdays and play the little organ they had out there. So one day I told her I'd give her two bits if she'd show me how to play a song called

Here are some of the songs, now "standards," which Gene Austin helped make popular:

- My Blue Heaven
- Sleepy Time Gal
- Ramona
- Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time
- She's Funny That Way
- I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover
- Ain't She Sweet?
- When My Sugar Walks Down the Street
- Honeysuckle Rose
- I Cried for You
- The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi
- Tomorrow
- You're Driving Me Crazy
- Star Dust
- Marie
- Carolina Moon
- Bye Bye Blackbird
- After You've Gone
- Forgive Me
- Then Came the Dawn
- Good Night, Sweetheart
- Love Letters in the Sand
- Tonight You Belong to Me
- A Garden in the Rain
- My Melancholy Baby
- Yearning
- Ain't Misbehavin'
- Muddy Water
- Who's Sorry Now?
- Weary River
- Mood Indigo
- Girl of My Dreams
- Some Day, Sweetheart
- Yes, Sir, That's My Baby
- If I Had My Way
- I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby

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Hard Times. She did it, and that's the first piece of music I ever learned."

The family settled shortly afterward in the larger town of Minden and the old piano was toted along, despite the protests of Jim Austin. He didn't like it because it produced music, and he had no use for music of any nature or description. "Music," said Jim, "is jest fer ladies."

"What little music I knew," says Gene, "I learned from the colored folks. I used to wander out to the quarters at night and snoop around and listen to them playin' their guitars and their pianos and singin'. Minden was one of those towns where the only music the white folks knew was church music—hymns. Oh, once in a while some white gal would get up at a church supper and sing a soprano solo, somethin' like The Little Dickeybird is Climbin' Up My Garden Wall, Tra-la, Tra-lee. I didn't go much for that type of jazz; I liked the way the colored folks sang and I liked their songs, especially their blues songs."

When he was fifteen, Gene ran away from home, hoboed around the South for a while, joined a circus and learned to play When You Wore a Tulip on the steam calliope, and when he was sixteen joined the Army. During the early part of World War I he was assigned to guard duty on the New Orleans docks. "I almost hate to tell you this," he says, "because you hear it from so many singers and musicians, but it's a God's honest fact that when I got off duty I spent many an evenin' playin' piano in New Orleans sportin' houses."

Eventually he found himself in a New Jersey Army camp, where he was put to work in the hayfields. One day he learned that they were rounding up twenty men to fill out a contingent for shipping overseas. So Gene said to himself, *What'm I doin' here? Balin' hay from mornin' to night. They got hay to bale back home.* He fell in with the group of twenty and soon found himself in France.

One evening an Army dentist heard Gene playing the piano and singing a blues song. "This guy came over and talked to me," Gene relates, "and said he liked music, and he needed an assistant, so I became a dental mechanic. Along came the Armistice and this dentist told me he wanted to stay in Europe and practice dentistry. For some reason he wanted to settle in Lithuania—he said that every tooth in Lithuania had a cavity in it. He wanted me to study dentistry and be his partner, and we'd get dirty rich in Lithuania. I was agreeable, but I had to get an education, so we came back to the States. He opened a dental office in Baltimore and I enrolled in dental school. He had a lot of patients, but they weren't paying their bills, so one day I said as a gag that I'd better switch over and study law so I could collect the bills. Somehow, that crack put the notion into my head to become a lawyer, so I entered the University of Maryland law school."

In the evenings after school Gene began playing and singing occasionally in small clubs in and around Baltimore. Other times he was accompanist for various acts in the local vaudeville houses. He drifted away from dentistry and then he drifted away from the law. Wanderlust, always a strong element in his make-up, led him to sign on as an entertainer aboard a ship headed for the Orient. Within a few days someone decided he wasn't entertaining and, anyway, they were short a fireman in the black gang. He shoveled coal over and back, and when he came home he met a fellow named Roy Bergere.

Bergere liked Gene's singing and talked him into teaming up in a vaudeville act, singing blues numbers. They toured the East and Middle West without setting the country on fire, but they were improving all the time, and finally they wound up in New York. They were still playing club dates and small vaudeville houses when Roy Bergere got married and headed west to try to crash the movies. Out of their association came one song which they wrote together: How Come You Do Me Like You Do?

Gene went it alone and got a job singing in the Club Mah-Jongg, which was run by Lou Clayton. Out of that engagement one episode sticks in his mind. Clayton came to Gene one day and told him that the club needed a good trio. "There are three guys over at some little club," said Clayton, "and I hear good reports about them. Drop over there tonight and have a look, and let me know what you think." Gene had the look, came back and told Clayton, "No good. They've got no class." The trio was called Harris, Jackson and Durante and before long Clayton had supplanted Harris to begin one of the most memorable associations in all show business.

About this time Gene got married, the Club Mah-Jongg got padlocked by prohibition agents and Gene turned seriously to the business of writing songs. To sustain life he took a job with a music publisher as a song plugger. He was required to make the rounds of the recording studios, playing and singing the publisher's latest songs, trying to convince people that those songs were worthy of recording.

Nathaniel Shilkret was in charge of music at the Victor studio and one day Gene told him about a new song he had written, called When My Sugar Walks Down the Street. Shilkret listened to it and decided it was zingy enough for records. He recommended, however, that Gene not try it solo. Gene as a singer was an unknown quantity and the high command wouldn't push his record. Shilkret suggested that they bring in a name singer to do the number with Gene. Aileen Stanley, already a prominent star, was chosen and the record was cut. Gene remembers that he had very little singing to do on that first record; Miss Stanley would sing, "'When my sugar walks down the street, all the little birdies go ——'" and Gene would chime in with, "'Tweet-tweet-tweet'."

Soon thereafter he sang his first recorded number alone—something titled *The Only, Only One*—and Victor gave him a one-year contract under which he would be paid $100 for each song he did. Next he recorded Yes, Sir, That's My

• •

Forest Fisher

By Ethel Jacobson

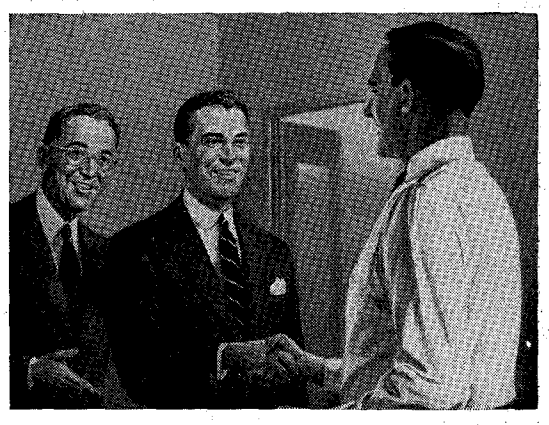
In the twilight gloom,
Spicy with balsam balm,
Where great boughs arch
And all is motionless, calm
Save the brook that fumbles
Through bracken and
tangled brush,
A heron stands,
Still in the forest hush—
A slate-blue wraith,
Transfixed, intent, alone
On a gauze-finned shadow
Where water slides on stone.

• •

New home?

New baby?

New job?



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Baby, which made a minor stir, and after that, Yearning. This was the record that made Gene Austin, and though it sold and sold and kept on selling, his financial take from it remained a flat and feeble $100.

Dealers began clamoring for more of this boy's songs, but Victor couldn't find him. He had become unhappy about his contract and had gone off on a vaudeville tour. Victor sent a man to California to beg him to hurry back and make more records. But Gene still didn't like that contract. He wanted the customary royalty arrangement, and he wanted the privilege of choosing his own songs. He got both.

"The most important element in the success of a record," says Gene, "is the song, not the singer. I got an old sayin', 'Hit songs don't care who sings 'em.'"

His first royalty check under his new contract was for $96,000. He decided it was time to go back and preen himself before the home folks in Louisiana. On his first day at home in Minden, after the big reception at the depot, he was out in the barn with his stepfather.

Old Jim Austin, the music hater, said, "Gene, I hear tell that these here people that sings makes as much jack as a hunnerd, hunnerd 'n' fifty dollars a week. I figger that's all newspaper talk. It is, ain't it?"

"Sometimes it is," said Gene, pulling the $96,000 check from his pocket, "and sometimes it ain't. This is what I got for about three months of singin'."

Old Jim Austin's eyes popped when he read the figure on the check. He was about to say something when Gene's mother called from the kitchen door. Some folks had dropped in and wanted to see him and wanted him to sing a few songs for them. Gene went in and greeted the people and sat down at the old square piano and began singing. Suddenly he sensed an alien presence in the room. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Old Jim Austin, head cocked to one side, forefinger alongside his nose, listening intently.

"I think," says Gene, "that his head was bobbin' to the beat; just a trifle, mind you, but bobbin' just the same."

Gene bought a comfortable house for his parents and headed back for New York and the making of more records. He resumed his prowling for songs and one day came up with an item called My Blue Heaven, by George Whiting and Walter Donaldson. This number had been languishing in the files for seven or eight years and hadn't even been copyrighted. Something about it appealed to Gene and he took it along to his next recording session. He knew his own mind about it, but he wasn't sure how the Victor people would react, so he put it last on the day's agenda. By the time they got to My Blue Heaven the orchestra leader announced that time had run out and the band was finished for the day.

"I grabbed an old guy with a cello," Gene recalls, "and talked him into standing by. Then I grabbed a song plugger who could play pretty fair piano. And the third fellow I got was an agent who could whistle—bird calls and that sort of thing. I made the record with those three. In the intervening years Gene has made fourteen successive versions of My Blue Heaven and these records have had an aggregate sale of more than 7,000,000 copies.

When I first knew him in Tulsa and Denver, Gene had no inkling of the fact that he and the whole country were riding for a heavy fall. I remember the day in Denver when he was to make a personal appearance in a music store on Champa Street, autographing records for all comers. The entire block was decorated with banners bearing his name in letters four feet high, and traffic had to be blocked off an hour before his arrival.

Several factors combined to thrust Gene into comparative obscurity within the next few years. Radio changed from a hobby to a habit, and then came the depression. People put their phonographs in the attic; they no longer had the seventy-five cents that a record cost, and anyway they could get their music for nothing on the radio. Another factor, less important, was Gene's drinking. He did a lot of it in the wild bootleg days and occasionally he got into trouble with the law. It should be remembered, however, that he and the century were in their twenties at the same time, and both he and the century were suffering from severe growing pains. Moreover, it should be kept in mind that Gene was a boy up from the backwoods, a boy who had never had anything; that money was piling in faster than he and all his pals could spend it, and all he had to do to get that money was to appear once each month or so and sing a few songs into a ridiculous recording horn. He played, and he played hard in those years. He had half a dozen cars, a mansion on the Jersey coast, a seventy-foot yacht named My Blue Heaven, and a host of Good-Time Charlies to keep him company. I suspect he was actually a little happy about it when the bottom fell out of things. He disappeared into the West and he remained in obscurity, so far as the national consciousness was concerned for almost a quarter of a century.

What was he doing in all those years? Surprisingly enough, he was making money. And he was still singing. He teamed up with Ken Murray to inaugurate the musical show Blackouts which ran for seven solid years in a Hollywood theater. Gene knew a good deal about the economics of night-club operation, so he spent several years as an entrepreneur. He'd shop around Los Angeles until he found a club that was tottering. He'd buy it for peanuts, move in, change its name to "Gene Austin's Blue Heaven," and build it into a profitable business. For example, he bought one club for $1300 and in six months sold it for $36,000. He performed this operation with three different clubs, and in each case he was the floor show, the attraction that fetched the customers. A little rinkey-tink piano would be wheeled onto the dance floor. Gene would bounce out, settle himself, and then spend an hour singing the old favorites, always finishing with My Blue Heaven. There were plenty of customers who wanted to hear him sing those old songs again and his clubs were always crowded.

In between times he was involved in other musical shows, in motion pictures, in writing songs and in night clubs around the country. Once, in the 1930's, a wealthy auto manufacturer in Ohio heard that Gene Austin was in town. He telephoned Gene, said he had been an Austin fan for years, and then made a proposal. "I'm having a party at my home tonight," he said, "and I'll give you a thousand dollars if you'll come out and sing six songs."

Said Gene, "I'm on my way."

When he arrived at the mansion the auto manufacturer met him at the door and escorted him quickly through a crowd of people and into a library where there was a piano. He closed and locked the door, nodded toward the piano and said, "O.K., start off with Melancholy Baby."

Gene was perplexed. "But the party's out in the other room!" he protested.

"The hell with the party," said the host. "I want you to sing just for me."

Gene had many such private engagements, especially back in the '20's, when the millionaires of Long Island and Westchester would summon him to their parties and pay him fabulous sums for singing a few numbers.

"Those were usually tough assignments," Gene says. "I was the first of the crooners, and some of the men were pretty nasty about it, making loud cracks about me, suggesting that I was sorta ladylike. In those days almost every party I went to ended in a fight, and for the same reason. I'd listen to the cracks and then I'd say, 'O.K., brother, come on outside and we'll see who's ee-femminit!' I'm not much inclined to brag, but the truth is I flattened many a Yale-type cooky pusher in those days."

"Ouch! I'll take them!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Gene has been married four times. He has three grandchildren by a daughter who lives in Kansas City. His other daughter, Charlotte Austin, is an up-and-coming movie actress. His present wife, Lou, is a bright and attractive girl out of Springfield, Missouri. She knew Gene Austin's records when she was a teen-ager, and loved them. About seven years ago she was living in St. Louis when she read in the newspapers that Gene Austin was singing at the Park Plaza Hotel. That night she was at a ringside table with a friend. When Gene finished his act, he wandered down into the audience. He stopped at Lou's table and asked her if there was any special number she would like to hear.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I remember a long time ago, the first Gene Austin record I ever heard, and it became my favorite."

"Which one was that?"

"I Wish I Had Died in My Cradle, Before I Grew Up to Love You."

"Great day!" exclaimed Gene. "I forgot that one ninety years ago." But he went back to the piano and noodled around, and it came back to him. When he had finished singing it, he sat for a moment in thought. *What kind of a dame*, he wondered, *would choose a corn-popper like that, out of all the songs I've sung?* He decided it was a question worth investigating, and returned to her table . . . and so they were wed.

In recent years the Austin home has been a fifty-five-foot trailer, called, naturally, the Blue Heaven. Most of the time it's parked in Las Vegas, Nevada, but when Gene gets the urge to ramble, they haul it down to Palm Springs for a while, or even all the way to Florida.

Gene has various business interests and is president of a uranium corporation with a mine at Twenty-Nine Palms, California. He is getting ready to establish a music-publishing house in New York, and he's busy turning out a whole batch of new recordings.

"I've been in the music business a long time," he says, "and I think I know something about how it works and how trend follows trend. All this rock-'n'-roll business is going to fade pretty soon. But the beat's got to stay. I'm convinced that Dixieland music is going to be the big rage in a very short time. It's got the music in it as well as the beat. Some of the records I'm making now are in the Dixieland style and I expect to make more of that type. Don't forget that I learned my music from those colored folks in Louisiana."

So all of us who belong to his generation are happy that he's back. Red Barber is happy, and so is John Crosby, and Richard Watts, and Sherman Fairchild, and R. W. Woodruff, of Coca-Cola, and Harry S. Truman, and Alfred Vanderbilt. All of these people have remained steadfast Gene Austin fans down through the years—and there was another.

Jimmy Byrnes, of South Carolina, once told Gene, "I never heard F.D.R. play but one record, and he played that one a lot. It was Gene Austin singing Lonesome Road."

That, of course, made Gene feel good, for he not only sang it, he wrote it.

THE END

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Town With a Homemade Lake

(Continued from Page 23)

that water shortages are not national, but local. People in America tend to live where they want to, and not necessarily where the water is. Less than a fourth of our population, resident in water-deficient states, uses more than half our water. Many local problems have combined to make a national one.

Bloomington, before Lemon's first term as mayor began in 1948, had a population of about 30,000—of whom 10,000 were students—and was among the driest of the thirsty cities. There were no big rivers or lakes within reach. The three nearby creeks were dry in times of drought—and there were nine serious droughts in the first half of this century.

When rain did fall, the land held it poorly. What water didn't run off the hard surface clay seeped out of town through the porous, cavernous limestone beneath. As population grew, back-yard wells became polluted. A five-year typhoid epidemic began in 1885, serving

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First Birthday

By Elizabeth Landeweer

It's no secret that the host
Created quite a scandal,
He tossed the frosting right
and left,
And ate the birthday candle,
His mother lost her self-
control
Before she got him mastered,
And everything got out of
hand,
And all the guests got
plastered.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

grim notice that new water sources were needed.

Water-wise, Lemon's arrival as mayor ended a sixty-year comedy of errors. Even in the 1890's, a university geologist, E. R. Cumings, was urging that lakes be built to the north of town, toward Griffey and Bean Blossom creeks, where the sand-silt-clay soil would hold water, instead of to the south, on limestone.

But the city fathers were not to be fooled by bookish meddlers. In 1894 they built a reservoir on limestone. It leaked. In 1907 they built a second to catch the leakage from the first. That leaked too. They built a third and, in 1941, a fourth, which held water no better.

By that time the town elders had begun to entertain the possibility that Cumings might have been right. In 1924 a private group had independently built a reservoir on Griffey Creek, which had held water all those years. Its only shortcoming was its small size.

Upon this scene burst young Tom Lemon in 1948, during a drought. On a water platform, he unseated a Republican regime that had held the city hall for twenty-two years. "I promised I'd get them water," Lemon says, "and I did."

So popular has the new lake become that it's hard to find anyone around town who'll admit he was ever against it. Research reveals, however, that Bloomington's great blessing squeaked through by the narrowest of margins. There were *times when even the colorful new mayor* was not sure a lake was worth fighting for.

Lemon figured that with a name like that—sheer, joyous sport for political rivals—you had to keep a jump ahead of punsters in the other camp. Instead of playing down his name, he flaunted it. An early official act was to order police cars painted yellow. He put a large glass jar of lemon drops on his desk and announced that any kid in town could help himself.

Lemon knew local water history thoroughly—he'd been raised on it. Born in 1915, one of a local farmer's six children, he'd ended his formal education with high school. He went to work manufacturing floor wax, then a special wax used for munitions during the war. He studied municipal administration on his own and developed a grasp of the subject that is respected throughout his state.

In 1948, two schemes were current for bringing water to town. One was to pipe it fifteen miles from the White River Valley. The other was to throw a dam across Bean Blossom Creek, seven miles away, and make a lake. At first, Lemon would not commit himself to either. Any plan for water would require money, he pointed out, and it was on this issue that the first battle line was drawn.

To float a bond issue, the project would have to yield enough revenue to pay interest and reduce principal. But the water rates, ranging from thirty-seven cents a thousand gallons for small amounts, down to seven and a half cents a thousand for large quantities, were too low to swing it. When Lemon proposed an increase, the biggest water users—the university, a railroad, a hotel and several manufacturers—brought strong opposition. The

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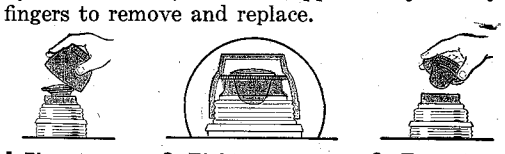

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2. Tighten cap-cup firmly. Pressure seats stopper snugly. Properly tightened, it *can't* pop out, won't leak.
3. To remove, unscrew cap-cup and lift stopper out.

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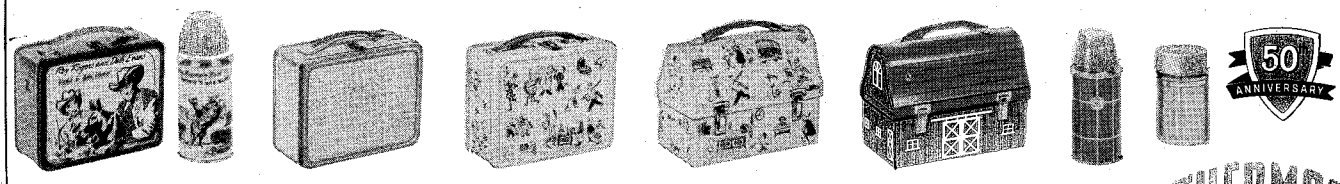

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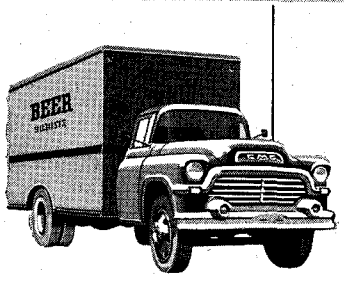

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rate hike was unnecessary. "All you had to do was raise Griffey Creek dam" and there'd be plenty of water at trifling cost.

Lemon blasted back in press interviews and on the air. Even if you raised Griffey dam as far as it would go, it wouldn't store enough water for Bloomington's future. He accused old-line business firms of using a water shortage to keep out new industry and hold wages down. More water, he promised, would bring more work, higher wages for the "little people."

The argument went to the state Public Service Commission, which by law must O.K. local bond issues. Hearings lasted two weeks. The commission approved the rate increases and backed the mayor's hand in advising a search for new sources of water.

A new scrap now developed over the question of wells versus lake. For a time the mayor leaned toward wells, until he learned that wells near the limestone region produced very hard water and required a daily movement of 12,000 tons of water over a ten-mile stretch. That meant a whopping electric bill. Moreover, when you pump from deep wells, you lower the regional water table, but when you store it on the surface you may tend to raise it.

City engineer (at that time) Ross Buck is credited with clinching it for the lake. By damming Bean Blossom Creek, Buck pointed out, you'd make a lake whose water could flow by gravity, free of charge, all the way to the city's water system. That sold the city council and, late in 1949, it sold Lemon. "It was a big day," the mayor says, "when I went up to the underwriters in Chicago and came home with a check for a million dollars."

The next hurdle was procuring the land—2000 acres of it, all inhabited by either the living or the dead—a cemetery had to be purchased and the bodies moved. Farmed-out homesteads that had been available at fifty dollars an acre acquired new agricultural, historical and sentimental values. Newspapers as far away as Indianapolis, fifty miles to the north, lamented that "fertile land will be flooded and families turned out of their homes." Bean Blossom Valley landowners formed a protest organization, denounced the lake and threatened legal action.

But by now the lake movement had too much momentum. Besides, the 1951 state legislature sped Lemon's program with a timely bill clarifying the right of cities to condemn land for public works. The city got its land for a little over $100 an acre.

Engineers calculated it would take two years, from the completion of the dam in 1952, for the lake to fill. It filled in six months—a blue jewel of a lake in the wooded Southern Indiana hills, six and one half miles long and a mile and a half across at the widest point, fifty feet deep at its deepest, 630 feet above the sea, holding 5,500,000,000 gallons of water, draining an area of eighty square miles, with enough runoff and storage to meet the city's needs for another 100 years of normal growth.

Relieved at last of anxieties about water, local industries, old and new, as well as the university, have felt a new freedom to proceed with long-planned expansions. At the same time, home building is booming—not only around the lake, where values have risen from as little as fifty dollars to as much as $4000 an acre, but throughout the city and its fringe areas.

Tom Lemon, as it turned out, was not to have a seat at the victory feast. He was swept out of office in the 1952 Eisenhower landslide. His successor, a Republican named Kelly, refrained from painting the squad cars green, and restored them to a sedate official black. Also, he presided at the dedication of the lake. Lemon sent a telegram from his desk in Sanford, Florida, where he'd found a job as city manager, congratulating his rivals on finishing the job.

Today there remains but one final squabble—naming the lake. When the project was still only a dream, a Democratic city council passed a resolution that it be called Lake Lemon. The Republican council in office during its dedication named it Lake Bean Blossom. But Tom Lemon is back. After two years in Florida, he brought his wife and two sons back to Bloomington, set himself up in the real-estate business and, in 1956, ran the Republicans out of city hall again. This time he let the squad cars remain black, but has allowed no one to forget the name a Democratic council long ago decreed.

So, at city limits, a yellow sign reads LAKE LEMON. A few miles down the road, a black-and-white sign points to LAKE BEAN BLOSSOM. An editorial in the student daily has suggested: "Why not call it Lake Lemon Blossom? It combines aesthetic charm and political immortality." And there, for now, the matter rests.

Many believe the remarkable thing about the lake is neither its name nor its value as a utility, but its phenomenal popularity as a resort. The recreational development came as a whopping extra dividend, and as a complete surprise. More than 650 boats were licensed to sail its waters during the third summer after it was opened. Licenses are fifteen dollars for sail or power, five dollars for rowboats. After the state stocked the lake with bass and bluegills—twenty-one-inch bass have been caught—over 2000 fishing licenses were issued at two dollars each.

The town, which a few years ago was waterless, has gone nautical with a will. Not so long ago, the classified directory did not contain the word "boat." Now it lists seven boatyards, six of them maintaining dock facilities at the lake. The bigger ones, like the bustling Knob Hill Marina, do over $100,000 of boat business in a season. Trailer, boat and motor combinations range from $1500 to $5000. Ship's bells, anchors, marine pumps, port and starboard lighting fixtures—all sprout in windows of downtown hardware stores which once displayed rakes, shovels and hoes. Outboard-motor mix is a standard item at gas stations. Those who can't own a boat, or don't care to, can rent a power rig at Boyd's or Chitwood's, and take the family on a cruise in the summer twilight for the price of a movie.

Almost before the lake was full, handsome homes were abuilding on the shore, many of them sporting an open-air patio, outdoor fireplace and sail-in boathouse. On "doctors' row," along the north shore, you could almost muster a quorum of the county medical society. Other summer residents match the chamber-of-commerce roster: Roger Black, lumber; George Carpenter, plumbing; Merritt Calvert, clothing; Mike Sansone, food. Indiana University maintains a dock on the south shore for its sailing club.

Some families, like the Robert Youngs—radio-parts manufacturing—are strictly power people. Young's runabout, with twin thirty-five-horsepower outboards on its transom, is one of the few boats on the lake which can exceed the twenty-five-mile-an-hour speed limit with ease. His teen-age son and school-age daughters, like most children of lake families, like to be towed astern, riding surfboard, water skis or disk at a spanking clip, throwing spray. Young has constructed an odd craft known variously as The Thing, The Weegee, and Emergency Rescue Craft Number One. By virtue of its broad and

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stable deck, maintained afloat by oil drums welded together, it is Mayor Lemon's favorite craft. "I like to just sit there in the sun and watch the lake," the mayor says.

Other families, like the Ace Marshalls—manager, J. C. Penney store—prefer sail. Five of the Marshalls' six children—one is married and gone from home—battle for turns at the helm of the fourteen-foot day sailer they put together from a kit. They are convinced, like most of the canvas crowd, that power is a passing fad. "You're down the lake and back in a few minutes," Mrs. Marshall, who sometimes decrees herself a turn as skipper, asserts, "and then what do you do? With sail, up and down the lake a couple of times makes a fine morning's cruise, full of adventure."

In the complex encounter of the inlander with water, a number of things remain to be worked out. For example, the official attitude about swimming is ambiguous. Elmer L. (Red) Richardson, the lake's full-time, power-patrol policeman, has stated the policy: "People around here don't like the idea of drinking water that's been swum in. So swimming is prohibited. But we don't really mind, so long as swimmers don't get in the way of the boats."

Since lake authority hasn't really decided, family management at the beach takes a peculiar turn. In a law-abiding family group consisting of pa, ma, junior and Bessie, you're likely to overhear dialogue something like this:

JUNIOR: Hey, ma, can I fall in the lake now?

MA: Certainly not; it's against the law.

JUNIOR: I mean, by accident. (*Splash*)

BESSIE: Can I fall in now, ma? Junior did.

MA: He's older.

BESSIE: (*Splash*)

PA: I'd better fall in and watch her. (*Splash*)

MA: Oh, well. (*Splash*)

JUNIOR: Isn't this nice, ma?

MA: Heavenly. . . . Pa, is that the police boat?

On hot summer Sunday afternoons the lake attracts visitors from a hundred-mile radius, and even from neighboring states. The record crowd so far was tallied in July, 1956, during a water-safety show and ski exhibition. "The lake road was blocked solid—cars four-deep for a mile," Richardson says. "We figured four thousand cars all together." The next biggest turnout that year was for a speedboat race. Parking facilities are still being extended.

Policing the lake at peak season is a big job. Each of 200 or more boats must be checked for license tag, seaworthiness and life preservers. There's at least one capsizing a weekend, with a boat to be towed ashore and bailed, and people to be dried out. This reporter witnessed one such rescue—the salvage of the outboard runabout Merry Martins, owned and skippered by Charles Martin, of Indianapolis.

"We were just going along in a gentle turn," Martin explained, "and all of a sudden, flip"—a gesture of the hand—"and we're in the water." The accident occurred at 11:40 A.M. Five minutes later, Martin and his two passengers were aboard an auxiliary police boat. A few minutes later the cumbersome, capable Weegee was standing by. An hour after it turned over, lake police had the Martin boat ashore, bailed out and on its trailer. "Big water or little water," Red Richardson says, "it's safety, safety, safety all the time."

On weekends, Richardson is assisted by eight volunteer deputies, all boat owners. They include Capt. Charles Fox, of the Bloomington police force, and three of his patrolmen. The city furnishes the gas, the men donate their services. "Their reward is the fun they and their families have on the lake," Mayor Lemon explains.

Richardson's preoccupation with safety is in order; the lake has already claimed two lives. On a Sunday afternoon last August a young woman from Indianapolis, teetering on the gunwale of a rented boat, went overside. She wasn't wearing a life preserver and didn't know how to swim. Her escort shouted to the occupants of a nearby boat, then went after her. It is assumed he struck a submerged obstacle; neither came up alive.

Red Richardson and his wife live at the new police post on the lake and are on the job all year round. The lake is not just a summer thing, the Richardsons say. "We've seen this lake just blanketed with wild ducks in the fall." In the winter, people come to fish through the ice when it's thick enough, and also to skate. Some families use their weekend places throughout the year. The Marshalls go sailing right up into November. Robert Young, a year-rounder, says, "We come out whenever we can. It's a different world. Quiet. Peaceful."

The inland city is learning to enjoy a lake. A lot of water, as the mayor likes to say, that the city got with a little Lemon aid.

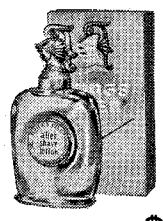
THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"—and this is Fred's recreation room!"

I don't want to be a Tycoon

...I just want to feel like one!



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The Case of the Dead Man's Daughter

(Continued from Page 39)

"I can, if you want me to."

"I do. Garvin asked me to protect your interests."

"Mr. Mason, I —— There's one thing I thought I should tell you. Homer Garvin, Senior, came back last night. He wanted to talk to me. We had a nice long talk."

"What time did he leave?"

"That's the thing that —— Well, it was around midnight."

"That's fine," Mason said. "Don't answer any questions. Just don't be too available."

"What do you mean by that?"

Mason nodded to Della Street and said, "Do you like this dress on her, Della?"

"Very much indeed," Della Street said.

"I don't," Mason said. "I don't think it's photogenic. I don't think she'll take good pictures in that dress. . . . How long would it take to pick out a dress which would have good striking black-and-white lines that would photograph well? Something with a deep V in front and white lines that emphasize the figure?"

"It might not take long," Della Street said; then, at the expression on Mason's face, hastily said, "Again, it might take quite a while to get exactly what you have in mind."

"You see," Mason said to Stephanie Falkner, "you're going shopping."

"When?"

"Now. Got any money?"

"Yes."

"Then shop. Make yourself conspicuous when you shop. Try on a lot of dresses. Be difficult. Have it so the salesgirls will be sure to remember you."

"Then what?"

"Then," Mason said, "keep in touch with me by telephone. If you want to reach me at any time and the office is closed, telephone the Drake Detective Agency, tell them who you are and leave a message. I want to know where I can get in touch with you at all times."

"The Drake Detective Agency?"

"That's right. That's the one down the hall."

"And I'm not to talk with the police?"

"Not with the police. Not with the newspaper reporters. Not with anyone unless I am present. Don't absolutely refuse to talk; simply refuse to talk with anyone unless I am present. Can you do that?"

"Yes."

"Where's the other gun?"

"It's in a place where no one will ever find it."

"You're sure?"

"I'm absolutely positive."

"All right," Mason told her; "get started on your shopping tour. That will probably keep you pretty well occupied until the stores have all closed."

Stephanie Falkner went out. Della Street eyed Perry Mason quizzically. "It's a crime to conceal evidence?" she asked.

"Oh, definitely," Mason said. "But it's no crime to advise a client not to talk. And it's a breach of ethics for a lawyer to fail to protect the best interests of his client."

Della Street studied the expression on his face for a moment, then burst out laughing.

The telephone on Della Street's desk tinkled into noise.

Mason picked up the instrument, said, "Yes, Gertie; what is it? Della's out. . . . Oh, Marie Barlow? Put her on."

Marie Barlow's voice said, "Hello."

"How's everything coming?" Mason asked.

"All right."

"The search finished?"

"Yes."

"Did they take anything?"

"Not a thing. They prowled around, seemed terribly disappointed, and left."

"It may be a trap," Mason warned. "How's the office?"

"I've never seen such an unholy mess!"

"What do you mean, a mess?"

"I mean a mess. I can't find any system to the way she handled bills payable."

"Such as what?" Mason asked.

"Take that apartment house out on Seaforth Avenue, for instance—the one that Mr. Garvin bought just before I left. There have been electrical-repair bills on it for over three thousand dollars, and that's just too darn much."

"Perhaps television was installed in the different apartments," Mason said.

"Well, I'm checking on it, but after the way I left things, it's certainly an Alice-in-Wonderland situation now."

"O.K.," Mason told her. "Straighten things out the best you can. Keep in touch with me. And tell Garvin I want to see him if he calls in."

"O.K.," she said. "I'll get busy trying to straighten out the mess up here."

Mason had hardly hung up the telephone when he heard Paul Drake's code knock on the corridor door of his private office. He moved over, swept open the door and said, "Come on in, Paul."

Drake said, "Thanks, Perry," moved over to the client's overstuffed chair, sat conventionally for a moment while he was fishing a notebook out of his pocket, then whirled around so that he was sitting crosswise in the chair, one rounded leather arm propped against the small of his back, the other furnishing a rest for his long legs.

"Now this is a hell of a mess, Perry!" he said.

"What?"

"I'm afraid you're in for some unpleasant publicity, Perry."

"What's the matter?" Mason asked, raising his eyebrows.

"You know the columnist Jack Crowe, who runs the daily column in the paper entitled Crowe's Caws?"

Mason nodded.

"Well," Drake said, "somebody down at young Garvin's secondhand-car lot came up with a story about you handling a gun that you didn't think was loaded, and blowing a furrow all the way across the top of young Garvin's desk."

Mason looked sheepish. "My gosh, Paul! Don't tell me that's going to get in the papers?"

"Not going to get in the papers!" Drake said. "A choice item like that? My gosh! You couldn't have pulled the job under more auspicious circumstances as far as publicity is concerned, if you had been trying to ——" Drake stopped abruptly.

"What's the matter?" Mason asked.

Drake regarded Mason thoughtfully. "I couldn't believe the story when I first heard it. I'm beginning to believe it now."

"I was careless," Mason admitted.

"Well," Drake said, "just for your information, Crowe got the tip, and he's printing a humorous article about the lawyer who is so full of technical information about firearms that he can make the ballistic experts look foolish on the witness stand, pulling the 'didn't-know-it-was-loaded' line the minute he gets his hands on a firearm."

"That would be very, very embarrassing," Mason admitted.

"That's what I thought when I first heard it," Drake commented thoughtfully.

"You're changing your mind now?" Mason asked.

Drake's eyes took on a faraway look as he gazed over toward the windows in unblinking concentration. Abruptly he jackknifed himself up out of the chair.

"What makes you think you can get away with this stuff, Perry?"

"I don't," Mason said. "But it gives the columnists something nice to write about. Having gone that far, Crowe will follow up on the story the next day."

"Well," Drake said, "my face is a little red, Perry. I thought I had a hot tip and —— Perry, are you certain you haven't violated a law?"

Mason grinned. "I guess perhaps I have, Paul, but by the time the smoke blows away, discharging a firearm within the city limits is the only thing they can actually hook me on."

When Mason entered his office on Thursday morning, Della Street had a copy of the morning newspaper placed on his desk. The paper was folded over so as to leave the column entitled Crowe's Caws in the most visible position. Mason read:

Perry Mason, the spectacular trial attorney whose cases have such a tendency to explode into courtroom pyrotechnics, and who has won many a courtroom battle by proving that his technical knowledge of forensic ballistics is at least the equal of that of the expert whom he is cross-examining, proved not to be quite so adept when it came to handling firearms on a practical basis.

Seems Stephanie Falkner, the attractive young woman whose father was murdered some time back in a case which, so far, has never been solved, received some threats which caused Perry Mason considerable concern. Homer Garvin, the high-powered used-car salesman, and Stephanie had at one time been quite ga-ga. It is to be presumed that Garvin's recent marriage terminated the romance, but apparently not the friendship.

When the noted lawyer called to Homer Garvin's attention the fact that Stephanie might be in danger, Garvin promptly produced a gun and suggested that Miss Falkner be given an adequate means of protection.

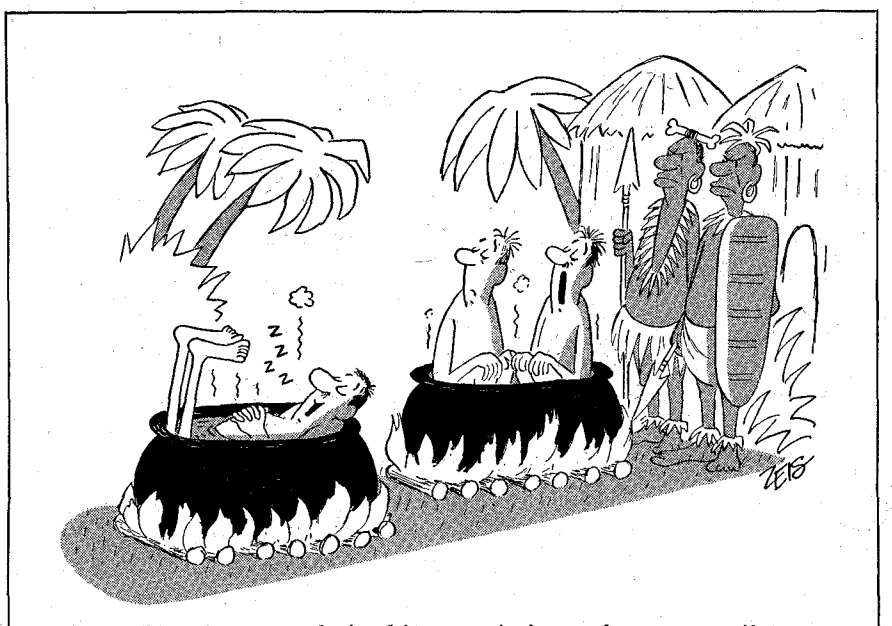
Perry Mason was all in favor of the deal, and picked up the gun to test the balance, and decide whether the mechanism functioned perfectly.

It functioned.

The result was considerable excitement in the offices of the used-car dealer, a long deep furrow plowed in the veneered desk, and a rather red face on the part of the noted attorney.

Inasmuch as Mason's face rarely becomes red, the occasion was considered epochal by an interested but somewhat apprehensive audience. However, all's well that ends well, and, since police have been wondering whether the gun which they found in Stephanie Falkner's apartment with one exploded shell in the mechanism had been used in connection with a homicide, it gives this column great pleasure to point out that they need look no farther than Homer Garvin's desk to find the bullet that is missing.

It was reported that the used-car dealer had been planning on having a new desk installed immediately, but as salesmen piloted in a procession of potential customers to view the damages, and the customers somehow affixed their signatures on dotted lines before leaving the place, Garvin has decided to feature the "wounded" desk as his main attraction—sort of a *corpus deskus.*



"You have to admire his equanimity under pressure."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Mason had just finished reading the account in the paper when the telephone on Della Street's desk jangled into noise.

Della Street answered the telephone and nodded to Perry Mason. "It's Paul Drake. He's coming right down."

"Hear anything from Homer Garvin?" Mason asked her after she had hung up.

"Senior or Junior?"

"Either."

"Junior telephoned. He's tickled to death with the publicity. He's sold five cars to prospective purchasers who originally came in to survey the damage to the desk."

"He'd better give me a commission," Mason said. "Hear anything from Stephanie Falkner?"

"Not a word."

"That's a little strange, Della."

"She may be a late sleeper," Della Street said.

Mason frowned. "Give her a ring. Wake her up."

Della Street picked up the phone and said, "Ring the Lodestar Apartments, Gertie. We want to talk with Stephanie Falkner."

While she was waiting, Paul Drake's knuckles tapped the code knock on the door.

Mason got up to let him in, and Della Street said, "She doesn't seem to answer, chief."

"Tell Gertie to keep trying," Mason said. . . . "Hi, Paul, what's new?"

Drake said, "George Casselman had a criminal record. He served time—once for theft, once for extortion. He was killed sometime between seven and eleven-thirty o'clock Tuesday night by a thirty-eight-caliber bullet which was fired from a gun that was held against Casselman's chest."

"Anyone hear the shot?" Mason asked.

"Apparently not."

"What else, Paul?"

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Before Drake could answer, the telephone on Della Street's desk tinkled.

Della Street picked up the telephone, said, "Hello," in a subdued voice; then said, "Yes, he's here," turned to Paul Drake and said, "For you, Paul. It's your office. They say it's most important."

Drake moved over to the telephone, said, "Hi, this is Paul," waited a moment, then said, "The devil! . . . They're sure?... O.K." Drake hung up the phone.

"Well," Mason said impatiently.

"This," Paul said, "is the best-kept secret of the day. Police knew about it yesterday and managed to keep it buttoned up."

"Well, what is it?"

"Bullets fired from the gun police found in Stephanie Falkner's apartment match the fatal bullet that killed George Casselman."

"Which gun?" Mason asked sharply.

"Which?" Drake asked in surprise. "Why, there's only one—the one Garvin gave her."

Mason's eyes narrowed.

Drake said, "This means that you had the fatal gun in your possession and that you discharged one shell into the desk at Homer Garvin's office in the used-car lot. Quite naturally, police felt at first that you were engaged in some sort of hocus-pocus, trying to confuse the issue somehow. They picked young Garvin up and are giving him a shakedown. Their original idea was that you must have planted the murder weapon in his desk."

"They've changed their minds now?" Mason asked tonelessly.

"They're changing their minds," Drake said. "At the moment, they have a brand-new suspect, in the person of Mrs. Homer Garvin, Jr. It seems she was employed as a resident hostess, bathing beauty and ornamental model at one of the Las Vegas hotels out on the strip. She knew Casselman. No one seems to know how well. They found Casselman's unlisted number written down on a memo pad by her telephone. Casselman was a blackmailer. The young woman just got married. Figure that one out and you have a perfect sequence.

"That, in the words of the police, makes your clumsy attempt to fake a didn't-know-it-was-loaded accident at Garvin's used-car lot a diabolically clever attempt to mix up the ballistics experts. Police don't like that. The ruse almost worked. They're examining all the evidence carefully. The D.A. would love to book you. If he could catch you tampering with evidence, he'd turn the department upside down trying to get a conviction."

Mason nodded to Della Street. "Make a try at getting Junior on the telephone. He won't be in, but we can leave word for him to call."

Della Street asked for an outside line, and her nimble fingers whirred the dial of the telephone into action.

Mason pushed back the chair from his desk, got up and began pacing the floor. Abruptly he turned, said to the detective, "Paul, I want to know what's going on. I want all the information you can get on what the police are doing. They probably have both Stephanie Falkner and Garvin, Junior. Thank heavens Senior is across the state line! They'll have to unwind some red tape before they can drag him in. There's something fishy about this whole business."

Drake said, "Watch yourself, Perry. Keep in the clear on this thing. Police are going to want to know how it was that you had such unerring insight as to go out to Garvin's used-car lot, ask for a gun, fire a bullet into Garvin's desk, and then take the gun up and leave it with Stephanie Falkner in a place where police would be sure to find it."

"You aren't telling me anything," Mason said, "but there's a lot back of all this that you don't know. Get busy and start finding things out."

Drake nodded and left the office.

Mason continued pacing the floor for a while, then whirled to face Della Street. "There's only one answer, Della."

"What?" she asked.

"Homer Garvin, Senior," Mason said, "must have a key to the office at Junior's used-car lot. Garvin, Senior, had possession of the murder gun. He knew that Garvin, Junior, kept a gun in his desk. So Garvin, Senior, went out and substituted guns. He put the murder gun, which must have been reloaded, in Junior's desk, where police would never think of looking, then took Junior's gun out of the desk. He fired one shot through that gun, then took it up and left it in Stephanie Falkner's apartment. His idea was that the police would find the gun with the empty shell, think that Stephanie had killed Casselman, then be forced to abandon that theory because they would find the gun she had hadn't been used in the crime. That's why he was so anxious to have me do everything I could for Stephanie."

"Go on from there," Della Street said.

"So that's where I inadvertently nullified everything he had done," Mason said. "Feeling certain that the police would pick up Stephanie Falkner for questioning, and feeling that by that time they could well have found out Garvin, Senior, had given her a gun or that they would search for a gun, I conceived the idea of having Garvin, Junior, also give her a gun. In that way, if the police found the one gun, they would hardly keep on searching for another gun. And if they knew Garvin, Senior, had left a gun with her and demanded she produce it, she could have produced the gun that Garvin, Junior, left and so mixed the case all up.

"As it happens, by one of those peculiar coincidences which sometimes occur in real life, my brilliant idea backfired. I went out and got the very gun that

... ...

My Love is a Many-Splintered Thing

By Philene Hammer

It's very handy that a man
can
Open up a tricky can, can
Fix an iron, can repair
A broken lamp, a squeaky
stair,
A clock, a lock, a stubborn
socket—
Anything on woman's
docket!

And all that woman needs
to do
Is hunt the hammer, mix
the glue,
Hold the ladder, pick up
tacks,
Keep the guy supplied with
snacks,
Desplinter him as best she
can,
And lavish praises on the
man.

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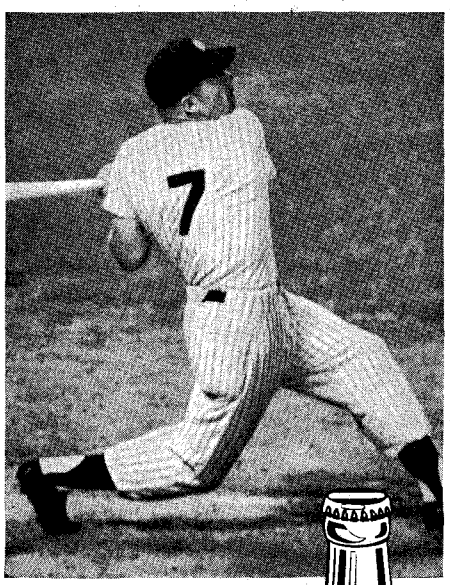

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There was a definite age pattern at our stops. Elderly people could walk or drive past us without a second glance. A fair proportion of middle-aged people could do the same. But teen-agers, boy or girl, not yet turned introspective by taxes, sacroiliac or in-laws, were acutely sensitive to automotive novelties. They displayed a swift homing instinct on service stations. At fuel stops, always at fairly inconspicuous locations, we sometimes escaped questioning by anyone but attendants, who were too polite to push customers too far. But frequently the teen-agers appeared within minutes, and by the time we pulled out they had started to cluster, attracting one another like magnets.

They were surprisingly well-informed. It is also true that the Edsels of the convoy were not entirely free of clues. After receiving our stock answer of "experimental car" and realizing that no further information was to be had, they started their own examinations and analyses, too often in inaudible whispers. They observed a suggestion of the Ford family of cars in our roof line. They found the tiny Ford Company mark on some of the window glass. At one overnight stop it was discovered in the morning that a penknife had been used to lift the tape from a hubcap to reveal the Edsel "E." Presumably the inquisitors had come from a school group which had caught sight of the cars the previous night. They identified our taillights. More than once a rebuffed teen-ager would turn to a companion and say, "Those are '51 Ford taillights. Could be the new Edsel."

In a residence district of Springfield, Illinois, a fuel stop drew two hot rods and a bicycle into the service station, where our convoy was temporarily revealed by bright lights. A half dozen teen-agers ringed us like wolves around a hurt caribou. "Say, Mac ——" it started again. Then, in the face of our noncommittal answers, the eager beavers began on their own. They spotted the cluster of shift buttons in the center of the steering column, an Edsel innovation. "Hey, look at this!" They correctly tabbed our taillights for a product of Ford. They studied the unchromed, undecorated concentric rings on the radiator, part of the new vertical-front treatment which marks the 1958 Edsel. What they whispered we could not catch, but it was obvious that they were fairly sure of what breed they had here.

Nevertheless it wasn't enough for them, and we were preparing to pull out. In a final moment of frustration one corn-fed young blond addressed the driver of the green Edsel. "Well, anyway," he said, "let's see you spread a patch." (I was informed that this was teen-age language for starting up with such a rush that you leave rubber marks on the pavement. It is popular with young people who like to buy new tires.)

At any given moment there are doubtless tens of millions of American cars on the nation's roads. In this vast circulatory system the odds are millions to one that any fraction of the tiny total of trial cars on the road will meet any other insignificant fraction. And yet, on a residence street in a plains town the radio said, "Lead car to middleman and tailgate. Get the two Chryslers in the right-hand lane!" Sure enough, like two small families of rare whooping cranes meeting in the middle of a crow caucus on Cloud Seven, we had fellow sneaks alongside. Pedestrians and other drivers in the block undoubtedly were unaware of the meeting or its improbability. But our engineers knew. The Chryslers had concealed but strange protuberances, and one of them was making an unorthodox engine noise.

They spotted us too. They grinned. "How far west you guys going?" We grinned back. We never saw them again. A young man in a Mercedes Benz set out to examine us, from the front, from the back and alongside. The impish driver of the black Edsel, beating the stranger to the punch, called across, "Hey, what kind of car is that?" Disgusted, our examiner left us.

Without exception, the engineers in our convoy were expert and experienced drivers. This was old road work to them. They drove with proper care not only as a matter of habit but also because we had a special reason for respecting the laws on both town streets and open highways. For police to stop us anywhere would draw the curious while we were parked ducks. We could expect no tolerance from any officers. They possess a natural curiosity and if an infraction gave them a chance to discharge their duties and at the same time get a leisurely look at us, they would certainly be tempted. Hence our sputtering radio frequently issued strange remarks about "clouds" in certain compass directions. "Clouds" was the code word for "troopers."

But there was no pattern to the law. At a small-town filling station a state trooper pulled up and without a word to anyone circled and examined both Edsels. A second patrol car came up the street and was hailed and halted by our examiner. "Hey, Joe," he said, "come here and look at the new Edsels."

On two occasions the convoy did have specific problems. One of the Edsels began to wander and produce tire squeal with no apparent provocation. We pulled off the main street of a small town, found a service-station hoist and also the trouble. The engineers were irate. Some one of their fellows back in Dearborn had neglected to tighten a sleeve on the tie rod. The front wheels were splaying like a llama's hoofs. At La Junta, Colorado, the carburetor picked rush-hour midtown traffic to stage a mild rebellion. At six o'clock next morning in Colorado Springs and in a pouring rain, Jim, John and Harry found the cause—a little piece of dirt. These things would not have happened on a production-line car, but the convoy cars were still largely handfashioned.

We parked behind restaurants and motels where it was possible. Where it was not, we parked the Edsels facing away from the road and then parked the normal Ford crosswise behind their joint tails, a fairly effective concealment from casual notice, except in the case of the indifferent waitress. She was bored with us at a lunch stop because we arrived too early, but halfway through the meal she suddenly turned attentive and friendly. We learned why after lunch as we prepared to get the convoy on the road. The waitress was there, her eyes shining. So were the manager, the cook and a couple of others who had caught sight of us through the kitchen door.

We owed our stop at that particular Ozark restaurant to Harry's abilities as a prankster. He believed that automobile dealers always know the best eating places in their areas and he had gone into the shop of a competitive make of automobiles and inquired. The dealer had willingly recommended a roadside stop and then, apparently, had watched the stranger leave and had caught sight of our cars. As we wheeled past the dealer's shop the entire personnel of the place was struggling to get through the front door, waving arms and calling on us to stop. It must not have occurred to them that if we did take their lunch recommendation—and we did—they could drive out of town a mile or so and inspect us for an hour. They didn't show up.

The testing we did was not so much a matter of chronicling specific results, although John kept a close log on all aspects of the trip, but rather a simple expression of the intense interest of the engineers in their own baby. The car ahead, particularly after a driver change the first day, might suddenly veer left and swish back with considerable violence. It was only the driver getting the feel of that

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car's stability and response. And once, in a Western state with no open-road limit, the driver then in the lead took a sudden interest in acceleration. The Edsel compression ratio is 10.5 to 1—quite high—and the horsepowers of the two V-8 engines offered are 300 and 345. So when he moved, he moved, reaching 102 miles per hour in one sustained burst. Satisfied, he dropped back to our normal, rather discreet road speed.

On stretches of road which presented various peculiarities, the radio became a chattering party line. Ohio and Indiana occasionally have a form of blacktop with odd swirls and slight ruts running lengthwise of the road. The lead car would check with the others, "Are you getting any wheel pull from these ruts?" Illinois has crosswise repairs that give a washboard effect. The radio would request: "Report on body shake. And how about hood flutter? This production metal on the black car hood is behaving differently from the hand-stamped metal on the last trip. At tonight's stop let's have a look to see if a gusset is indicated."

Weather changes have some influence on a highway trial, but they are welcome since they add variety to the business of judging car behavior. Heavy rains are protective, with pedestrians under umbrellas and drivers preoccupied with vision. But rain in Colorado kept the convoy off Pikes Peak, whose ascent was scheduled principally for vapor-lock tests at high elevation. The entire mountain was shrouded in clouds and cool rain, and no serviceable test results could have been obtained. It was not a great loss, since there were other heights and mountain conditions westward. And at the end of the trip the cars were to go into the company proving grounds at Kingman, Arizona, for high-temperature tests.

It was in Colorado that I left my pleasant engineering companions. The John Does—Bert, Bill, Harry, John and Jim—dropped me at a railroad station. The station looked deserted, with no cars near the door and few people visible inside. I stepped inside the station door in the belief that I was back to normal, no longer a part of a mystery that stirred a wake of curiosity as it moved along.

But not quite. A traveler in a ten-gallon hat tapped me on the shoulder. "Say, pardner," he said, "what kind of cars were them that you just got out of?"

Except for its name and the fact of its being, the Edsel is not new within the Ford organization. Only the decision to make it is as new as 1954. A car for the upper-medium niche had been thought about somewhat before the war, considered more intensely in the immediate postwar era and finally decided upon. The first order was for the engineers to design the basic mechanical package. This led directly to the perennial intramural tug of war between all stylists and all engineers, a tussle that can be summed up in two oft-said sentences.

The engineers look at the style design produced by the stylists and say, "It's beautiful. Where are we going to put the motor?"

The stylists look at the engineering package and say, "Remarkable job. But do we need a new truck in the line?"

Edsel, it is reported, came off very well in this inevitable struggle. Executive engineer Bert Andren, the Bert of our convoy, who is responsible for Edsel engineering, was quite complimentary about the stylists' willingness to adapt the car's costume to its engineering needs. And George Walker, head of all Ford styling activities, was equally happy with the leeway the engineers permitted that section of his styling staff assigned to the Edsel Division.

The result is four series of automobiles that, when viewed against the average beauty of the industry's 1957 models, look rather distinguished. Even allowing for stepped-up styles in the 1958 crop, the Edsel will doubtless attract its share of attention, and in about ten years the Ford Company will know whether the cost of the Edsel introduction, approximately a quarter billion dollars, has been well spent. Will the public respond to it immediately? According to the chief of the new Edsel Division, Richard Krafve, a Minnesotan with a broad car-production background, "The public will tell us quite promptly whether they like the Edsel, and I think they will."

The new car will also destroy some preintroduction rumors. It does not, for example, have a fuel-injection system. The four Edsel series have two bodies and two newly designed engines which are of increased compression ratio, but without radical departures. It does not have pneumatic air springing, although both air and hydraulic springs, particularly air, were seriously considered as late as one month prior to the start of production.

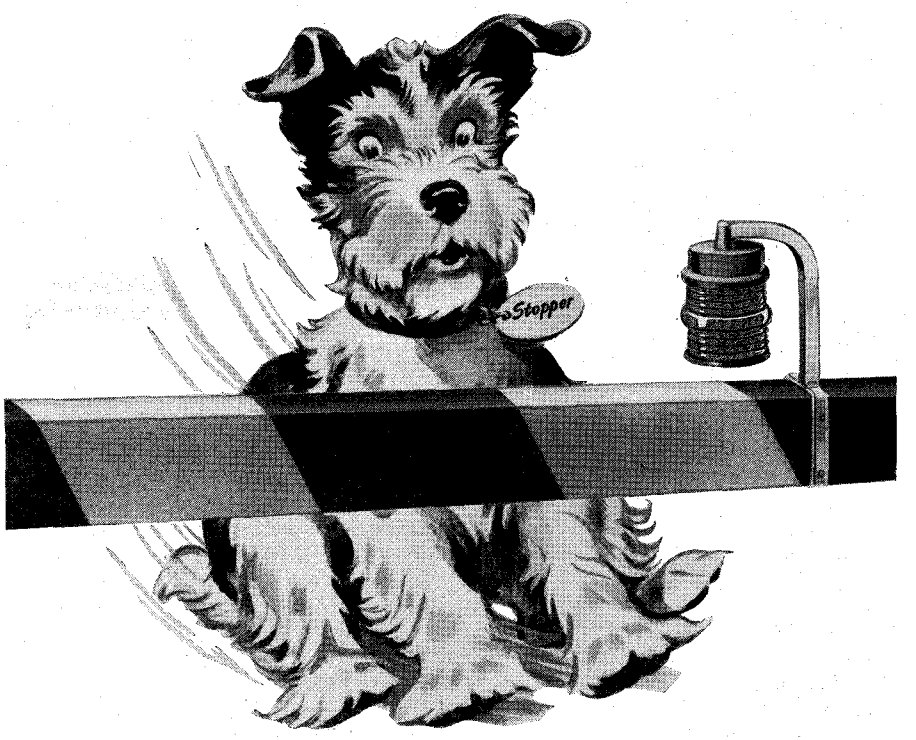
Granting that the Ford organization has the experience and competence for producing a sound new series of cars, there was always the problem of making the first Edsels strongly identify themselves on the highways as a first-time car without doing so in a manner violent enough to frighten the average rather conservative car buyer. This has been achieved principally with a front-end treatment that departs seriously from the bulky horizontal fronts which we have become used to in the last few seasons. Edsel has taken a steep jump to a vertical-front-end design of faintly European cast. The central radiator ornamentation is an up-and-down design of concentric square-shouldered ovals. It is undeniably different and reactions to it may vary. I may see it as a classic eleventh-century Norman shield; you may see it as a horse collar.

The rear view is also unusual and will not go unnoticed on the roads. It gets away from the high-fin trend by spreading considerable bulk over flat back fender and deck lines, and ties the taillights into a set of open V's that almost carry the lights clear across the rear end. The lights are, in fact, so much of the total rear end that they extend well into the luggage-compartment lid. When the lid is opened half of the light bars go up with it.

The car had to be low because the times demand that of all cars, and it is. It has a long hood, a Ford roof line, and new, quite comfortable seat contours. Principal interior innovations are the shift-button cluster atop the steering column, inches from the driver's fingers, and a one-knob heat and ventilation control in which servomechanisms do the work of adjusting air flow.

Ford officials don't say so directly, but it is pretty obvious that the Edsel is competitively aimed at Buick and De Soto, which means it will, at the extremes of its range, compete with several other cars, including a couple of Ford's own products. It will be sold by about 1200 exclusive dealers—Dick Krafve reported 5000 applications for dealerships early in May. The customers of these dealers will ultimately declare what its niche shall be. At any rate, this week's debut will clarify things for a freckled young man who viewed the convoy cars at a Midwestern fuel stop. Rather than risk a serious identification which might later prove wrong, he addressed a companion with pseudo self-confidence. "It's a light bomber," he said, "but I can't see how they're going to get it off the ground."

THE END



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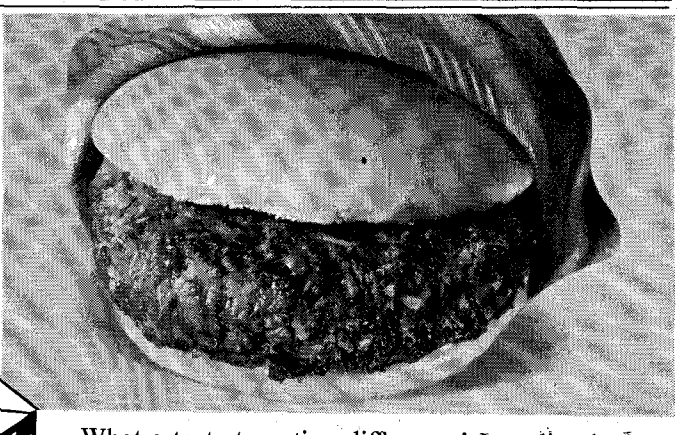

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Marry for Love (Continued from Page 24)

judgment of people in Brooklyn—that lies heavy on my heart. Over and over I have begged Hania to find a husband before I die. But she hasn't found one."

It was out and in front of Rachid. How, Hania wondered helplessly, did one make love come in Brooklyn? Now that she'd been exposed to the ways of Brooklyn, she only wanted to marry for love. She was sure a self-confident American girl could make love happen; American girls managed everything easily—even traveling in those iron monsters, the subways. But how could she, Hania Geha, raised by a Moslem housekeeper in a warm cocoon in Damascus, go about the humiliating business of finding a husband?

Now, she couldn't help bursting out, "*Gidi*, you make it sound as if—no one wants me." And she was reasonably sure someone did want her. Farid Asfoor, a young Arabic-American who'd often taken her out. Two nights before, he'd taken her to a movie and on the way home he'd told her she was the loveliest gem Damascus had ever exported; that she was as unspoiled as a Lebanese mountain stream. She was sure that if she'd been experienced with the ways of men she could have wrung a proposal from him. But she hadn't tried. Was it because she hadn't known how to try, she wondered, or because, deep down, she hadn't been sure she'd wanted to try?

"It's a woman's work to find a good man and then make him want her," her grandfather said.

Hania saw that Rachid was considerately fiddling with his bag, his eyes away from her. "Let's not talk about it any more, *gidi*," she pleaded.

"We will not talk about it, and not talk about it, and then I will be dead and you will be alone in Brooklyn."

She had no more power to stop him than to stop a waterfall.

Rachid's eyes met hers with understanding, as if he felt sorry for her and wanted to end the discussion for her sake. "Don't worry about Hania, Mr. Geha," he said, snapping his bag shut. "Just get stronger so I'll be able to beat you at poker. Now I've got to make more calls."

"Rachid," the old man commanded suddenly, "wait a minute." His tone made Hania apprehensive. "You are a good doctor," the old man told Rachid. "You heal the sick when the sick can be healed. You are kind enough to play poker with an old man. And now you have opened an office on what Americans call shoestrings?"

"I think it's called that," Rachid said.

"Surely," her grandfather persisted, "you could use ten thousand dollars."

Rachid laughed shortly. "Who couldn't?"

"I have set aside ten thousand dollars for Hania's dowry. I will give it to you now if you will marry her. I would rather give it to you and have you take care of her than have someone come along when I am gone and fleece her."

Oh, no! Hania thought, horrified. In Damascus such offers were made and accepted between second and third sips of Turkish coffee, but, with Brooklyn outside, the offer sounded horrible.

Why, in the movie she'd seen with Farid Asfoor, gangsters had forbidden the hero to marry his sweetheart. He'd married her anyway, and how bravely he'd taken the riddling with bullets! It had been worth it, he'd gasped, as he'd died in his girl's arms. Flaming feelings like theirs should cause marriage, not offers of money.

"*Gidi*," she murmured, "Americans don't do things that way."

Rachid was closely watching his patient, as if to see if he were joking. But he was clearly serious. The doctor reddened.

His boyish flush stirred Hania and, to her surprise, evoked startling feelings in her. Rachid had never said a personal word to her, although he had tried to talk her out of her fear of subways. Why was she so serene when he was around and so restless when he wasn't? Why did she listen so eagerly for the bell that heralded his morning calls that somehow had become the champagne moments in her day? Because, she now knew with astounding certainty, she loved this man and wanted to marry him! Love really had come to her in Brooklyn, and now if by some miracle he were to say that of course he wouldn't take money, but since the idea of marrying her had been brought up ——

Then he said calmly, "I'll accept the offer."

He accepted the offer! As if the offer were a new operating table. And surely he'd have been more enthusiastic over an operating table.

"Then it's settled." Her grandfather's voice was warm with relief. "Mr. Erbany, my partner, will give you a check. He has my power of attorney."

"That will be fine," Rachid said.

"You won't regret this, Rachid," the old man said. "I have not worked at my linen business since I have been ill, and Erbany is an up-in-the-clouds businessman, but even he could not hurt my fortune. I estimate it at one hundred thousand dollars after U.S. taxes. Different from shoestrings?"

"Quite different," Rachid said.

"As for Hania"—the old man's voice softened—"perhaps you do not like her now. She may seem useless to one who has mingled with capable American girls. But I think you will get used to her."

"I imagine I will," Rachid said, as animatedly as if the old man had described the operating table.

Hania was fighting tears. By Old World standards she should have been happy. Her grandfather had offered her to a man she'd discovered she loved; the man had accepted the offer. But the bullet-riddled man in the movie had died for love, she thought resentfully. And how coldly Rachid had accepted ten thousand dollars to marry her. "I can't marry Rachid," she stated.

Rachid looked at her carefully with his doctor's eyes. She made sure to keep her hurt from showing.

Her grandfather's face grew very old. "Dolly, don't say no. Your parents are dead; you have no one."

"*Gidi*," she said, "it breaks my heart to hurt you. Although I—I can't marry Rachid, I promise to marry soon." She had no idea how she'd keep the reckless promise, but she vowed she would keep it.

"I can't wait too long," her grandfather said worriedly. He turned to Rachid. "I must take my offer back. Hania doesn't want it. I hope you weren't hurt by her words."

Rachid gave Hania a penetrating look and then said, as coolly as if her refusal had been of candy, "Not at all. I thought the idea a good one. But if Hania doesn't like it ——"

"I don't like it," Hania said, her tears close.

Rachid said politely, "Perhaps, after this embarrassment, you'd like another doctor for your grandfather?"

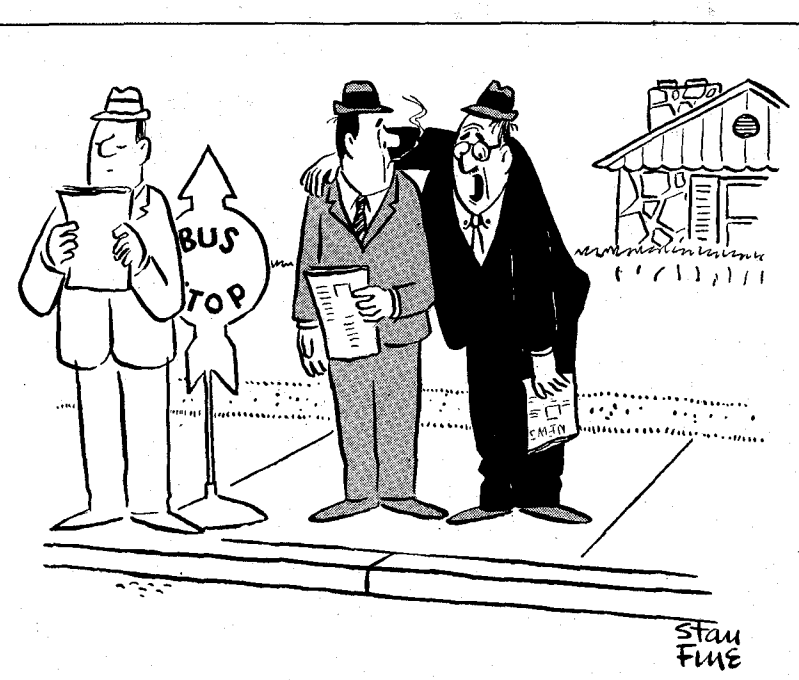
"*Yah Allah*," the old man muttered; "if another doctor comes into this room I promise to die on the spot. Come tomorrow, Rachid."

"I'll be here at ten as usual," Rachid told Hania, "and we won't mention this business again."

As soon as he'd gone she felt the loss, deep and aching. Just after she'd found out how much he'd meant to her she'd lost him—and in this worst possible way. If she could only think of him with respect—but she couldn't. It was excusable for boys at home to be interested in dowries because they didn't know the other way of life. It was not excusable in a Brooklyn-born ex-G.I. Rachid was water-under-the-bridge and it was a good thing she'd-found-out-his-true-colors. Still, she felt like bursting into tears. But she had to make peace with her grandfather first. "Would you like a dish of *leban, gidi*?" The cool yoghurt had been all he'd wanted lately.

But his voice was weak with worry. "What will become of you now, Dolly? All my money is no security for you. You can't take care of yourself; you can't even find your way around Brooklyn alone. You need the security of a good man."

"*Gidi*," she murmured, her voice blurred by tears, "what security is there for any woman with a man who wants her for his own security?"



"How am I? I'm glad you asked that. As you know, since my recent operation . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He didn't answer because he'd fallen asleep.

She sensibly dried her eyes and reached for her basket of needlepoint from under the night table and she began to work on a camel-in-the-desert scene for her grandfather's favorite chair. And she forced her thoughts to Farid Asfoor.

The flame in his eyes, when his eyes had lingered on her face, had been a bit like the burning desire in the eyes of the bullet-riddled young man. Couldn't she prod her feelings for Farid into love? If she could, and if she could make Farid propose, her grandfather would find peace before he died, and she'd partly repay him for having raised her for nineteen of her twenty-one years of life.

She went to her room and called Farid and asked him to come over for dinner that night. To her relief he accepted.

At six sharp he stood in the doorway, a tall, attractive businessman. Through the open door Hania could see his new car parked outside. She felt fluttery about what she hoped to accomplish as she led him to the living-room sofa with its rust-and-gold cushions and antimacassars of fine Damascus lace.

His glance traveled appreciatively from her low-cut green print dress to her toeless shoes. "You look delectable but tired."

She managed a smile. "I've had a hard day."

His eyes were all sympathy. "Your grandfather?"

Impulsively, she decided to tell him what had happened. What more natural way was there to bring up the subject of marriage? It wasn't any bolder than inviting him to dinner had been. "*Gidi* was frightened at the idea of dying and leaving me." She went on shyly, "He asked—someone—to marry me for a ten-thousand-dollar dowry."

His eyes flickered with amusement. "What an archaic practice."

Encouraged, she said, "That's what—I thought."

"And certainly useless in your case. Practically every guy I know would sell house and lot to raise ten thousand to marry you if money were necessary to get you."

How warming those words were. The maid came in with a silver tray holding liquor and the hors d'oeuvres Hania had worked over for hours. As Hania poured arrack into a glass for Farid and then added water until the drink turned smoky, she wondered how to push the subject of marriage into the right channel.

Fortunately, Farid was still on the subject. "Whom did your grandfather make the offer to?"

"I'd rather not say," Hania said, feeling herself blush.

He sipped his arrack. "Of course the fellow told your grandfather he could keep the dowry and disinherit you, too, for all he cared. That you're such a terrific girl it's insulting to offer you and money too. That you don't have to be offered to a guy at all."

The words were so soothing. Even though they weren't being said by precisely the man who should have said them, they were so right. "On the contrary, he accepted the offer," she said.

"He accepted it?" He whistled softly. "Well, I feel sorry for the poor guy. He doesn't know some things are more precious than all the money in the world."

How true. She poured herself some sherry and forced a sip past the lump in her throat.

"As long as we're talking about marriage," Farid said, "why not take me? I know this is as unromantic as the devil, with the tray loaded with food and the maid coming (*Continued on Page 82*)

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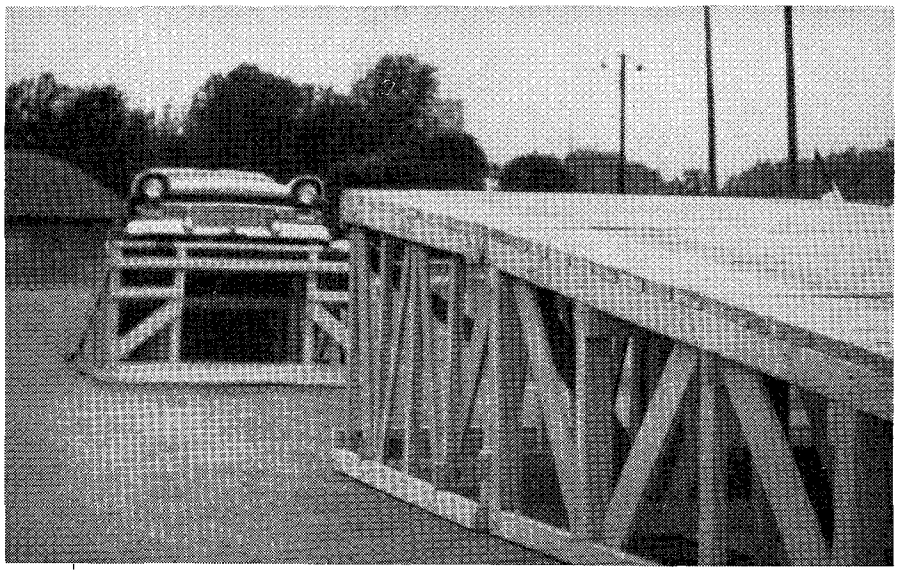

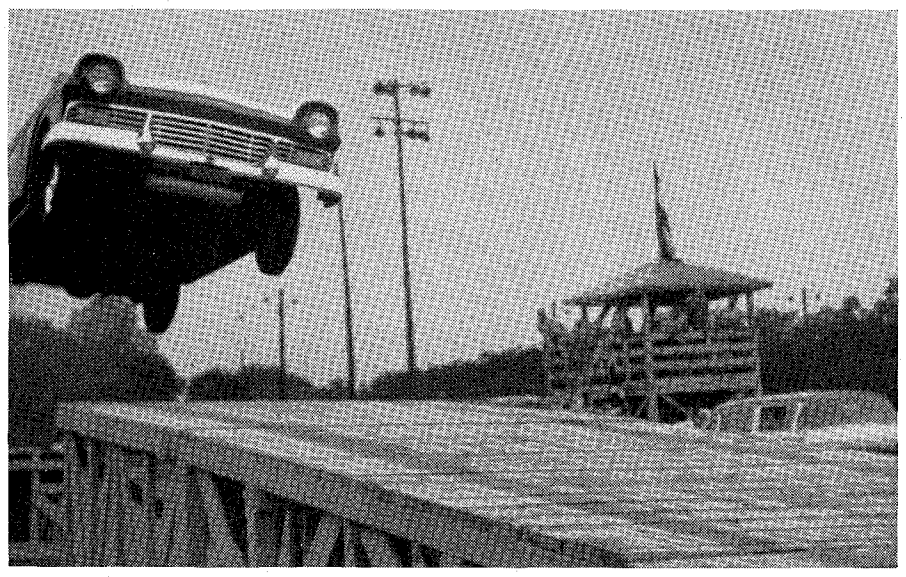

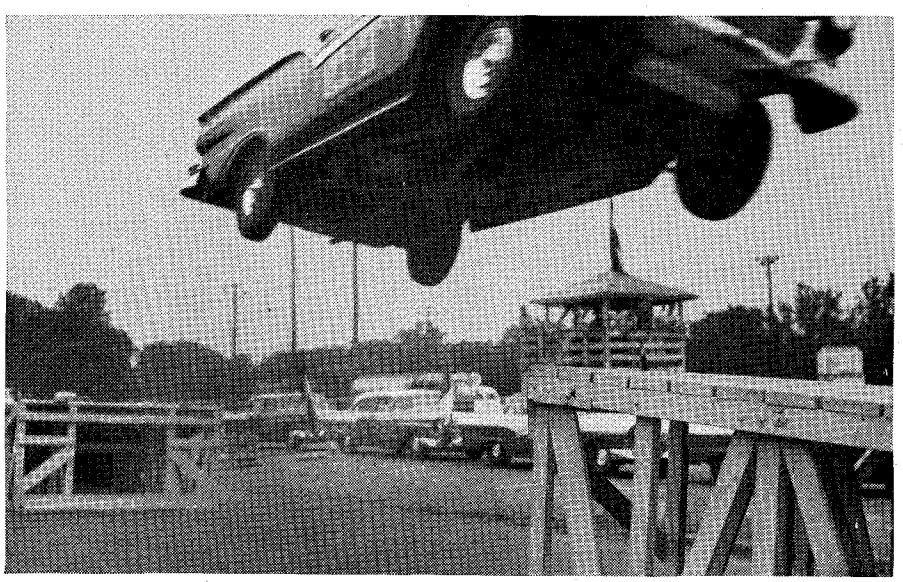

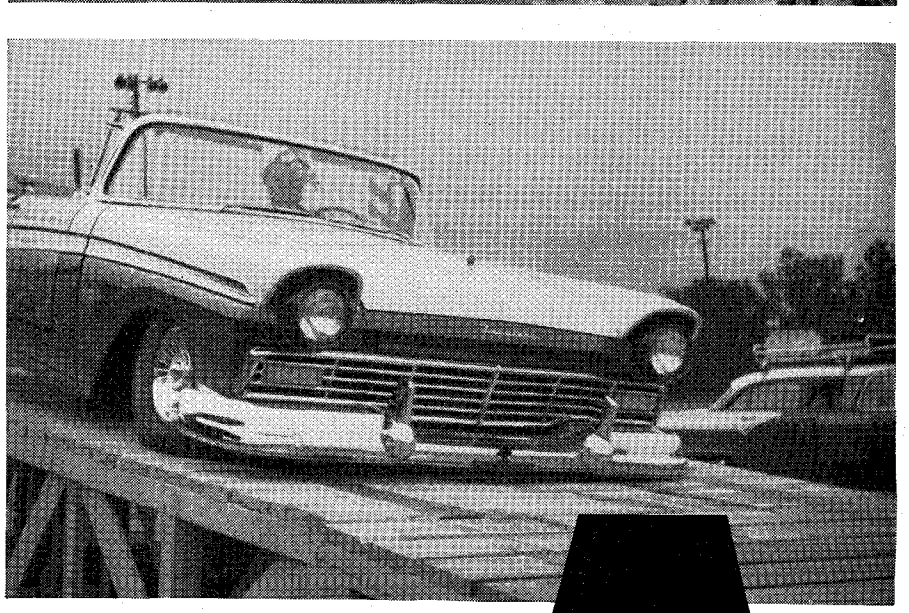

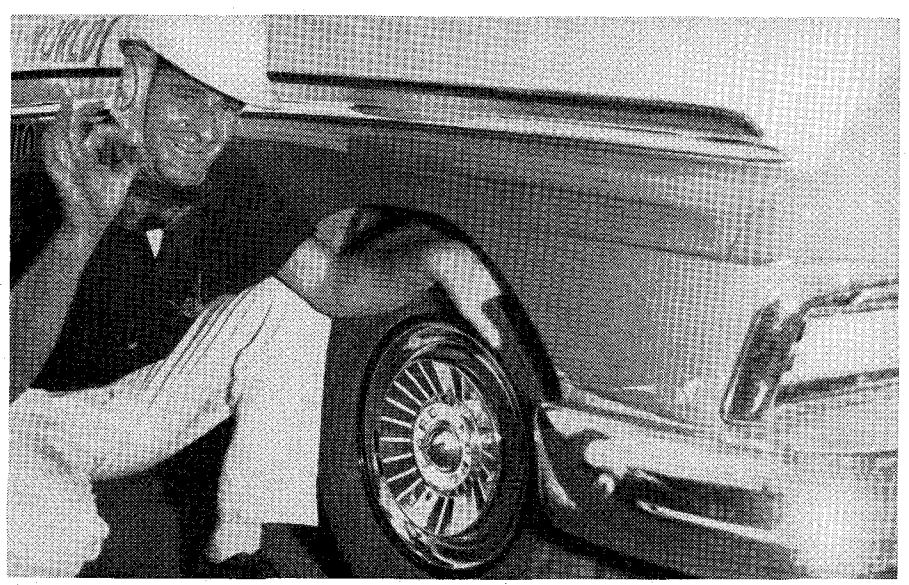

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(*Continued from Page 80*) in and out, but I do love you. For yourself. And if anyone offered me money to take you, I'd knock his block off, not meaning any disrespect to your grandfather."

Just like that. As easy as rolling off a log. Before she could answer, he had her in his arms and he was kissing her as effectively as the movie.

The only trouble was that Hania couldn't respond with quite the ardor of the girl. No matter how she pushed her imagination, Farid's lips were just a man's lips pressed on hers. The room stayed in place; the eggplant hors d'oeuvre on the tray stayed gray-white and was not sprinkled with stardust. Well, maybe the stardust would come with future kisses. And just then the maid came in to announce dinner.

As the maid gasped, Hania said, "We're going to be married."

The maid wished them happiness while Farid fervently pressed Hania's hand.

"Please delay dinner a moment," Hania said to the maid. "We want to tell my grandfather."

They went to her grandfather's room.

"*Gidi*," Hania told him, "good news. You'll see me married soon. To Farid."

Her grandfather gazed at her, and then at Farid, and then back at her. Then he said simply, "Although I do not like this young man as well as Rachid, any man is better than no man in Brooklyn."

To Hania's relief, Farid smiled. Apparently he didn't hold the remark against her grandfather. But since the old man was thoughtful, as if about to say more, Hania hustled Farid out of the room.

"Rachid?" Farid said, as they went down the stairs. "Then he must have made the offer to Rachid Maloof, of course, since Rachid is his doctor."

Hania was sorry he knew.

"You mustn't blame Rachid, darling," Farid said generously. "He rented office space over that store, you know, and he had to buy used equipment. I guess he thought the money would go a long way toward furnishing a new office."

Well, he could furnish his office with someone else's dowry, Hania thought bitterly, as the morning's hurt began rankling again. The thought of his marrying someone else was disturbing, and Hania was furious with herself for being disturbed. In movies, she told herself, newly engaged girls were always in the clouds.

At dinner, she forced herself to smile at her fiancé. In the flickering candlelight his face seemed dramatically pale—gaunt—as he told her how he'd suffered during the past weeks, while he'd tried to work up the nerve to ask her to marry him. He told her how he'd begun to love her years before, when he'd lain in the rice paddies of Korea and dreamed of a girl he hadn't met yet because, of course, the gem hadn't been imported from Damascus at that time. When the maid brought the Turkish coffee, Hania was convinced that if Farid had been approached by gangsters, he would have reacted exactly as the movie hero had.

Then the outside bell tinkled and the maid went to the door.

"I wish you'd have that bell disconnected when I'm around," Farid said seriously. "And the phone. I'm morbidly jealous of everyone who comes near you."

"It's only Mr. Erbany," Hania said, laughing. "He comes every night around this time. He'll go up to see *gidi* and then leave without bothering us."

Mr. Erbany's footsteps could be heard following the maid's up the stairs. But in a short time he was down again and, to Hania's surprise, he was ushered into the dining room.

Hania greeted the bald, elderly man. "Please have some coffee with us."

"I can't." Her grandfather's partner sat down, though. He picked up a spoon and fingered it nervously. "I must talk to you, Miss Hania, before I leave."

Farid stood up obligingly, but Hania said: "You may speak in front of Farid. We're engaged to be married."

"To be married." Mr. Erbany pulled out a handkerchief and mopped his forehead. "I am glad. Very glad for a special reason," Erbany said. He paused and then went on, "You know I have been managing our business since your grandfather has been ill."

"I know," Hania said.

"And, Miss Hania—" he said with difficulty, "my head for business is not as good as your grandfather's. In short, I have put my trust in a certain firm in Irish linens and a certain firm in Puerto Rican linens—and my trust was misplaced." He lowered his head.

"You want to tell me," Hania gently helped him, "that you've lost some money for my grandfather?"

"I mean," Erbany said, "that I've lost everything for your grandfather. I shall not give you the details now. But everything is gone. And if it consoles you at all, for me as well as for your grandfather."

"Everything?" He'd lost money, perhaps. But he couldn't possibly have lost all this. "But even if you used all the money—why, this house alone —— The silver, the furniture, the rugs ——"

"When affairs are settled," Erbany said solemnly, "you'll be lucky if you can keep the clothes you have on."

It couldn't be happening. There was a nightmarish quality about the whole

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thing. Finally Hania said, "At least I have my dowry."

"Miss Hania," Erbany said, "some weeks ago it seemed to me that we could salvage something by the use of that money. So I used it." He muttered, "That, too, is gone."

"You know," Hania said, "that's funny. Because *gidi* offered it to someone this morning."

"He didn't have it to offer," Erbany said. He added: "I can't tell you how sorry I am. Your grandfather always called me a business idiot; said I was only good at convincing the public about the artistry of the cloths. When I got out of the showroom and into the office—I failed."

Hania felt sorry for him. "You are an artist at linens, Mr. Erbany," she said quietly. "And most artists are poor business people. Don't worry. As Americans say, it's only money."

"Thank you for taking it this way," Erbany said. He stood up. "There is only one thing I can do now. I shall hold off ruin until the old man dies and I shall never let him know he is ruined."

"We'll never tell him," Hania promised.

"And so I am glad, Miss Hania, that you are going to be married," Erbany said. "Frankly, if you didn't get married, I don't know what you would do. I know you have never worked. I don't have anything left myself, so I can't help you." And he left the room.

Married. Hania had almost forgotten about that in the past few moments. But how consoling the idea was now. There was Farid, his eyes still lowered, no doubt because he pitied her.

But she didn't pity herself. Oh, she'd be sorry to see all this go—the Haviland china and the silver and the brocade drapes and especially the copper Turkish coffeepot her great-grandmother had used. But how many girls started marriage with less?

"Farid," she said, "I do know how to cook. And although I get lost easily, I can learn to find my way around a supermarket. We'll have fun because it'll be such a challenge."

Farid raised his eyes. Why, he didn't feel sorry for her. There was something else in his eyes. It looked like—but it couldn't be—panic. "I don't think we ought to get married too soon," he said slowly.

"Not too soon?" She was puzzled. "But you just said you couldn't wait."

"We've got to think of—all the angles," Farid said, his face growing haggard. "I make seventy-five dollars a week. I wiped out my whole bank account paying for that new car. I'm just—not in a position to support a wife on seventy-five a week."

She felt chilled. "Lots of American couples manage on less than that. We could."

"You don't understand." He went on desperately: "Most couples start marriage on two salaries these days. If a guy makes seventy-five a week and a girl makes around sixty, it adds up. And most girls your age have worked long enough to have bank accounts themselves. I don't think you know much about the cost of living in this country."

Hania couldn't believe this man with the tight lips was the same one who'd been whispering to her across the candle-lit table. She said levelly, "You said you wouldn't take anything from my grandfather in any case."

"Oh, for pity's sake," he groaned, "I said I wouldn't take money. That it's coarse to accept—money. But the old man's always been so good to you—surely, it wasn't unreasonable to think he might give us a house as a wedding present and ease the burden of rent. Anyway, you were slated to get everything."

"Get out," she said.

"Now, Hania, don't get sore. I didn't say to call it off. I just think we should go slowly. Marriage is a big step."

"I said get out. Now."

"I just want you to see my point," he went on. "To know that the moonlight-and-flowers routine isn't everything."

She rang for the maid. When the maid came, she said, "Please show Mr. Asfoor out."

Hania had a terrible dream that night. She dreamed that Rachid was beating her with a whip made out of her grandfather's *ergile* cord and she'd run away from him, down a mountainous staircase and found Farid at the bottom. She'd turned to him for comfort, but he'd lifted the coffeepot and flung Turkish coffee in her face. Then the dream got all mixed up with Mr. Erbany shaking his head, her grandfather slowly eating *leban* and the maid announcing that dinner was served.

She woke up in a sweat. Then she remembered and knew that reality was as bad as the dream. The night-table clock said seven and so she got up quickly. She knew what she had to do.

After she'd checked on her grandfather, she dressed and then had breakfast. Then, for an hour, she studied the Manhattan classified telephone directory and jotted down names and addresses. Finally she opened her desk drawer and searched its depths for a document she'd hidden in hopes that she'd never have to use it. But she found it—and soon she was studying the bewildering and terrifying thing—a map of the New York subway system.

The next morning, when Rachid came to see her grandfather, she led him to the living room and asked him to sit down.

"I asked you in here because I have something to say to you," she told him efficiently, sitting beside him on the sofa.

After all that had happened, she knew it would be childish to be embarrassed at facing him and she was past childishness. But she was still hurt because he'd accepted the offer. She told him about Erbany's having lost the fortune.

His eyes widened with surprise at the news, but he only said, "I'm sorry to hear that."

"I asked you in here," she went on, "to tell you to go on giving *gidi* the best medical care, no matter what it costs. After what happened the other day I imagine you're interested in your fee." She saw that that hurt him. They were even, then, because he'd surely hurt her. "Your fee will be paid." She added proudly: "I have conquered the subway system. Yesterday I traveled in the B.M.T., the I.R.T. and the Independent, in what they call the rush hour. I went to lingerie firms to see if I could get a job doing fine sewing, since that's all I'm qualified to do. When all is—settled—here, I start work for the Haiks."

His eyes warmed with admiration and amusement. "I want to congratulate you on conquering the subways. For a long time I've hoped you would do it." He paused, as if for some reason he wanted to weigh his next words. Then he said carefully: "I'm proud of you for having gotten the sewing job. But if you don't mind my butting in—I'd rather you didn't take it."

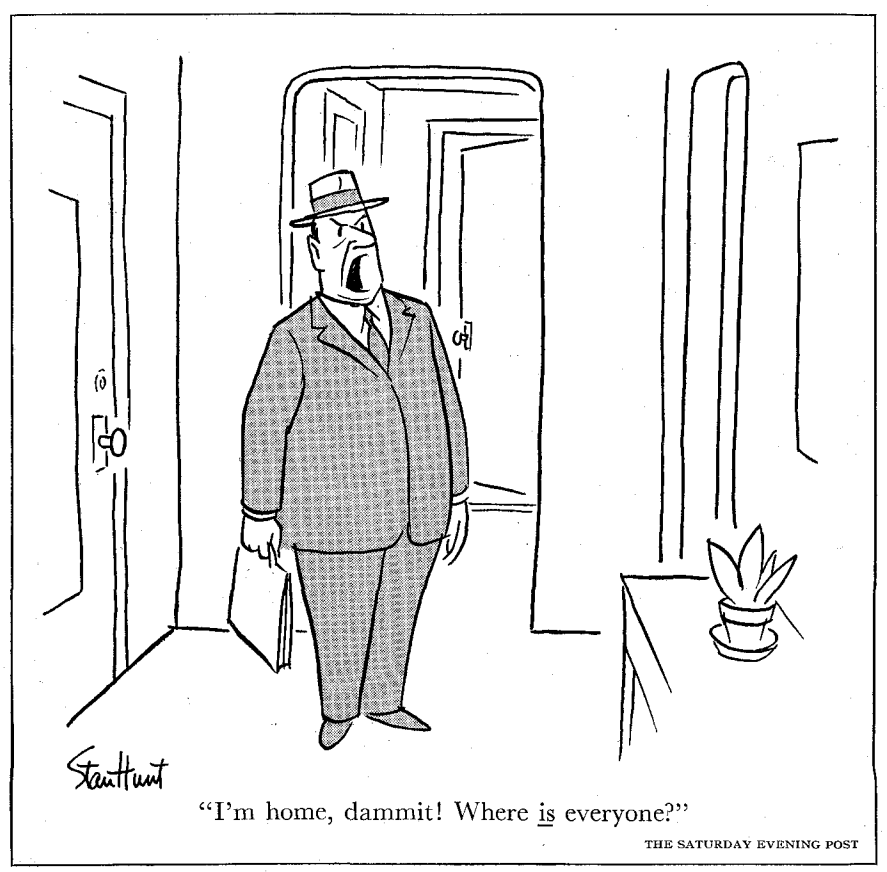
She was astonished. "Why shouldn't I take it?"

He dropped his impersonal mask and his eyes were frankly anxious as they met hers. "Because you look frail to me," he blurted out. "You've never put in an American day's work and you might find it—rugged. I'd rather see you—protected."

She was moved. She'd needed genuine friendship badly since Erbany's announcement, but she'd never expected it to come from Rachid. Maybe she'd misjudged him—a little. "It's—good of you to be concerned about me. But since there's no money left there's nothing I can do but work."

"There is something you can do," he said quietly. "You can marry me." His impersonal tone was gone and in his voice was a glimmer of fire that was as astounding as Farid's unsuspected streak of hardness had been. As she stared speechlessly, he went on: "I don't have many—shoestrings. But I have enough to keep you—protected."

Hania was dazedly watching the stranger before her. The man whose eyes had grown tender and whose voice trembled couldn't possibly be Rachid. It was some time before she brought out tensely, "Rachid, why did you accept *gidi*'s offer?"



"I'm home, dammit! Where is everyone?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He seemed surprised at the question. "Because I love you, of course. For what other reason would I accept such an offer? I've loved you since we met. Every morning, when I came to see your grandfather, the glow from just being near you didn't fade for me for hours. Every night I'd lie awake and wonder how to open the heart of a shy girl—a girl not used to our American way of love."

Rachid couldn't be speaking.

"I was afraid if I approached you in our way I'd offend you and lose you. So when your grandfather made me that offer, it was as if the sun had burst through clouds. He gave me the chance to marry you on the basis you understood—on an Old World basis. I decided to marry you any way I could, and get you to love me later. But you turned me down." He looked away, but not before she'd seen the hurt in his eyes. "I still want to marry you and get you to love me later."

"Oh, Rachid," she cried brokenly, "what makes you think you have to get me to love you?"

"But you said ——"

She flung her arms around him and stopped him with a kiss. His arms came around her, tight, and they kissed again. It was a savage, wonderful kiss and the room whirled and was sprinkled with stardust even though it was morning. She cried hard when it was over and she was held close in his arms.

"Why," he murmured, looking down at her with soft eyes, "you've loved me all the time!"

They went to her grandfather. The old man's face was listless.

"*Gidi*," Hania began radiantly.

Her grandfather jerked himself to a sitting position and stared at them shrewdly. "You have had the sense to pick Rachid."

"How did you know?" Hania asked, startled.

He winked. "When a young girl has no judgment of people, one must make tricks, as Americans say, to stop fleecing. I would rather prevent fleecing while I am alive than have it happen after I am gone."

"Tricks?" Hania echoed. Then she saw his wise old eyes and she knew. "*Gidi!*" she chided him. "You and Mr. Erbany ——"

"I am near my grave," the old man said, "but not in it. Even if I were in it I could keep that business idiot from throwing away my money. Now you know what makes Erbany so convincing in the showroom."

Convincing was the word, Hania thought, remembering Erbany's seemingly guilt-ridden face and sorrowful eyes. What a bad time the old man and Erbany had put her through. But love had prompted the trick and the trick had had such glorious results. She felt absurdly happy because she'd be able to keep her great-grandmother's coffeepot.

Rachid was laughing. "You didn't lose your money?"

"In the past day," the old man said solemnly, "I have grown richer. I have seen to that."

One thing puzzled Hania. "*Gidi*, if it was all your idea, why did Mr. Erbany say we weren't to tell you ——"

"Also my idea," the old man said promptly, "If you thought I knew, you would have asked me what to do. I wanted you to stand on your feet, as the Americans say, while I am alive."

Then Hania knew, for the first time, that she had stood on her feet. "Why, I did," she murmured. "I even conquered the subways."

"*Yah Allah*," her grandfather breathed, lying back contentedly: "You have picked Rachid and you have conquered the subways. Now I can die happily, even in Brooklyn." THE END

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Listen, Doctor! (Continued from Page 34)

vomiting had stopped, and in twelve hours the little girl was declared out of danger. A few weeks later she was apparently cured.

"I suppose I should have known about the disease," the doctor said afterward. "It had all been reported in a medical journal. It had been described at a medical convention. But I was too busy with my patients to go to the convention, and I didn't have a chance even to read the journal."

A similarly taped medical report, prepared by a remarkably enterprising group of workers in Los Angeles, was used with equal effect on a patient being treated in a New England town.

"This poor woman wasn't dying," her physician said. "She just wished she were dead. She had a weird, terrifying anxiety that wasn't controlled by any standard psychiatric treatment. Her husband was afraid she would kill herself."

One morning while the doctor was shaving—practically the only time of day when he was not coping with patients or telephone calls—he turned on a new tape and heard the reports on mental patients treated successfully with an odd native remedy imported from India, a remedy later used in this country under the name of Rauwolfia.

"My patient and her husband both thought I was a little odd myself when I suggested such an exotic drug," he said. "But I made them listen to the tape themselves. They agreed to let me try. We got some of the medicine and tried it, and it worked brilliantly."

Other physicians have adopted the custom of listening to the new tapes regularly at their breakfast tables, or in hospital dining rooms. One North Dakota doctor carries his tape recorder in his airplane. A Utah surgeon takes his recorder on fishing trips and listens to new advances in surgery while he ties trout flies at night in his Snake River fishing lodge. Groups of doctors listen together in American military hospitals in Germany and Japan, in medical outposts in the Aleutians and the South Pacific, in oil-refinery hospitals in Saudi Arabia and Venezuela, and in medical-mission stations in the Belgian Congo and Ghana.

"This new kind of medical education," state the editors of one distinguished medical journal, "could easily become the most important form of postgraduate training within the next decade."

Known simply as Audio-Digest, this form of keeping doctors up-to-date is aimed at smashing what has become one of the most dangerous bottlenecks in modern medicine—the inability of physicians to keep up with the almost incredible flood of new medical discoveries. Medical advances are now being reported in the staggering total of some 6000 different technical journals every month.

It has been noted by various critics that not all these technical reports are worth reading. Some of the articles are highly unscientific, repetitive, outmoded or pure medical gobbledygook. It has also been noted that some physicians who bitterly bewail their lack of time to study are likely to be making such complaints while playing bridge, pursuing a golf ball or checking the action at European ski resorts. But even those doctors who sincerely want to keep up-to-date have been facing an impossible situation.

"No practicing physician can find the time to read even one per cent of these reports," a medical official stated a few years ago. "The busier the doctor, the less are his chances to keep up with medical progress. Accordingly, it is inevitable that he will fail to save some patients even though the cure for their disease may have been announced—somewhere, by somebody—many months before."

Major credit for finding a solution to this deadly problem goes to a tall, slim public-speaking instructor, radio announcer, avocado grower and onetime airline pilot named Jerry Pettis, now public-relations counsel of the Los Angeles County Medical Association and the American Medical Association. Late one afternoon in 1951, shortly after he had gone to work for the California Medical Association, he visited the offices of one of the busiest and most successful physicians in California.

"Be with you in two minutes," said the doctor. "I've got one more patient in the examining room. Sit over there at my desk and make yourself comfortable."

Nearly an hour later the doctor came back into the office. "That took a little longer than I expected," he said. "Now let's get out of here and pick up a sandwich. I have to be at the hospital in twenty minutes."

"Wait a moment," said Pettis.

He pointed to a towering stack of magazines on the desk—medical journals, surgical journals, special journals on allergy, hormones, arthritis and heart disease, and even journals which condensed the articles in other journals. Some dated back six months or more. Many had obviously never been opened.

"That's a mighty imposing file of literature," he said. "When do you read it?"

The doctor shook his head. "It's tough," he said. "I keep hoping I'll find time to catch up one of these days. But whenever I think I've found a few extra minutes, there's another patient or another consultation or another committee meeting or—well, that's the practice of medicine for you."

"What do other men do?"

"Most of us are in the same boat." And he added, "Jerry, if anybody could lick this one for us, it'd be as good as discovering a couple of more wonder drugs."

In the next few months, working nights and weekends, Pettis attacked the problem. He wrote to nearly 100 physicians and asked them, "When do you have time to yourself?" A few answered, "Never!" and one doctor retorted, "How can I have any spare time when I have to reply to damfool questions like this?" But some said, "At breakfast," "In the bathroom," or, "In bed, when I'm too tired to read," while several said, "In my car, on the way to the office."

The ex-pilot was intrigued by that last answer. "That's where we'll start," he told his wife, Shirley. "We've got to get a tape recorder that'll work in a doctor's automobile, and then make tape recordings of the most important medical reports every week."

The Pettises first presented their idea to one of their friends, Dr. Robert L. Marsh, a Glendale surgeon. "It's marvelous," he said. "It might even work. Sure, I'll help with it." Next they enlisted Claron Oakley, a young science writer, to write and narrate the scripts and eventually to serve as editor. Oakley had a pleasing voice and a familiarity with medical terms, and, in addition, was willing to gamble time and energy on the new project. "He sounds like a doctor," one physician said later, "and not like some actor reading a television commercial."

Then they looked for a recording studio. "This posed a few difficulties," Pettis recalls. "We didn't have enough money to rent a regular commercial studio. Luckily we were able to borrow the studio of a local radio preacher."

Thereafter, for some weeks, the studio was utilized on Sundays for messages on the saving of souls, and on the rest of the week for instructions on the saving of tonsils, spleens, gall bladders and other portions of the body.

At the same time, work commenced on adapting a standard tape-recording machine and converter for use in a car. It quickly appeared that none of the available commercial models could work properly from the battery in a moving automobile. When the car accelerated, slowed to a stop or bounced across a bump in the road, the sound from the machine would be garbled by strange wheezes, squawks and outright screeches. This problem was solved by a new converter modified by the second tenor in the radio preacher's church quartet who happened to be an electronics engineer.

Some consideration was given to the possibility that a physician driving his car while engrossed in one of these tape recordings—for example, on the surgical repair of automobile-accident victims—might himself become a menace to highway safety. It was decided, however, that listening to such a program would not be much more dangerous than listening to a rock-and-roll program on the car radio.

Finally, to manufacture copies of the first trial tapes, Pettis took on Clifford Whenmouth, a former sound engineer for an Australian tape-recording company. Whenmouth made the duplicates in his own living room after his wife and children had gone to bed, working from midnight until dawn. It was slow work—in those days it took one hour to duplicate an hour's tape—but by March, 1953, the first tapes were ready for demonstration.

These first recordings were presented at a small medical meeting in Los Angeles. The results were hardly exciting.

"We got thirty-six doctors to agree to subscribe for one tape a week for a year," Pettis said. "It wasn't enough for us to break even, but we were sure we had something."

Officials of the California Medical Association, quietly watching these early developments, (*Continued on Page 86*)

Can You Name This Star?

Brooklyn-born Edythe Marrener, of Swedish-Irish-French descent, grew up to model for artists and photographers. She posed for a Saturday Evening Post cover that a movie producer admired. That led to a Hollywood screen test—which, for a time, seemed to lead nowhere. Later, however, she was cast opposite Gary Cooper in Beau Geste. Soon established as a star, the little redhead made screen hits in I'll Cry Tomorrow, The Conqueror, Top-Secret Affair and others. A winsome five feet three and a half and 112 pounds, she married a second time this year after her first marriage ended in divorce. Can you name her?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:

Susan Hayward

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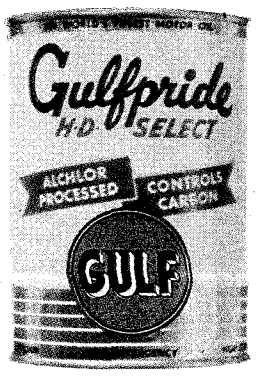

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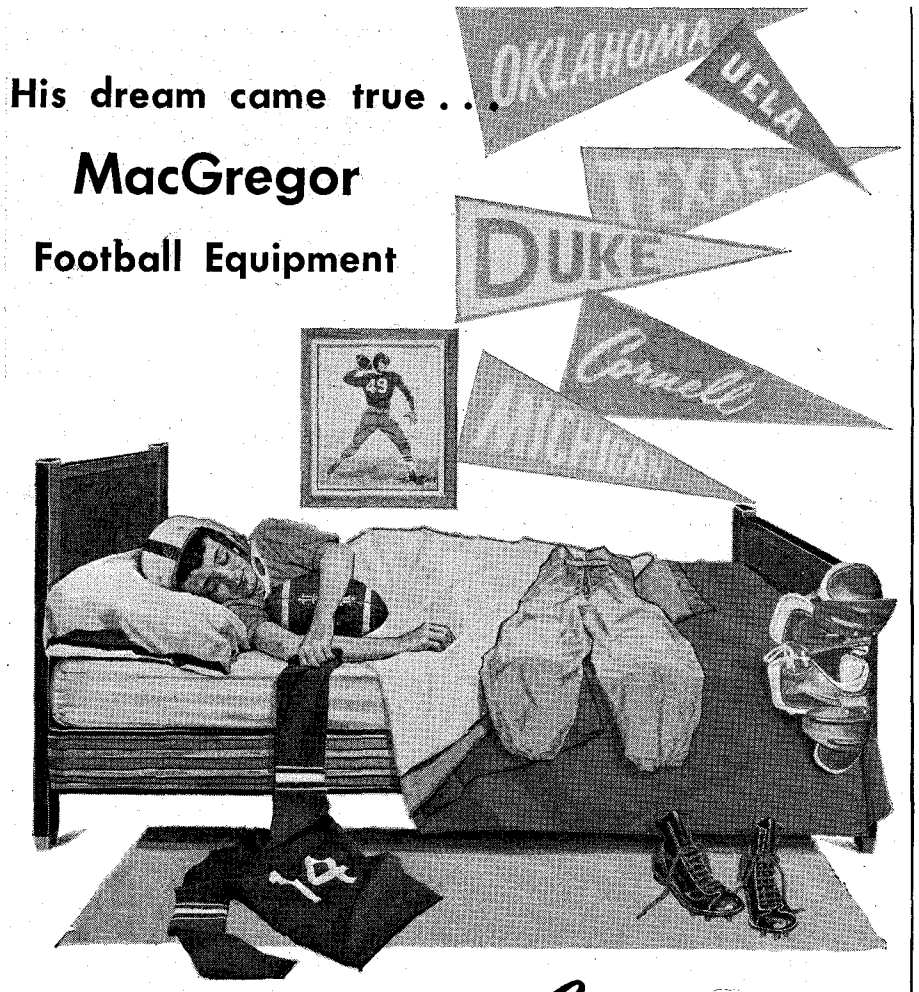

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(*Continued from Page 84*) likewise felt that Pettis had something. Late in 1953, they made arrangements to take over the program, setting up the Audio-Digest Foundation under Dr. Edward C. Rosenow, Jr., of Los Angeles, head of the C.M.A.'s post-graduate-education department. Under the new plan, Pettis served as the producer and directed the mechanics of preparing the tapes as selected by the medical men. All profits were to be turned over to the support of the nation's medical schools.

In a few months, due in large part to Doctor Rosenow's co-operation and influence among his fellow doctors, the prospects seemed to be somewhat brighter. Distinguished medical leaders at Harvard, Ohio State, the Mayo Clinic, the Lahey Clinic and other medical centers agreed to serve as a nationwide board of editors. Among these leaders was Maj. Gen. Silas B. Hays, soon to be named Surgeon General of the Army.

"You're darn right I'll help!" said General Hays. "Our doctors out in Guam aren't getting the latest information they want. We need this stuff in Tokyo and Nuremberg. The Air Force and the Navy will certainly want it. You get busy and produce those tapes. We'll buy them."

The ice had finally broken. Orders for the new tapes came pouring in, and Pettis and his co-workers—now with the full backing of the medical societies—began to produce them. They started with approximately 600 medical journals a month, written in English, French, German, Italian and other languages—the journals considered to be the most valuable among the world's medical publications. From these they selected the scientific articles which would presumably be of most use to practicing physicians. Final selection was made by Doctor Rosenow, on the advice of his committee of medical authorities. Each of these articles was then translated, if necessary, condensed by a trained writer, checked for accuracy by a medical expert and finally recorded.

Along with these article digests were recordings of special medical-school lectures on new drugs and surgical techniques, panel discussions on such controversial topics as the treatment of stomach ulcers or the prevention of heart disease, and even up-to-the-minute accounts of new discoveries announced at medical conventions.

"We could move so fast," says Pettis, "that when an important new discovery came without warning, we could report it through Audio-Digest many days or even weeks before the official reports came out in the medical journals."

One vital step in getting this speed was the use of new electronic duplicating devices, which now make it possible to make ten high-fidelity copies of a one-hour sound track in less than two minutes.

Another important advance came when Audio-Digest augmented the original series of weekly tape recordings, intended for doctors in general practice, with four biweekly series designed for specialists in internal medicine, surgery, obstetrics and gynecology, and pediatrics. Each tape, costing the subscriber $2.75 for a one-hour program, remained the property of the doctor and could be filed in his tape collection. By using an index accompanying each reel of tape, and an indicator on the recording machine, he could listen to the whole program or to any portion he desired. The doctor could use his own home tape-recording device or purchase a special machine costing as little as fifty dollars.

By last year it was abundantly clear that Audio-Digest had made good. With almost 4000 subscribers, it was estimated that the reports were being heard each week by between 15,000 and 20,000 doctors, ranging from top specialists in the greatest medical centers to general practitioners working in the most remote areas of the world. A number of county medical societies are purchasing the tapes as a free service for their members, who borrow them like library books or use them in the society's reading rooms.

Interestingly, it was observed, the new tapes were found to be serving as an aid rather than as a competitor to the standard medical journals. Alerted by Audio-Digest reports, physicians were turning to the appropriate journal for a complete account of the discoveries which concerned their patients. Many a physician gave credit to the recordings for letting him rediscover the pleasures of reading. Accordingly, medical editors from coast to coast were almost unanimous in praising Audio-Digest as a major advance in medical education.

Perhaps the finest tribute, however, was paid by a physician practicing alone in an isolated lumber town in Northern California. "For the first time in twenty-three years," he said, "I feel that once again I'm practicing modern medicine and giving my patients the best that modern research can offer. I thank you and, more important, my patients thank you."

THE END

"—so I used my overlapping grip, assumed a slightly open stance, took a full pivot and wrapped the darn club around a birch tree!"

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Secrets of the Unknown War

(Continued from Page 30)

south. Scoresby Sound's people depended for their food and livelihood on hunting journeys, and hunters in the distance on their sledges could not be distinguished from attackers. Poulsen's fighting force consisted of five men with rifles: himself, Ziebell, Kurt Olsen, Peter Nielsen and Henry Rudi; and even of these, Henry Rudi's position was rather equivocal. He had signed on as a civilian in the sledge patrol, but when the patrol had been converted into the Greenland army nobody had asked Rudi if he wanted to join it. Rudi was Norwegian. Poulsen knew he had some doubt, which was more than justifiable, whether he ought to be serving in time of war in a foreign army. Henry was also the man whose arctic trust of all his fellow men was most deeply a part of his character, perhaps because he had been in the arctic much longer than the others. Certainly, after the burning of Eskimoness and the news of Eli Knudsen's death at the hands of the Germans, his trust had been shaken, but he would probably still have found it hard to aim his gun at a fellow man and fire it. Poulsen had to rank Henry halfway between the rest of his companions and the Eskimos.

By the end of May, the thaw would have started, and for most of June, when the fjord ice was turning to slush and the land was under flood, nobody would be able to threaten the village except by air; and what happened in July, when the seas were open, was too distant to worry about. Another hard fact was that although the sledge patrol had been sent back to Scoresby Sound to defend it, any active defense would have to take place outside it. A gun battle in among the houses would be certain to kill more Eskimos than Germans, and would give the Danes no chance to make use of their only kinds of superiority, a knowledge of the country and a knowledge of sledges and dogs.

The ideal defense position, they reckoned, was right up in King Oscar's Fjord, beyond the place where the possible routes to Scoresby Sound divided. They also decided to make one last appeal to the Americans to send over an aircraft and drop them a machine gun.

Poulsen decided to lead the somewhat forlorn expedition himself, and to take Ziebell, Kurt Olsen and two Eskimos with him, leaving Henry Rudi and Peter Nielsen to encourage the Scoresby Sound people and help them to build themselves new shelters. But before they could start the weather broke and made travel impossible. On the whole, this storm was welcome. It did nothing to soothe the fears of the Eskimos, but each day of impassable storm was one day nearer the finally impassable thaw.

The weather began to clear on the ninth of May, and on the tenth Poulsen was on the way up Hurry Inlet, with his four sledges close behind him. At the head of the inlet there is a hut. They stopped a couple of miles away and looked at it through glasses; there were sledges and dogs outside it. These could only be sledges from the north, and so they surrounded the hut at a distance and approached it cautiously. Poulsen half expecting some trap, crept right up to the house, trigger-conscious, before the dogs woke up and howled at him in furious alarm. Then the door opened and two sleepy but apprehensive men peered out—the missing Akre brothers.

They had one important piece of news. After they had found Poulsen's notes in the huts round Sofia Sound, they had come south without stopping at Ella Island, but they had crossed a lot of fresh sledge tracks which led toward it. Working it out, there was only one answer: the tracks were German. This news and the acquisition of two more rifles made Poulsen change his plans. He sent Ziebell and Olsen on, with the portable transmitter they had brought from Ella Island, to establish the outpost somewhere in Carlsberg Fjord. Poulsen went back to Scoresby Sound with the two newcomers to report to Eske Brun, the colonial governor of Greenland, and to try to organize a second line of defense.

Two days later, things came to a crisis. Kurt Olsen and Ziebell had got to Carlsberg Fjord and had been in communication with Scoresby Sound radio. They had pitched the tent at a place where they had a good view to the northward, but Kurt reported that the weather was getting foggy. Then, suddenly, his transmitter went off the air.

Poulsen waited for news with some anxiety while they tried to make radio contact again. It was likely enough that Kurt's sudden silence meant nothing worse than a fault in the portable transmitter, but it might have meant, also, a German attack.

While he waited, Poulsen got a confusing report from a young Eskimo hunter and the assistant priest of the settlement. They had just come back from Hurry Inlet. They had seen two men in the hut there, one of them in uniform. The priest had spoken to one of them, who said his name was Marius Jensen, but the Eskimo had not been able to understand him very well. There were at least nineteen dogs, the Eskimos said, and four pairs of skis and one sledge.

The significance of nineteen dogs and one sledge was the crux of this story. Twelve dogs was the maximum which would be used with one sledge, and eight or ten was more usual. Therefore from seven to eleven spare dogs had been seen. Other sledges must have been away somewhere, each with only a part of its team. The report suggested to Poulsen a force at the very least of five or six men. There was only one conclusion: that the Germans who had been at Ella Island and captured it without a fight were now aiming at Scoresby Sound.

The sledge patrol went out to meet them: Poulsen, Peter, Henry and the Akre brothers. As they drove westward out of Scoresby Sound, Poulsen looked back beyond the little houses, and there, rolling in swiftly from the open sea, he saw the fog—the fog which had blinded his outpost at Carlsberg Fjord and let the Germans past. Poulsen saw looming in it his ultimate defeat, for his last hope had been to ambush the German forces at the mouth of Hurry Inlet, but now, if the fog came in and filled the inlet, he would hardly have the slightest chance of seeing them. There was a moment then when everything seemed lost.

Unexpectedly, sledges came hurrying out to intercept Poulsen, from the last houses in the settlement. Their Eskimo drivers called him to come in. Two strangers had arrived with only eight dogs. The hunter's and the priest's imaginations had added eleven more. The man called Jensen, the Eskimos said, was little, but he must be very strong. He must have been beating the tall man, because he was crying. Poulsen followed them in, quite unable to imagine what he would find.

There was Marius with his sledge, and another man, a stranger.

"Marius!" Poulsen said. "Who's that?"

"My prisoner," Marius said. They were men of few words.

The tall man, Lt. Hermann Ritter, commander of the German expedition to Northeast Greenland, had been tearing the medals and distinctions off his uniform and now he was sitting with his face buried in his hands.

It took Poulsen a very long time to gather the story of Marius' escape, but even the few facts which Marius could bring himself to put into words were enough to suggest he had made a rather remarkable journey; for he had left Sabine Island on April fifth and got to Scoresby Sound on May thirteenth, and he had traveled on every day of those five and a half weeks, and covered a distance of about 800 miles, mostly with Ritter, but partly alone.

After Marius' escape from Ritter and at the end of his ninety-mile dash to Ella Island, when he had found that the sledge patrol had gone south, the obvious thing for him to do was to follow them and waste no time about it. The Nazi, Schmidt, and his squad were only a day or two behind him. But Marius went back to Mosquito Bay, instead, to see what had happened to Ritter.

When Poulsen asked Marius why, he replied with an amiable grin, "Because I knew you'd ask such a hell of a lot of questions. I thought I'd better get Ritter to answer them." And for years afterward, there the matter rested.

Marius was not simply being obstinate; the fact was that he hardly knew why he had done it himself. Poulsen's probing had forced him to delve in his own mind, and Marius had glimpsed the truth and covered it up again: for, although he did not care to reveal his emotions, he had gone back out of simple kindness. Also, in wartime, it is hard to say in so many words that one likes the enemies' commander.

Marius had already traveled a long way with Ritter, man to man. Ritter had treated him fairly and decently. By all arctic standards, Marius felt he had played Ritter a dirty trick by leaving him; Marius was afraid Ritter might not know how to look after himself, now that he was alone, and that he might die at Mosquito Bay. Marius did not stop to think much about the risk to himself,

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

All the people mentioned in the story, except the Eskimos, have left the arctic. Poulsen and Carlos Ziebell, the leaders of the sledge patrol, are both officers in the Danish Army and live near Copenhagen. Kurt Olsen lives near them; he is a navigator in the Scandinavian Airlines System. Eske Brun is now in Copenhagen, as head of the Greenland Ministry of the Danish Government. Marius Jensen has his own farm in Zealand. Henry Rudi has retired from hunting and now lives in the north of Norway. Peter Nielsen has emigrated to Canada. Hermann Ritter's home is now in Austria. He has been working recently as an officer in the Swedish merchant marine.

—The Editors

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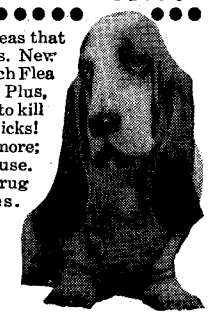

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which was tremendous; he just set off to help a man who might be in difficulties.

Five days after he had left Mosquito Bay, Marius was back there again. Ritter, seeing the sledge approaching, had not really been surprised; he was almost beyond surprise. In the solitude of the house, his mind had faded into a kind of half-deliberate daydream which excluded all thoughts of war. He had been thinking only of his family and of peaceful arctic things.

But Marius roused him. As he came in at the door, he just said, "Get your clothes on. We're going south." Within a few minutes they were away again, but before they went, Marius asked Ritter to promise not to give him any trouble, and Ritter, still bewildered, said he would. So began the most curious journey recorded in the arctic; for Marius had to escort the enemy commander alone for 290 miles, through territory which the enemy, if anyone, controlled. It took him fifteen days.

Could Ritter have escaped? The literal answer must be that he could. Marius took all the precautions he could think of to prevent it, but of course there were moments, especially in the first few days and nights, when Ritter could have taken Marius unawares and got the rifle back. Those chances could not be avoided. But Marius had tied his prisoner with a subtler bond. Ritter understood that Marius had risked his own life and his own freedom to come back and look after him; so that Marius had shown him at last that the old arctic principles of conduct were still alive. It was Marius' achievement not that he cowed his prisoner into going quietly, but that he showed him just by being himself, an example which made his prisoner unable to raise a hand against him.

So they traveled in a kind of unspoken truce. The danger for Marius all through the first few days was not from Ritter at all; it was from Schmidt. By the time Marius got back to Mosquito Bay, Schmidt and the four other men might just about be expected to have got to Ella Island. There was absolutely no way of guessing how long they would stay there when they found the place deserted. Above all, Marius could not tell whether the Germans would go back by the way they had come or try the short cut through Sofia Sound themselves. So, day after day, he had to expect to meet them face to face.

They passed Ella Island without being challenged by the Germans, and after that every mile they traveled made them safer, and every mile made the idea that Ritter might escape seem more remote. One night, in one of the huts down in King Oscar's Fjord, Ritter said, "Well, the war's finished now for me." After that, they were not a prisoner and an escort any more; they were just two travelers. All that either of them wanted was to get to Scoresby Sound and get the journey over.

A bare report of what Marius had done was transmitted to Eske Brun, and eventually traveled to the British and American high commands. Somewhere, somebody added to it a strictly military motive for Marius' gallant action. He was promoted to sergeant in the Greenland army and awarded the British Empire Medal and the United States Legion of Merit. No medals are awarded for simple human kindness.

Ritter and Poulsen, as was only to be expected, treated each other at first with reserve and suspicion. The Danish prisoners had been looked after well enough in Sabine Island, and Poulsen made things as comfortable as he could for Ritter in return. But Ritter refused to give Poulsen any military information. Poulsen imagined that a German officer's idea of duty might make him try to do some damage in Scoresby Sound, and especially perhaps to sabotage the radio station; so he kept him strictly under guard. It was a nuisance. The capture of Ritter, so far as Poulsen could tell, had not ended the chances of attack. On the contrary, the Germans now had an extra reason for coming to Scoresby Sound: to rescue their commander. For the first time, the whole of the sledge patrol was gathered together, except its one dead man, but that meant only eight rifles, and guarding the prisoner day and night took two of them.

Still, Marius' successful coup had put new spirit into all the sledge patrol. Their blood was up. They had never liked the retreat from Ella Island, and now it seemed a feeble policy to sit in Scoresby Sound and wait for the thaw. They began to talk of going back to Ella Island. The idea was put up to the government, and Eske Brun, never a man for retreat, agreed at once.

By then, there was not much time to waste. It was past the middle of May, and they could not depend on much more than a fortnight of sledging. The journey to Ella would have to be a journey without a retreat; for if they got to the station and found the Germans in possession and failed to turn them out, it would probably be too late to get back to Scoresby Sound—the ice would have melted behind them.

Ziebell, Kurt Olsen and Marius were chosen for the Ella expedition. Exactly a week after Marius had come in at the end of his marathon journey, he started again for the north with these two new companions. The sledge patrol had taken the initiative at last.

It was only a few days after they had gone that Poulsen received the very first sign that anyone in the outside world, except Eske Brun, was interested in his private war. A signal came to warn him to expect a friendly aircraft, and soon afterward an American bomber zoomed over Scoresby Sound and threw out a container attached to a parachute. Poulsen unpacked it and found four machine guns. At once he sent a signal to the Ella expedition to tell them to wait where they were, and he sent two Eskimo volunteers after them with a gun and ammunition.

Four days later, the Eskimo sledges were back, still carrying the machine gun. North of the head of Hurry Inlet, the rivers were running. The thaw had begun and the sledge route was impassable. Scoresby Sound was cut off from the rest of the coast. The guns had arrived when it was just too late to matter.

Poulsen, sitting impotently now in Scoresby Sound, was relieved to hear, on the second of June, that Ziebell's force had got to Ella Island and reoccupied the house without any opposition. For a long time he heard no more than that. Kurt Olsen had taken the emergency transmitter with him, but the sledge had been loaded up with camping gear for a whole summer, and they had had to cut down on radio batteries and agree only to exchange essential signals.

Ziebell and Marius and Kurt Olsen, ten days out from Scoresby Sound, had made a wary approach toward Ella Island. The house looked exactly the same as ever. The shutters were closed and there was no sign of life. After they had watched it for long enough, Ziebell told Kurt and Marius to stay there and cover him while he advanced.

As soon as the dogs saw the house ahead of them, they took charge and began to gallop gaily in toward it. Halfway there, Ziebell saw that outside the house there were over a dozen rifles standing in a row, stacked in threes in orderly parade-ground fashion. And then he saw something else: in the shadow of the doorway a man in uniform was staring out to sea.

Frantically, he tried to turn his dogs and get away again, but they took no notice of his shouts or his whip and bounded straight on toward the house. Still nothing happened. The house was silent, the man stood like a statue. The dogs swept right up to the door, and then Ziebell saw that he had been looking at a dummy stuffed with straw. The rifles were an old Danish pattern which had been obsolete for years and had been left in the loft at Ella because nobody had any ammunition for them.

Ziebell signaled to the others to come up, and then went in. The eight-day clock was ticking. On the stove was a pot of stew which was beginning to go moldy. The pictures of American pinup girls that had graced the walls for years had disappeared, and in their places were two photographs, one of Hitler and one of Mussolini. Below the one of Hitler, someone had written: WE ARE THE BEST SOLDIERS IN THE WORLD.

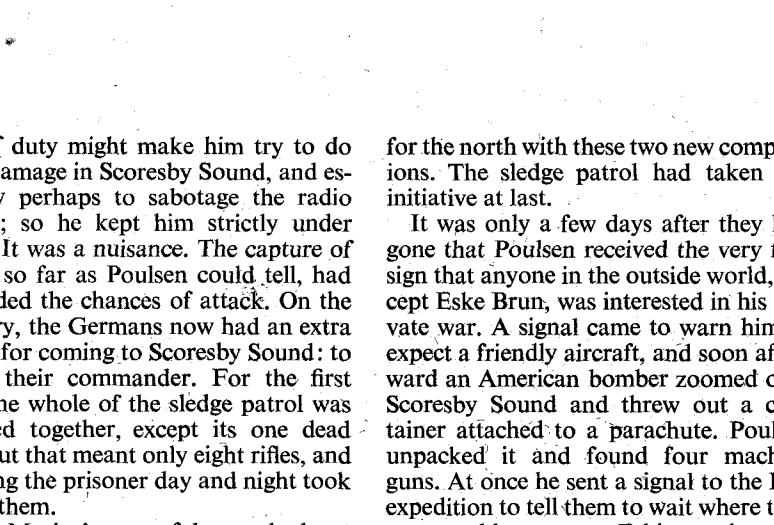
It hardly seemed worth while to use up batteries to send these tidings to Poulsen, peculiar though they were. A rational explanation was invented for the dummy and the rifles: they might have been put there, with no intention of being ridiculous, in case a reconnaissance aircraft was sent to photograph the station.

More important, though less amusing, were the other things the Germans had done at Ella. The radio transmitter and its batteries and generator and the lighting installation had all been damaged, and so had the motorboat engine, and a large hole had been blown in the boat by a hand grenade. The wooden aerial masts, ten inches thick, had been felled, cut through by machine-gun fire. The supplies of food in the station were rather depleted, as if they had fed several men for quite a time, but what was left was in good condition.

Altogether, the damage was much less than anyone had expected. It had all the appearance of a delaying action. Even the motors which were damaged had not been thoroughly destroyed; nobody had taken a hammer to their castings. A few days' work was enough to get the lighting motor going again, and the motorboat engine was also repaired on the spot. The hole in the boat was more difficult, but only because there were no materials at the station for shipwright's work.

There were two interpretations to be put on the Germans' halfhearted sabotage. One was that they were only interested in stopping broadcasts from Ella till the summer was well advanced. The other possibility was that they intended to come back. The latter idea was supported by the mystery of the ticking clock, for the Danes took this as conclusive evidence that the Germans had been at Ella less than a week before. As a matter of fact, it was nearly a month since Weiss and his men had done the damage and gone away, and one can only suppose that the banging of doors, or footsteps, had started the clock again.

So Ziebell and Kurt and Marius settled in. The (*Continued on Page 90*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Morton Oldtymer sank his lifetime savings into a house which he and his wife bought in her name. Soon after he retired, they became estranged. The wife ordered him out of her house. Desperately he sued to reclaim his savings.

"I put every cent I had into that house, believing we would live there happily ever after," he pleaded. "Now she wants to throw me in the street, penniless. She owes me at least what I put into the house."

"Morton's gift of part of the cost of the house does not obligate me to return his gift before I can get rid of him," his wife replied sourly. "A gift's a gift, isn't it?"

If you were the judge, would you make the wife repay her husband? ... ...

The husband won. The court ruled that he put the house in his wife's name as a gesture, not a gift. "It does not comport with reason," it said, "that one will denude himself of all his earnings during a long period of years without making some provision for old age."

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(*Continued from Page 88*) rivers had started to roar again, avalanches were falling in the mountains and the ice on the fjord was getting wet and dark. Very soon, wherever the Germans had gone, they would have to stay there, and Ella Island, surrounded by miles of slush, would be safe from invasion by either ice or sea.

Scoresby Sound was also safe, unless it was raided by air. Henry Rudi and the Akre brothers became air-raid wardens. The sledge-patrol Eskimos started their summer jobs of mending sledges and harnesses and skis, and hunting to feed the dogs. Peter Nielsen guarded Ritter, relieved by Poulsen when he could get away from the office work which had piled up for months.

It would have been fitting if Ritter and Poulsen, in the weeks they spent together in Scoresby Sound, had discovered in conversation that they had never wanted to fight each other. They both suspected it, but neither of them put it into words.

It was not till later years that either of these men could come to understand the other and appreciate his qualities. However, Henry Rudi, a shrewd judge of human beings as well as of bears, remarked quite early in Ritter's imprisonment that the man was a gentleman, and he said in his forthright way that even if Ritter did try to escape, it would be wrong to try to shoot him. Peter also, to his own surprise, had begun to feel a profound admiration for Ritter. Marius, Henry, Peter—perhaps none of them quite knew why they unwillingly liked their enemy, but perhaps it is fair to guess that what they had seen in Ritter, and what they admired, was the probity which made his German uniform seem insignificant.

As for Ritter himself, after all the spiritual distress that he had suffered, his conscience was calm and his fears were ended now. Perhaps he was glad he had been captured. Looking back on his record as an officer, he would have admitted he had treated Marius as his prisoner too leniently. Certainly he had been careless and foolish to leave his rifle on the sledge at Mosquito Bay. But if that could be forgiven, he felt he had done his duty to the German navy as best he could. Above all, he felt supremely thankful that the war was over for him, because for him that simply meant that never again could the power of military law or of party politics be used to coerce him to do acts which seemed to him to defy the will of God.

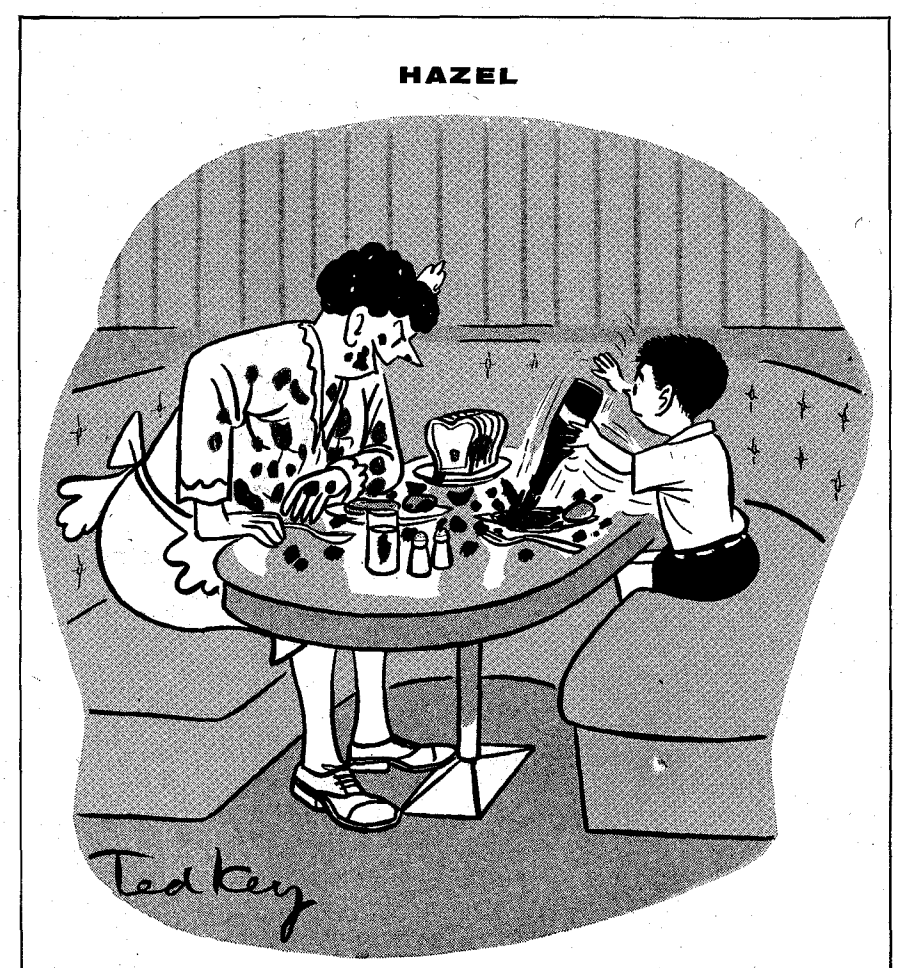
His imprisonment at Scoresby Sound gave point to these reflections. He had never been in an Eskimo settlement before, and he would have loved to join in its daily life, but, of course, that was denied him. To watch the Eskimos could only make him more aware that he was the only man in the whole community who did not have the trust of every other, the only outlaw.

Yet he could not make a show of his feelings. It was not a matter of pride or of being afraid of being rebuffed; it was a matter of humility. He had given the Eskimos plenty of reason to mistrust him, and for what he had done he had to be willing to pay the price of ostracism. It was also in his own interest, as it happened, to behave consistently and correctly as a prisoner of war. So, at Scoresby Sound, he retired into his own thoughts and made no friendly overtures. After a few weeks, when the sound had thawed, a seaplane came in and took him away to a prison camp in America.

But just before it came there was a rifle accident—an Eskimo child had got a bullet in her leg. Somebody had heard that Ritter was clever as a doctor, and the Eskimos asked the Danes to let him come and help them. He went with his guard. It was almost his last act in Greenland, and perhaps it is appropriate as a final impression of this strangely attractive man. Perhaps in the Eskimo house a true glimpse of Ritter may be seen, trying to soothe the pain of a child he had never seen before and would never see again, wholly absorbed in the gentle, delicate operation on the wound.

The end was coming quickly, not only because the thaw was imprisoning everyone, each in his little corner of the coast, but also because in Europe and America vast forces were stirring at last to intervene.

The bombing of the German camp on Sabine Island was a difficult undertaking. It required Liberators and Flying Fortresses fitted with long-range tanks and it also required air crews trained in arctic flying. The Americans' leading expert for a raid of that kind was the veteran former Norwegian pilot, Bernt Balchen, who was a colonel then in the United States Air Force. He knew more about polar flying than anyone else in the world at that time, and indeed he still does.



"Having trouble?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On May twenty-fifth, unknown to Poulsen and the other members of the sledge patrol, the heavy force of bombers reached Hansa Bay. For three hours, the arctic quiet was shattered by engines and bombs and gunfire as plane after plane roared over the Sabine hills. The Germans fought back with .50-caliber machine guns. When it was all over, none of the American planes had been damaged and Bernt Balchen reported that he had done great damage to the huts and the ship. However, according to German reports the Sachsen was not hit, and certainly not one of the Germans was hurt.

Doctor Weiss was in charge by the time the bombers came. When he and Doctor Sensse and Schmidt and the two other men had got back from Ella Island, they had been very surprised to find that Ritter had not come back, and Weiss had appealed to the German air force to come to the rescue. When the American bombers came over, a German flying boat was already waiting in the north of Norway. Sometime in July, as soon as the sea ice broke up and sufficient open leads of water could be seen, it came to Hansa Bay and picked up all the men except Doctor Sensse, who could not be found, and took them back to Germany. Before they left, the German records say, they set Ritter's ship on fire and burned some more of the huts.

Later still, two United States Coast Guard ships, the Northland and the North Star, forced their way up the coast. At the same time, Ziebell and Kurt Olsen and Marius, who had patched up the motorboat at Ella Island, were making their own way north. They came up Musk Ox Fjord, which was free of ice, and hauled a dinghy over the ten miles of land to the head of Loch Fyne, and rowed all the way down the loch and across to the desolate ruins of their former headquarters. It was some satisfaction for the sledge patrol to get back by themselves to the very place where their retreat had started, but the North Star got to Eskimoness first, and it was the American crew who found the small outbuilding full of furs, with the Danish flag among them and Ritter's defiant note pinned on the wall. Afterward, the crew of the North Star built a temporary base for the sledge patrol seven miles from Eskimoness.

At Hansa Bay, during this period, the crew of the Northland had been told to look out for German survivors, but there was nobody there. The huts were in ruins and the Sachsen was a blackened hulk.

But that was not quite the end of the whole affair. On the day after the Northland got to Hansa Bay, three of the American crew went to Germania Harbor, and there, to their surprise, they took a prisoner—an emaciated bearded man who was dressed in rags. The tattered hooded jacket he was wearing had a bullet hole in the shoulder. He said his name was Sensse, but the name on his clothes, when they searched him, was Eli Knudsen.

When Doctor Sensse and Weiss had got back to their base, it was nearly a month since they had left Ritter with Marius at Mosquito Bay. Everyone wondered what had happened to Ritter; probably some of them thought they were better off without him, but Doctor Sensse was not content to wonder. The thaw had started and open leads were showing along the coast, but Sensse harnessed five dogs—not more, because the Germans were short of dog food—and started alone for Mosquito Bay.

It is not recorded whether Sensse ever got there. Somewhere along the way, the melting ice broke under his sledge, and he and the dogs and the sledge went through. He managed to drag himself out, but the sledge sank and took the dogs down with it. Sensse was not very far from Sandodden when this happened, and he succeeded in walking there. In the hut he found Eli Knudsen's clothes, and he put them on.

He lived there alone on the scraps of food which were left in the station, in the macabre company of Eli Knudsen's body, which he and the other Germans had left in the meat-storage hut. There was an old boat at the station, and when at last the fjords were free of ice, he launched it and rowed the fifty miles back to Germania Harbor, to find his compatriots gone and American sailors in possession of Sabine Island.

One is left with the question of why the German doctor made this dangerous journey. It seems unlikely that he would have gone alone if he had been going as a Nazi, to corner Ritter and bring him back to answer for his crimes. The alternative remains that he went as a doctor and a friend, and risked his life because he imagined that Ritter was lying, sick or injured or starving, down at Mosquito Bay.

In the fight in Northeast Greenland, diverse opinions of the morality of war had been revealed: Schmidt, whose dream of Nazi greatness had been proof against the arctic charm; Ritter, whom arctic beauty had led back to the paths of God; Poulsen, Marius, Peter, Kurt and the others, who had loved the arctic peace and made war to preserve it as well as they were able; the Eskimos, whose whole world was pitched in the arctic splendor and whose whole morality was in the Sermon on the Mount. Where among these did Doctor Sensse stand? The facts suggest that Sensse had wanted to be offered Ritter's confidence and was ready in the end, though Ritter had held aloof, to acknowledge the noble tradition of the arctic and endure the final test of human friendship.

So the story ended where it had begun, with a surprising encounter at the hut in Germania Harbor. On the day after, the American ship steamed out of Hansa Bay. The Germans were not done with Greenland, as it later turned out; they continued to send weather-reconnaissance planes up along the coast and they had battles with the Coast Guard ships from time to time. A year later they even established another base farther north, at Shannon Island, but that, too, was detected and destroyed. At any rate, when the Americans sailed away from the German camp late in July, 1943, Sabine Island was left deserted, as peaceful as it had always been since long before mankind began to fight. It is still deserted and perfectly peaceful now.

Editors' Note—This installment concludes Mr. Howarth's account of the war in Greenland. The book version of the story will be published in October by the Macmillan Company under the title Sledge Patrol.

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